April 12, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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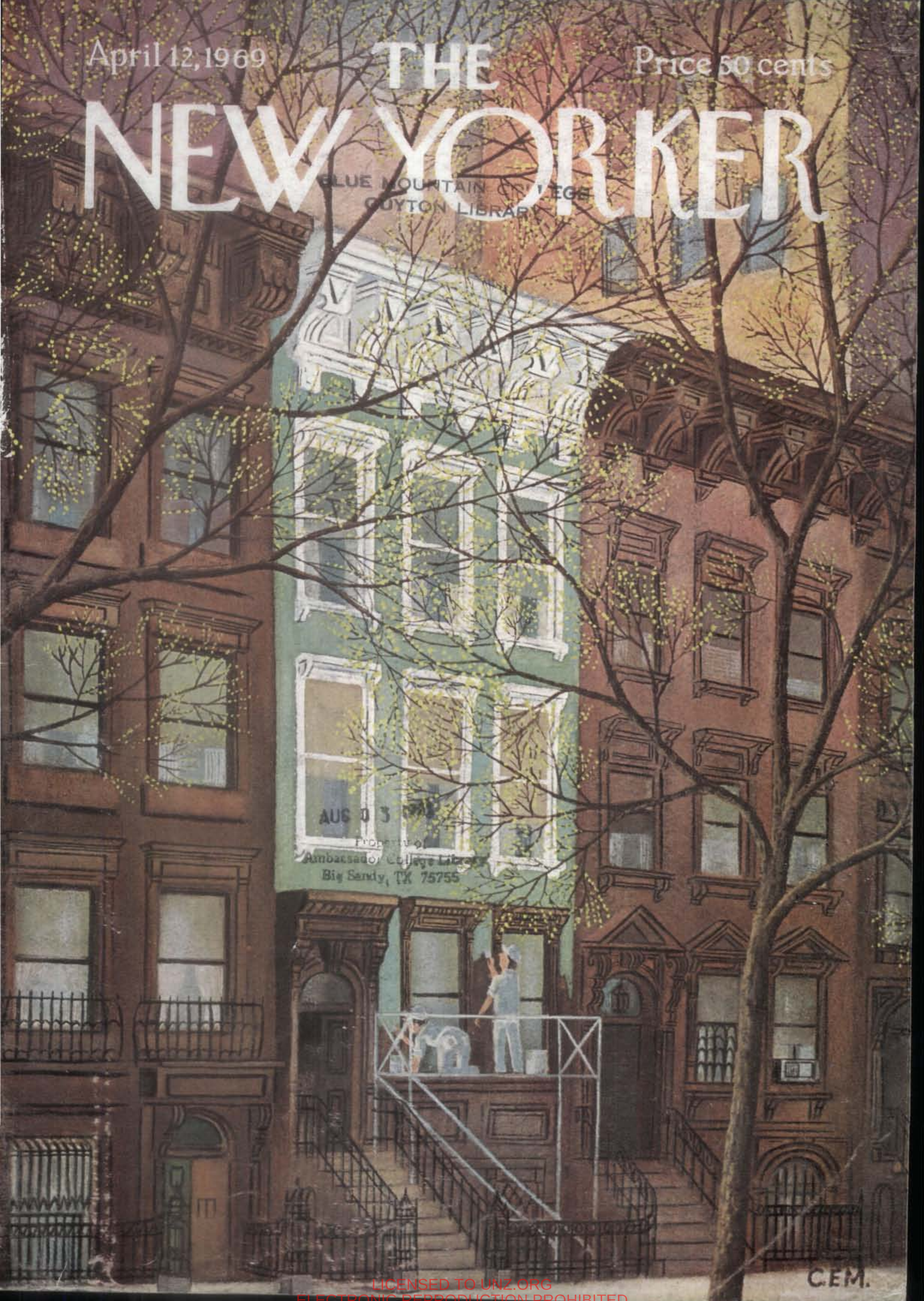

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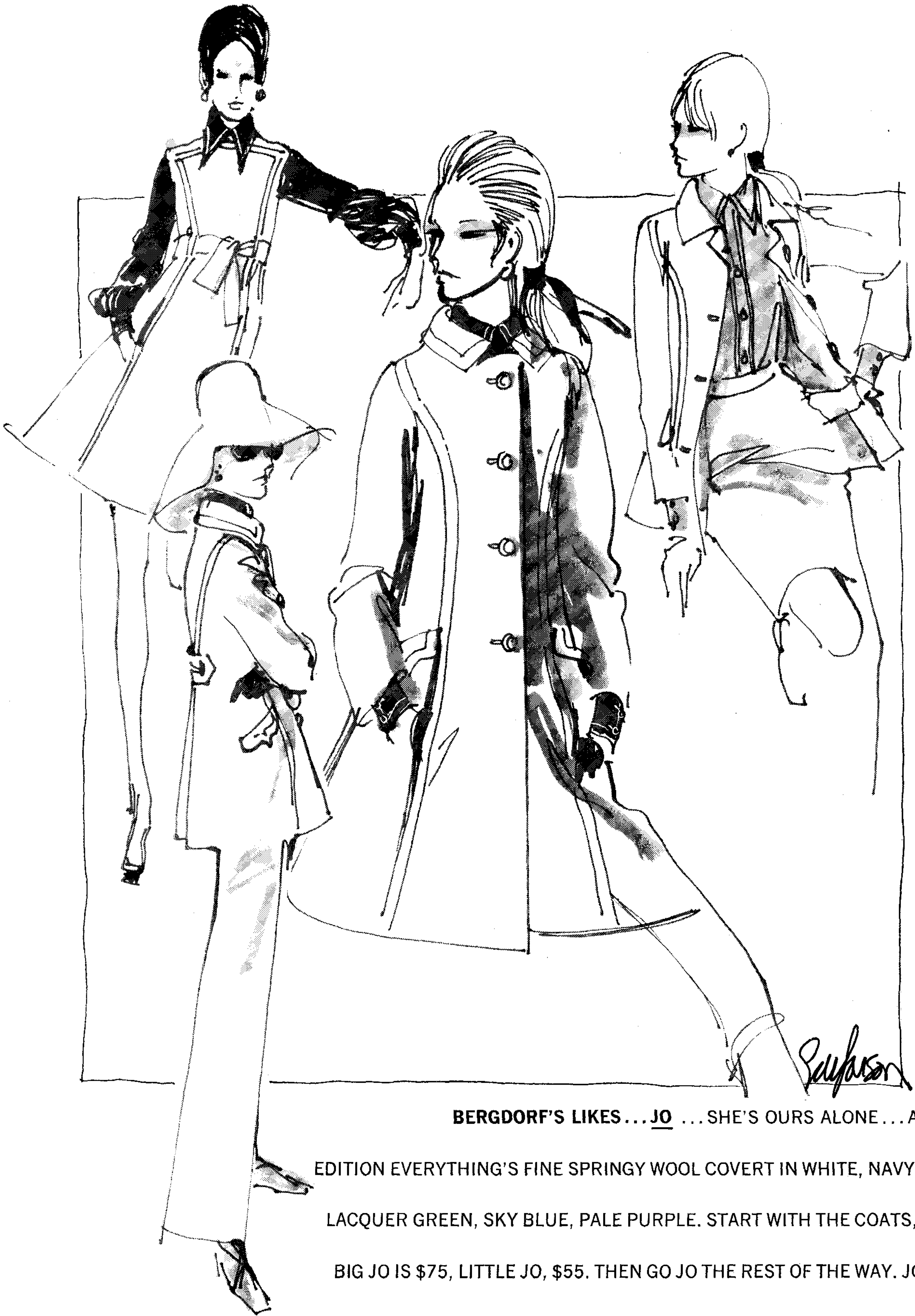

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

APA Repertory Company—Sean O'Casey's **COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY**: Thursday, April 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE**: Friday, April 11, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **HAMLET**: Sunday, April 13, at 2:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, at 8:30; Wednesday, April 16, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, April 17-18, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 19, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Closes Saturday, April 26.)

Cop-Out—A comedy by John Guare, with Linda Lavin and Ron Leibman. Melvin Bernhardt is the director. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

An Evening of One Acts—Three plays, in three styles and moods, that perhaps do not offer the strongest program that the Negro Ensemble Company has offered to us, although it is a lively one, and the performances, under the direction of Edmund Cambridge (two plays) and Douglas Turner Ward (one play) are, as usual, a joy to behold. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

Forty Carats—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen is sensationally effective in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Invitation to a Beheading—A whimsical and mannered adaptation of an early novel by Vladimir Nabokov. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman does his brave best to make us believe that this non-play by Murray Schisgal is a touching comedy about the ignominy of young manhood; for all his bravery and talent, it is not enough. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 26. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, April 13, at 7.)

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Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Jack Warden has recently replaced Donald Pleasence in the principal role. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Quoat-Quoat—Jacques Audiberti's comedy will be the first item in a month-long repertory of three plays, performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. For tickets, call 249-3074. Sunday, April 13, at 3 [preview] and 7:30; Tuesday, April 15, and Friday, April 18, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 19, at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Heinar Kipphardt's **IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER**, a brilliant play given a remarkably fine production by a company that boasts, at the moment and among other distinguished actors, Joseph Wiseman, Herbert Berghof, Tony van Bridge, and Charles Cioffi. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 20.). . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building is James Hanley's play **THE INNER JOURNEY**, a drab bore. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 19.)

Someone's Comin' Hungry—A play by McCrea Imbrie and Neil Selden, directed by Burt Brinckerhoff. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Moves on Tuesday, April 15, to another theatre, not specified at this writing. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spitting Image—Colin Spencer's comic fantasy about a pair of male homosexuals who have a baby. Wisely done as a knockabout farce in the Mack Sennett manner by an expert company. With Sam Waterston, Phil Bruns, Walter McGinn, and Barbara Cason. (Thea-

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DRAWINGS: *Stan Hunt, Lee Lorenz, George Price, Edward Frascino, Saul Steinberg, Henry Martin, Robert Weber, Mort Gerberg, Charles Saxon, William O'Brian, William Steig, Joseph Mirachi, James Stevenson, J. B. Handelsman, Dana Fradon*

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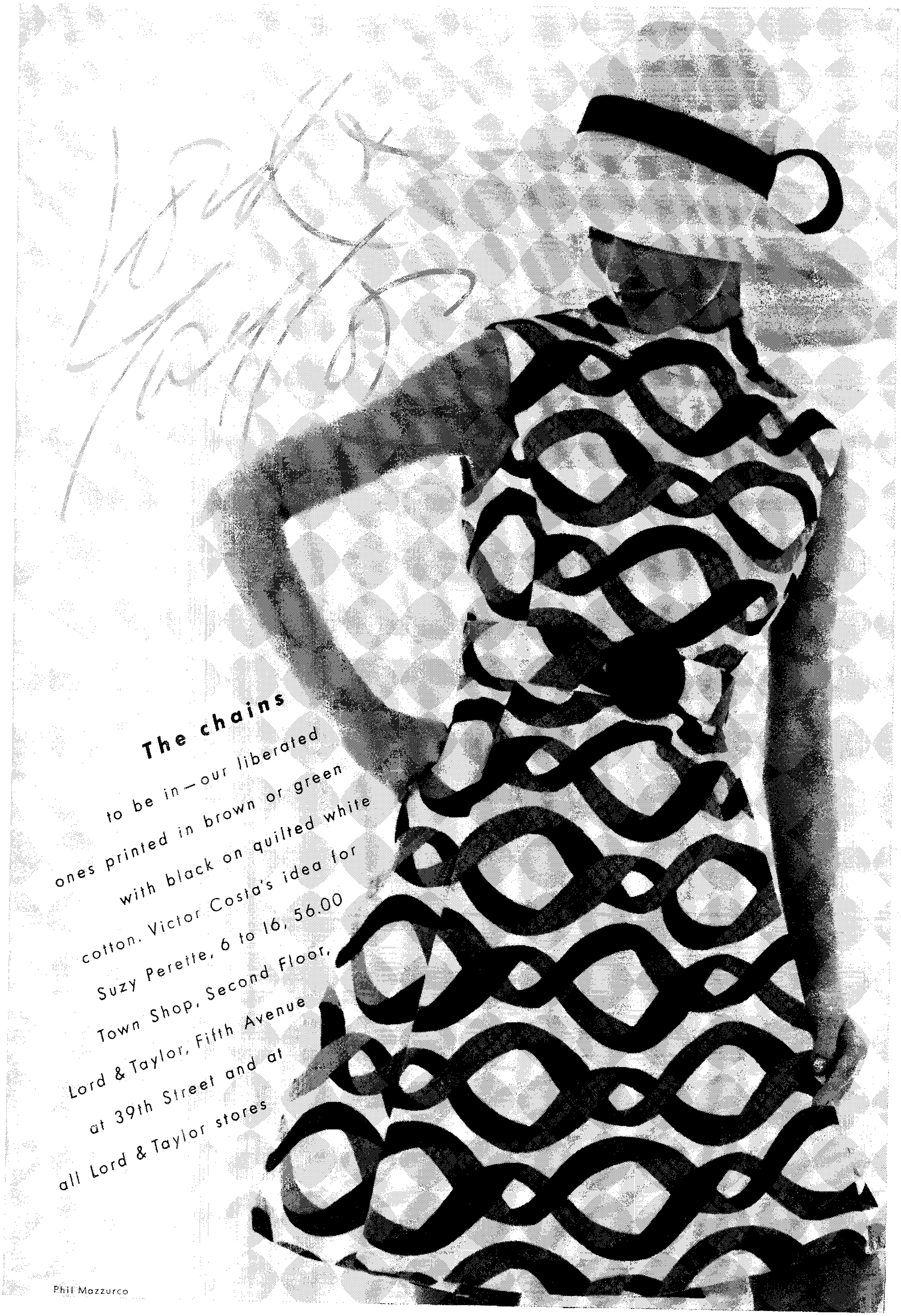

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Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Stop, You're Killing Me—Three brief, acrid comedies in which the principal speakers get their comeuppance, if not from the other characters, then from the playwright himself. The playwright, James Leo Herlihy, is promising and often funny. He will be even better when he has learned to check his sentimentality and conceal his hand. The performances, by the Theatre Company of Boston, are uniformly satisfactory. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Loraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **plaza suite:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Barbara Baxley and Dan Dailey are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **scuba duba:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Canterbury Tales—In which poor Chaucer and Merrie England take a terrible drubbing. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Celebration—Young love and old age as Cro-Magnon man might have known them, and as we do, too, at least in musicals. The authors, Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, also invented "The Fantasticks," and if you liked that little show you'll like this big one. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A musical version of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," worth seeing for the sake of Angela Lansbury and her pink boa. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 4.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ROYALE
ROYALE
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tom funk

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Promises, Promises—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpish dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **cabaret:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **curley mcdimple:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, April 10.)... **the fantasticks:** Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **george m!:** Joel Grey in a musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 26.) ... **hair:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **mame:** Jane Morgan is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **man of la mancha:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30)... **you're a good man, charlie brown:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **your own thing:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Dance Company—Thursday, April 10, at 8: "Part Real—Part Dream," "The Plain of Prayer," and "Cortege of Eagles."... ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "Dark Meadow," "The Archaic Hours" (première), and "The Lady of the House of Sleep."... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2:30: "Errand into the Maze," "Phaedra," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," "The Archaic Hours," and "A Time of Snow."... ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 1:30: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Dark Meadow," and "The Archaic Hours."... ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 7:30: "Errand into the Maze," "The Lady of the House of Sleep," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Tuesday, April 15, at 7:30: "Errand into the Maze," "Dark Meadow," and "Cortege of Eagles."... ¶ Wednesday, April 16, at 8: "Part Real—Part Dream," "The Archaic Hours," and "The Lady of the House of Sleep."... ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 8: "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," "Dark Meadow," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Friday, April 18, at 8: "The Plain of Prayer," "Phaedra," and "A Time of Snow."... ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 2:30: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8: "The Archaic Hours," "Phaedra," and "The Lady of the House of Sleep." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, April 20.)

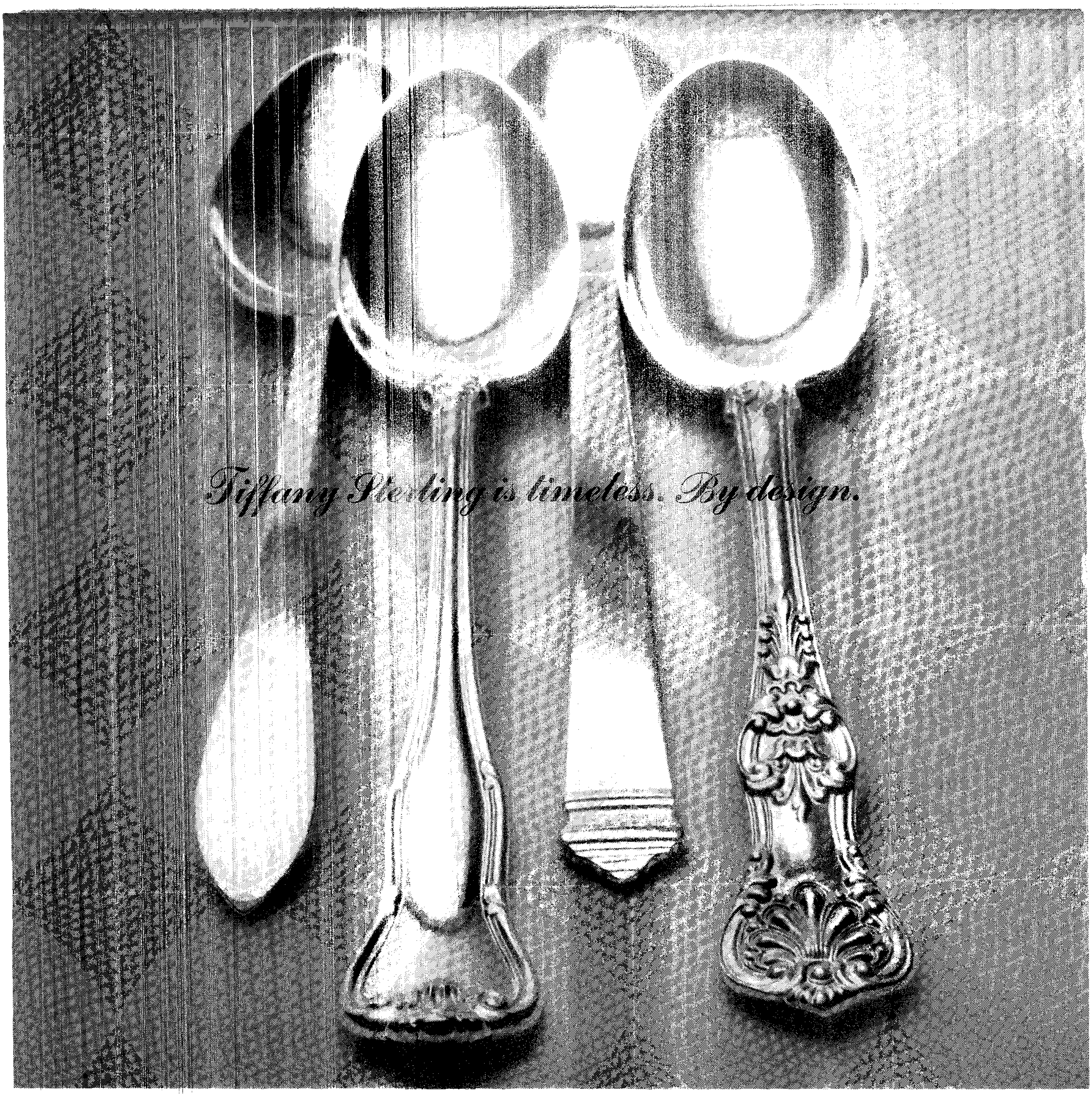
Katherine Litz—With her company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. *Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at* 8.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—Tuesday, April 15, at 7:30: "Scramble," "Canfield" (New York première), and "Antic Meet."... ¶ Wednesday, April 16, at 8:30: "RainForest," "Night Wandering," and "Walkaround Time."... ¶ Friday, April 18, at 8:30: "Scramble," "Canfield," and "Antic Meet."... ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8:30: "Canfield," "Night Wandering," and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—From teeterboard stars to parrots, doves, and llamas. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 10:30, 3, and 8. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 11. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

68th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 8:30, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 12, at 2. For tickets, call RH 4-0652. Thursday and Friday between 10 and 12 and 6 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing of places around* town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Through Monday, April 14, folk singer Jerry Jeff Walker will be onstage. Things begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A congenial downstairs coffeehouse whose acoustics are about what you'd expect in a long, narrow cellar. The folkish Bob Gibson is on the current bill, through Saturday, April 12. Shows at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars will get you in the door. It's a casual corner, with a brief Italian menu and room for dancing. Anita O'Day sings, and the Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet—which consists of these two musicians plus Roland Hanna's trio—plays. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown play Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat frumious neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at about nine, music by the Cecil Taylor Unit. On Tuesday, April 15, the Chico Hamilton octet will move in. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, April 12, from five to nine, the Tyrone Washington quartet. Sunday, April 13, from five to nine, Sam Rivers' orchestra. On Mondays, from nine, various jazz combos perform.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Bill Evans trio trades half-hour sets with the pianist Toshiko. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, for the price of admission, a couple of above-par weekends: Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, the Stan Getz quartet, the Larry Coryell quartet, and blues man Albert King. Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, the Getz and Coryell groups again, along with Eddie Harris's quartet.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. Through Saturday, April 12, the Sonny Rollins quartet shares the stand with the Tony Williams trio. Starting time is nine-thirty, theoretically. Mondays are reserved for the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. On Sundays, from eight to one, Duke Pearson's sixteen-piece band performs.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the loud sounds of live groups. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and darkened rooms with nook-and-cranny hiding places. Some fairly heavy sounds coming from Sly and the Family Stone (through Thursday, April 10) and Quill (through Sunday, April 13). Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—This downstairs boite is open from ten until four except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at nine.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by a four-man outfit called the New Zealand Trading Company. Starting Monday, April 14, the Victorians, a six-man group, will take over. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Sonnets until Tuesday, April 15, when the Brass Buttons arrive. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Prime time: that's the mood of the Café Pierre, where there's music every night—Phil Wayne's band Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. . . . **El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): They shall not pass this way again, those Knights of the Round Table, but the halls in which they jousted and jested have been converted into museum pieces. Music all the time, some of it taken from life (Lester Lanin's smoothies) and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The sporting life is always under wraps in the restaurant, even though it goes on as late as one or two. The music comes from Ernie Warren's light cavalry. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—Argueso's Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—sock-and-roll. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Tammy Grimes, a cat who walks by herself through the wildwood, has a way of looking at songs that never occurs to anyone else. This comic/mystic girl departs on Saturday, April 12, and on Monday, April 14, the conservatory returns to its regular way of life: Mabel Mercer, getting her wisdom teeth into the best-ever ballads about the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

best-ever emotion (the one that makes the world go round), assisted by the impeccable piano of Buddy Barnes (this every Monday and Tuesday); the rest of the time, Joan Rivers, a modern and a noisy Boadicea, giving a first-hand account of the eternal war between the sexes. No need to guess which one wins. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hercules would never clean out this Aegean stable. The denizens are Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian; Jasmine offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre;* Itamar is the main chanter. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Sergio Franchi leads from strength as he does, fittingly and properly, his bountiful dinner and supper arias, and the Lee Evans orchestra sounds the way all dance bands should. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Spanish hoedown by the flamencan ballet corps of Ramon de los Reyes, and Spanish laments by Glenda Grainger, an English girl turned Andalusian. On Monday, April 14, Miss Grainger gives way to Alberto Rochi, who wears a Joseph's coat and a wreath of honeyed Latin lyrics.... ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, voice and guitar deal, every night, with the insoluble problems of Iberian passion.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Motown song, the Motown dance, the Motown precision, the Motown decision—these are the birthright of the Temptations, and every Adam, every Eve within seeing and hearing must respond. No dark nights, ever. ... ¶ The ground-floor bar is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegaries of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit by the Pacesetters, who take no nights off.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The flourish of trumpets to be heard in the lower depths of this steak house issues, loud and clear, from The World's Greatest Jazz Band as a welcome home to its own conquering heroes, among them Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, and Bob Wilber. Their consort is Maxine Sullivan, her voice still as cool as the streams that feed Loch Lomond. Lest there be a moment's silence, the quartet of Joe Venuti (hey-diddle-diddle on his smoldering fiddle) bobs up in between, and Ram Ramirez occupies the chair of solo pianism. Six-thirty until two. Closed Sundays; no (regrets!) dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—How pleasant life would be if Dana Valery, the little girl who pops into the Persian Room during dinner and supper, could stay on right through the season, singing her songs of choice with such simplicity, such persuasion. Besides her, there is always the dance (the band run by Burt Farber, plus Mark Monte's serenaders). Closed Sundays.... ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** the main event is the Glen Covington triad for thinking music; the threesome of Mousie Alexander still does the exercise music. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays.... ¶ O Hôtel Splendide, wherever you are, your counterpart in the Western World is the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday.... ¶ The Marcu flotilla operates in the Edwardian Room from seven until nine, though not on Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Nothing could be more on the up and up than the sixty-fifth floor, and this applies as well to the local ambience, of which there is a lot. During dinner and supper, Billy Eckstine takes his knowing ease with songs that are part of our history. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, the city's leading *bibliothèque*, is a traditional gathering place for those who dance as they read, for which purpose the management supplies grandiose bookstalls and the energetic dance bands of Quintero and George Cort. Someone or other is always chirping ballads in the middle of dinner and supper; right now, it is Mara Lynn Brown, a decorative child new at the game of night life; as of Monday, April 14, the caroller will be Hildegarde, who is (come to think of it) as much cajolery as carolry. Closed Sundays.... ¶ La Boite, across the way, leads a more sylvan life—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time—3/4 time, anyway. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Oft in the stilly night (and stilly night is what her presence instantly commands) one hears the voice of Miss Peggy Lee, quietly administering to each song its due—here a pat on the head, there a slap on the back. Scene: the Empire Room. Period: dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In Peacock Alley, a catch-as-catch-can trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Abandon all mope, ye who enter these portals, for the double, but never double-or-nothing, piano of Louis Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, which takes root around eight, offers upbeat by the yard. Fraternal freewheeling from then until early morn. Closed Sundays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The campus of a night school devoted to the lively arts. Chuck Wayne's triad is the dean. No music Sundays. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal progress, a joint project of the customers, the directorate, and the amusers. These last are Bobby Short, singer of songs in which the Devil can't take even the hindmost, and his blithe sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Nine-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.... **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): No great shakes, but it's the only place in town where one can hear Charles De Forest embellish the songs of the demimonde. He is absent Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbalons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a replica of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band; Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Which is not at all like nighttime in Morpheus Arms. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruiseship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of itinerant minstrels who commence at eight or nine and float about until one or two.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse*. Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The minimum speed is 78 r.p.m., the pace at which the staff whiles away its working hours with swatches of any Italian opera that happens to be lying around. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for

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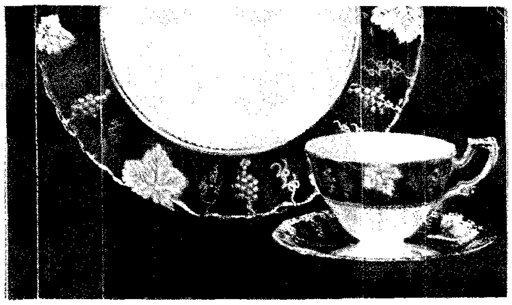
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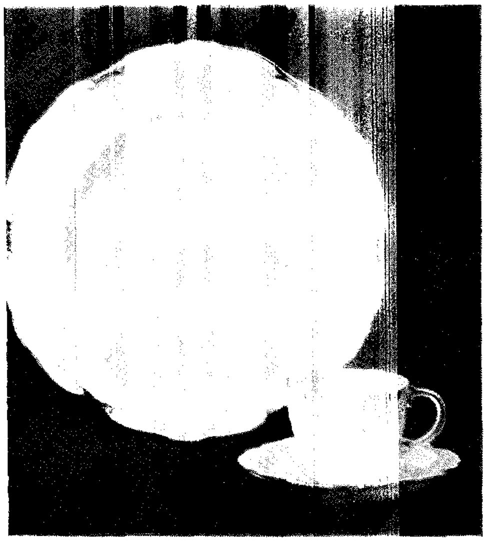
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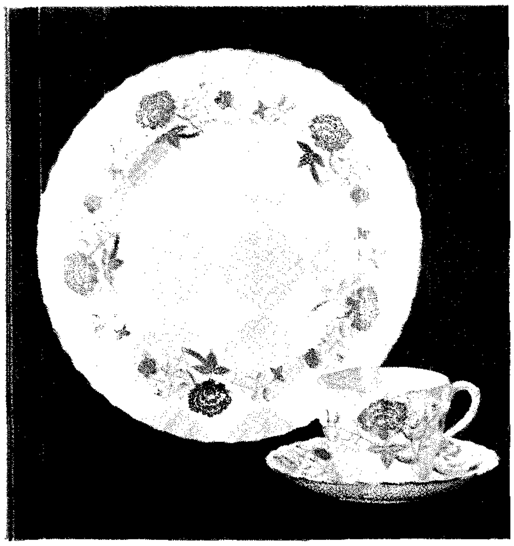
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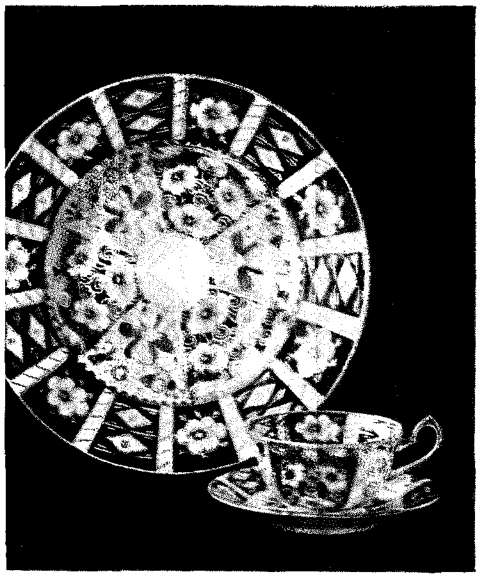
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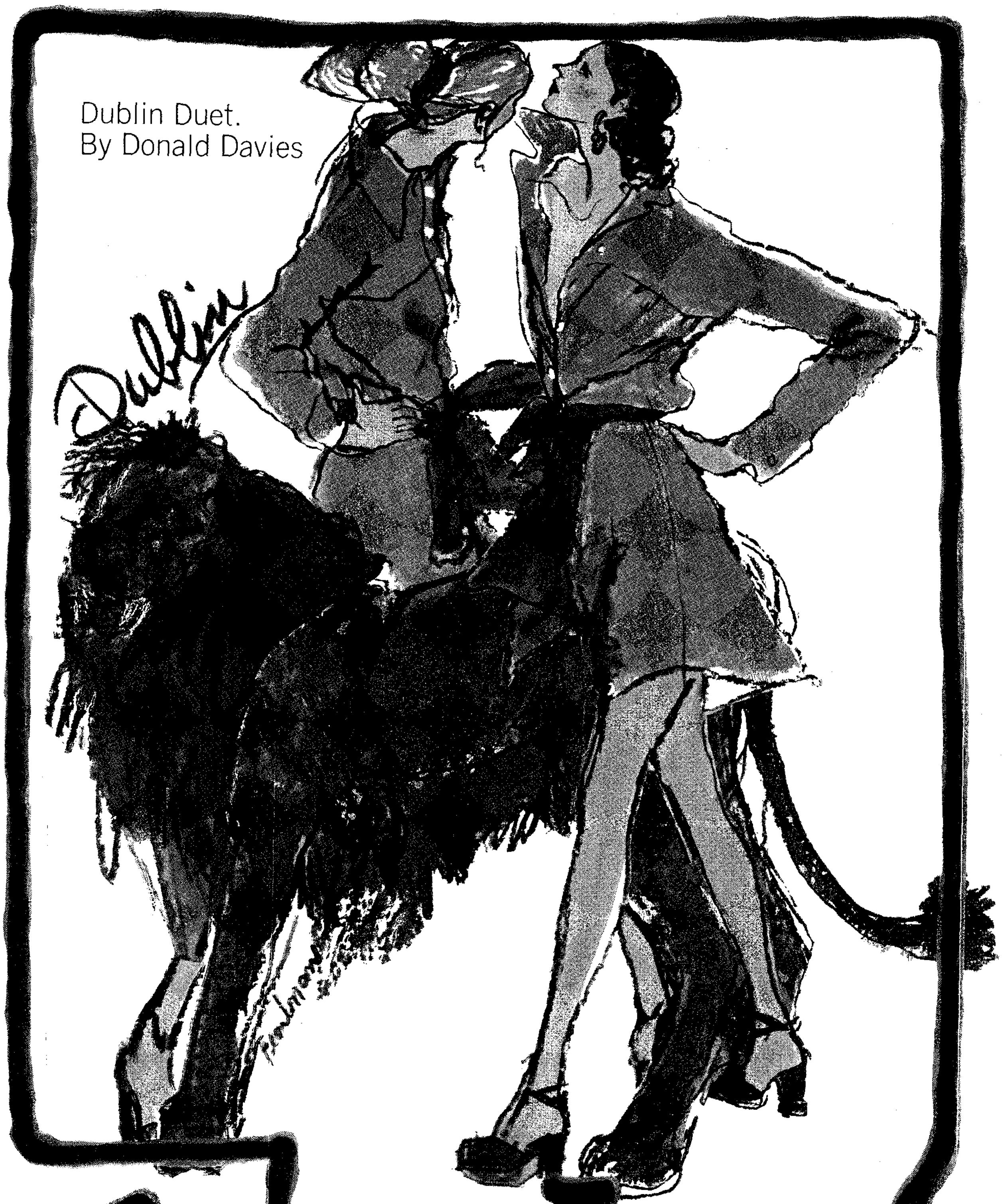
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern coöp. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The signature of the artist who did this town house over Mediterranean style must surely be S.P.Q.R. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The premises are august indeed, but the mood is full-fledged April in midtown. Beginning with cocktails and ending with after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their benevolent way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The decorous old period piece is the realm of George Feyer, whose lapis-lazuli piano is in service from eight-thirty until one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Seated at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his constructive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—This Op artist introduces variations into his eye-tricking color patterns; through April 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

EDGAR BARTON AND PAUL MUICK—Abstract wood sculptures by the former, Abstract bronzes by the latter; through Saturday, April 19. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Sculptures and drawings; through April 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Twenty-six "classical" landscapes by a leading Neo-Romantic; starting Wednesday, April 16. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

PAMELA BIANCO—Intricate geometrical eye-dazzling compositions; starting Saturday, April 12. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX BILL—Geometric paintings and sculptures by a prominent European Constructivist; through Saturday, April 19. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

FERNANDO BOTERO—Social-commentary paintings with a folk-art quality by a Colombian artist now living in New York; through May 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

JOE BRAINARD—Paintings and collages featuring flowers; through Thursday, April 17. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS CHASE—Sectional sculptures in wood, steel, and Plexiglas, which the spectator can rearrange; through Saturday, April 19. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE (1849-1916)—Paintings, drawings, and prints by the prominent American Impressionist; starting Wednesday, April 16. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

ED COLKER—Airbrush paintings of shapes floating in light; through April 25. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

BEN CUNNINGHAM—Jewel-like patterns of color in oil on canvas; through April 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANIERRE DAWSON—Paintings by an American early influenced by Cubism; through May 1. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WALTER DE MARIA—Sculptures of stainless-steel spikes, which spectators are warned not to hurt themselves on; through April 23. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT (1812-68)—Paintings by an indigenous American portraitist; through May 10. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES ENSOR (1860-1949)—Drawings and other graphic work by the Belgian fantasist; through Saturday, April 12. (Loeb & Krugier, 119 E. 57th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Paintings, drawings, cartoons, and toys; through May 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT FERBER—Copper sculptures by an American welder; through April 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Five huge abstractions; through April 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)—A comprehensive exhibition of sculptures, pastels, and drawings by the pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through April 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GRAHAM—Small wax figures in Plexiglas-covered "environments;" through Thursday, April 17. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

NANCY GROSSMAN AND MARTIN CAREY—Leather-covered wooden heads by the former, and ink drawings by the latter; through Saturday, April 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

CLEO HARTWIG, LOUIS SCHANKER, AND ANITA WESCHLER—Figurative carvings, abstractions, and color constructions; through April 26. (Sculptors Guild, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

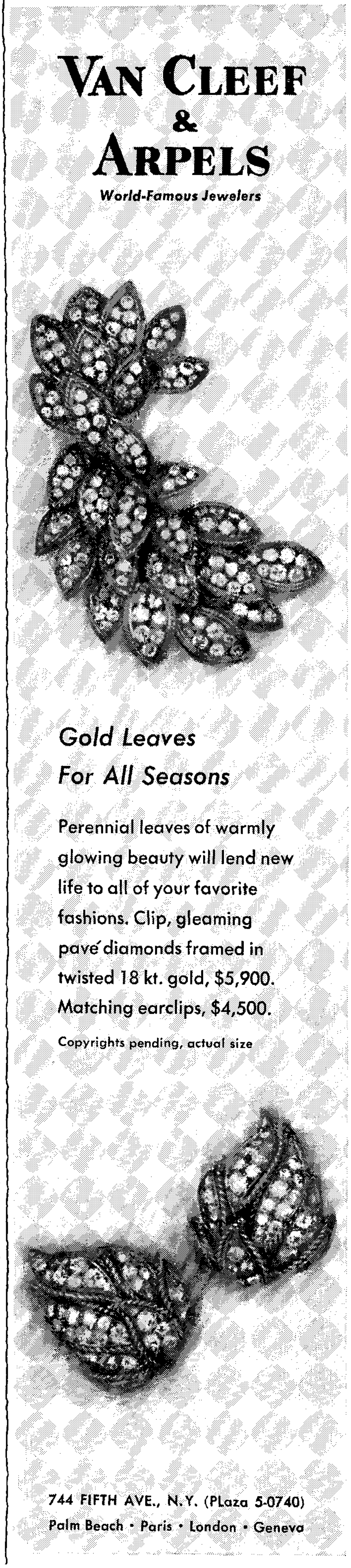
ROBERT HARVEY—Paintings of groups of figures against backgrounds of geometric patterns; through Saturday, April 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

CLINTON HILL—Paintings consisting of overlay transparent color washes; through April 26. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—A social realist and symbolist exhibits thirty recent paintings and fifteen drawings, including portraits of such contemporaries as Peter Blume, Chaim Gross, Raphael Soyer, and the late Ben Shahn; through Friday, April 18. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

NAT HOOVER—Figurative paintings and drawings that emphasize scale; through Saturday, April 19. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HOYLAND—Seven large color-field paint-



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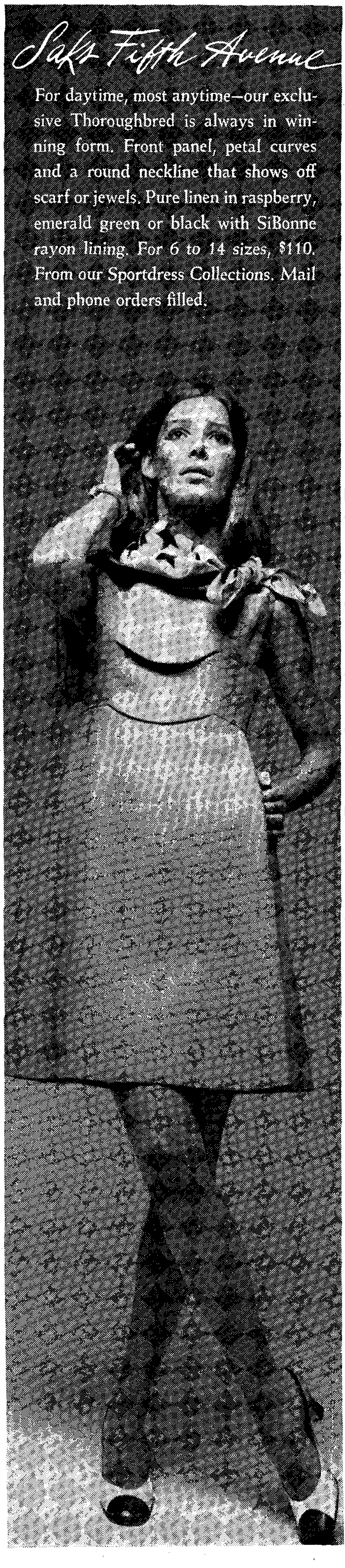
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ings; through April 24. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Hutchinson—Scale models and photomontages of landscapes, chemical processes, and plants; through Friday, April 11. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St.)

John H. Jacoby—A fabric designer's heavily painted compositions of decorative shells, flowers, and figures; through Friday, April 11. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Fifteen oils, plus drawings and watercolors, by a leading Russian modernist; through April 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kandinsky, Franz Marc, and August Macke—A large benefit exhibit of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; starting Wednesday, April 16. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Frederick Kiesler—Sculptures and sketches, some related to the huge sculptural compound on which the Viennese modernist was working at the time of his death, in 1965; starting Saturday, April 12. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Leslie—Figures, landscapes, and seascapes by a former Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, April 12. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Richard Lindner—Watercolors and drawings by the specialist in fear-generating females; starting Wednesday, April 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Semi-abstract paintings and drawings of mountains in the West; through April 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Constance McMillan—Semi-abstractions based on landscape and figure; through Saturday, April 19. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

Edgar Negret—Painted aluminum sculptures; through May 3. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Reliefs, walls, and free-standing sculptures in wood or Plexiglas by a foremost American artist; through April 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barnett Newman—Eighteen paintings, some huge, and one sculpture, all done since 1960 by an influential Abstractionist; through Saturday, April 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—A color-field painter continues his experiments with horizontal bands; through April 30. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Multi-sectioned paintings on fibre glass; through April 24. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Toshio Odate—*Words on Plexiglas and mirrored surfaces describing impossible sculptures*; through April 30. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Nudes and portraits by a leading contemporary figure painter; through April 26. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Porter—White plastic boxes or blocks of variously shaped parts; through April 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Abraham Rattner—Expressionist paintings with Abstract elements by an important American contemporary; through April 26. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)—A major benefit show comprising ninety-five oils and pastels; through May 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes and seascapes, some with figures; through May 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Rosenquist—One mammoth painting by an outstanding Pop artist; through Saturday, April 19. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Rousseau—Paintings and drawings from the collection of his friend Max Weber, who, as it happens, will be having a show of his own works at the nearby Danenberg gallery. Also letters from Rousseau to Weber, Picasso, and others. Starts Tuesday, April 15. (Feigen, 25 E. 77th St.)

Morteza Sazegar—Geometric paintings developed in tiny segments; through April 24. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Scarpitta—More of this artist's racing cars constructed of parts he has himself made; through Saturday, April 19. (Castelli Warehouse Gallery, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Henry Schnakenberg—Still-lifes and landscapes, in oil and watercolor, of Connecticut, Spain, Portugal, Jamaica, and the Bahamas by an American prominent in the thirties; through Saturday, April 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jannis Spyropoulos—Abstract Expressionist paintings in sombre hues; through May 7. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sylvia Stone—Geometric Plexiglas sculptures; through Thursday, April 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Racelle Strick—Geometrically patterned paintings, drawings, and plastics; through April 26. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Tillim—Figurative paintings and drawings; starting Saturday, April 12. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Joaquín Torres-García—Abstract primitivist paintings done between 1931 and 1946 by this artist, who died in 1949; through April 26. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Aijiro Wakita—The artist's first American exhibition consists of wound-wire sculptures in mathematical and organic shapes; through Saturday, April 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

June Wayne—Fifty-six lithographs in Op and symbolic modes, arranged in series, by the founder and director of the Tamarind Lithography Workshop in Los Angeles; through Saturday, April 12. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Max Weber—(1881-1961)—Examples of work over a period of fifty years by an American identified with Paris modernism; starting Tuesday, April 15. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

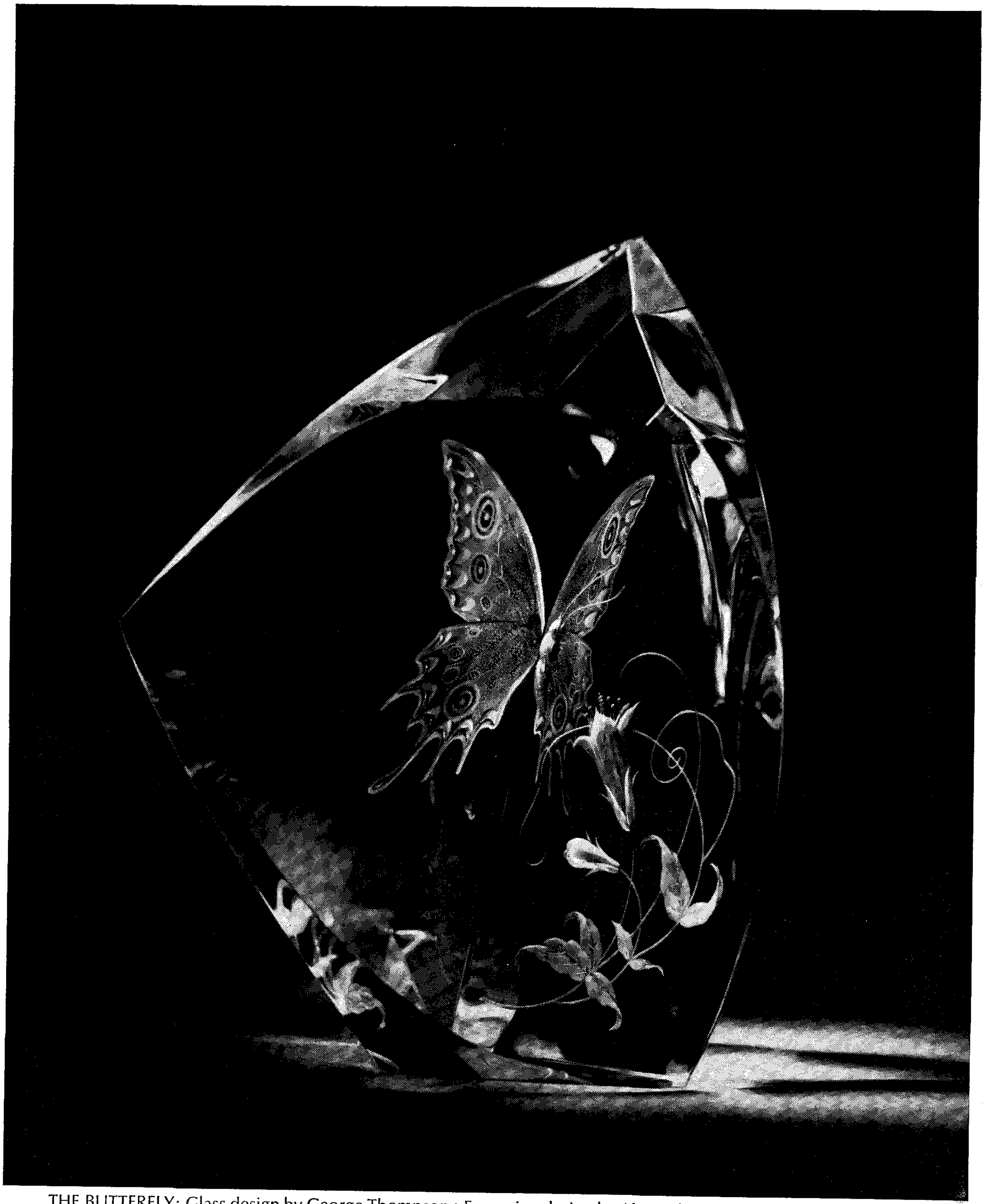
Mahonri M. Young (1877-1957)—Sculptures, oils, watercolors, and drawings; through Saturday, April 12. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundred-and-second annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 27. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **DANENBERG**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings from 1910 to 1919 by Dove, Hartley, Marin, and O'Keeffe (to mention a few); through Saturday, April 12. . . . **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Large-scale drawings by such artists as Norman Bluhm, Elaine de Kooning, Mary Frank, Knox Martin, Motherwell, Newman, Rivers, and Wesselmann; through May 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Prints by David Hockney, Bridget Riley, Eduardo Paolozzi, and other contemporary British artists; through Saturday, April 19. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, for instance Alechinsky, Bissier, Pol Bury, Jorn, and Sugaï; through April 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Five gallery artists of the Minimalist persuasion; through Saturday, April 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Austrian Expressionists, among them Klimt, Kokoschka, and Schiele; through Saturday, April 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works executed by pairs of artists including Ray Johnson, Rosenquist, Don Nice, and Wolf Kahn; through May 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Afro, Glasco, Lanyon, Mabe, and others; through Saturday, April 12. . . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Seventy Indian miniature paintings from 1500 through the eighteenth century; through April 30. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures done last year by the painter



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jules Olitski; through May 18. . . . ¶ A hundred photographs by thirty photographers from Brady to Stieglitz and Steichen; starting Saturday, April 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective, previously shown in Amsterdam and London, of Willem de Kooning's paintings, drawings, and pastels from the mid-thirties to 1967; through April 27. . . . ¶ An impressive exhibit of approximately forty tapestries and weavings by contemporary craftsmen working as artists in this medium; through May 4. . . . ¶ Twelve bronze relief panels by Giacomo Manzù made as studies for his much discussed door of St. Peter's; through Sunday, April 13. . . . ¶ Fifty watercolors, many never seen here before, by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through May 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological retrospective of the entire career of the leading American sculptor David Smith, who died in 1965; through Saturday, April 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-seven contemporary sculptures constituting "Selection II" of works recently acquired by the Museum from often-mentioned artists; starting Tuesday, April 15. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sixteen drawings by William Sidney Mount (1807-1868), a founder of American genre painting; through Sunday, April 13. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy-four paintings, photographs, and drawings by Charles Sheeler (1883-1965), famous for his clean-cut compositions representing machine-age America; through April 27. . . . ¶ Three camels in mixed mediums by Nancy Graves, to whom the camel is equivalent to the square of Albers; through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred prints and drawings collected by the Museum during the past thirty years, including examples ranging from Dürer and Rembrandt through Matisse, Miró, and Albers; through April 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Earth History offers a variety of displays that examine the mysteries of our planet's history and evolution. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A large assembly of paintings, bronzes, ritual implements, and temple scrolls representing eight centuries of Tibetan art, including secret paintings and sculptures shown only to Buddhist initiates; through June 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Figurines of the T'ang dynasty (618-906 A.D.) depicting non-Chinese who played various roles in Chinese life, and also ceramic vessels influenced by the West; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, *Lincoln Center—Drawings by Al Hirschfeld,* a draftsman well known for his theatre caricatures in the *Times;* through Monday, April 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Religious objects of New Guinea, including carved figures, masks, shields, ornaments, and musical instruments; through May 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.). . . ¶ A selection of drawings in various mediums by Reginald Marsh, documenting his work as book illustrator; through June 16. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Eighty watercolors by American Indians, craft objects (such as kachinas, pottery, and blankets), and seventy-five photographs of Navajo life; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

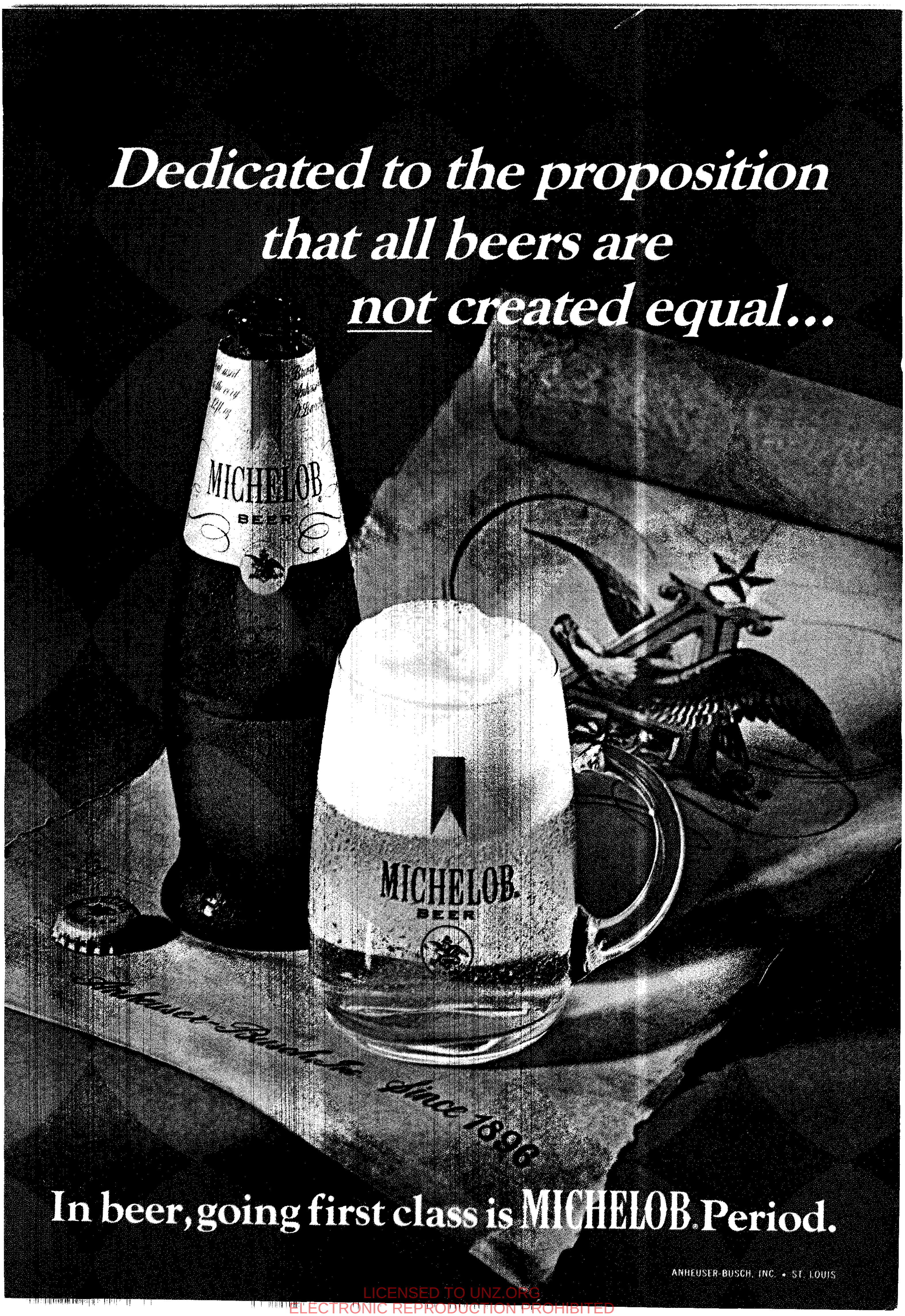
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 10: "Peter Grimes," with Phyllis Curtin, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 11: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Radmila Bakocevic, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 12: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Evelyn Lear, Geraint Evans, Robert Nagy, Paul Franke, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 12: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Clarice Carson, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, and Russell Christopher. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday evening, April 14: "Peter Grimes," with Phyllis Curtin, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 15: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 16: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Clarice Carson, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 17: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Evelyn Lear, Geraint Evans, Robert Nagy, Paul Franke, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 18: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Mario Sereni, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 19: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 19: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 10, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Spiro Malas, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Janette Moody, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Joshua Hecht. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2:15: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Athene Lampropulos, Muriel Greenspon, Lino Savoldi, and Chester Ludgin; "Suor Angelica," with Maria DiGerlando, Muriel Greenspon, and Janet Winburn; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Maria DiGiglio, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 1:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 7:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Robert Hale, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 15, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Anna Ottaviano, Carol Bayard, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Thomas Jamerson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 16, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Helen Vanni, Frances Bible, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 8:15: "Faust," with Heather Thomson, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Roy Samuelsen. . . . ¶ Friday, April 18, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Pierre Duval, Robert Trehy, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Kay Creed, Robert Hale, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8:15: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Athena Lam-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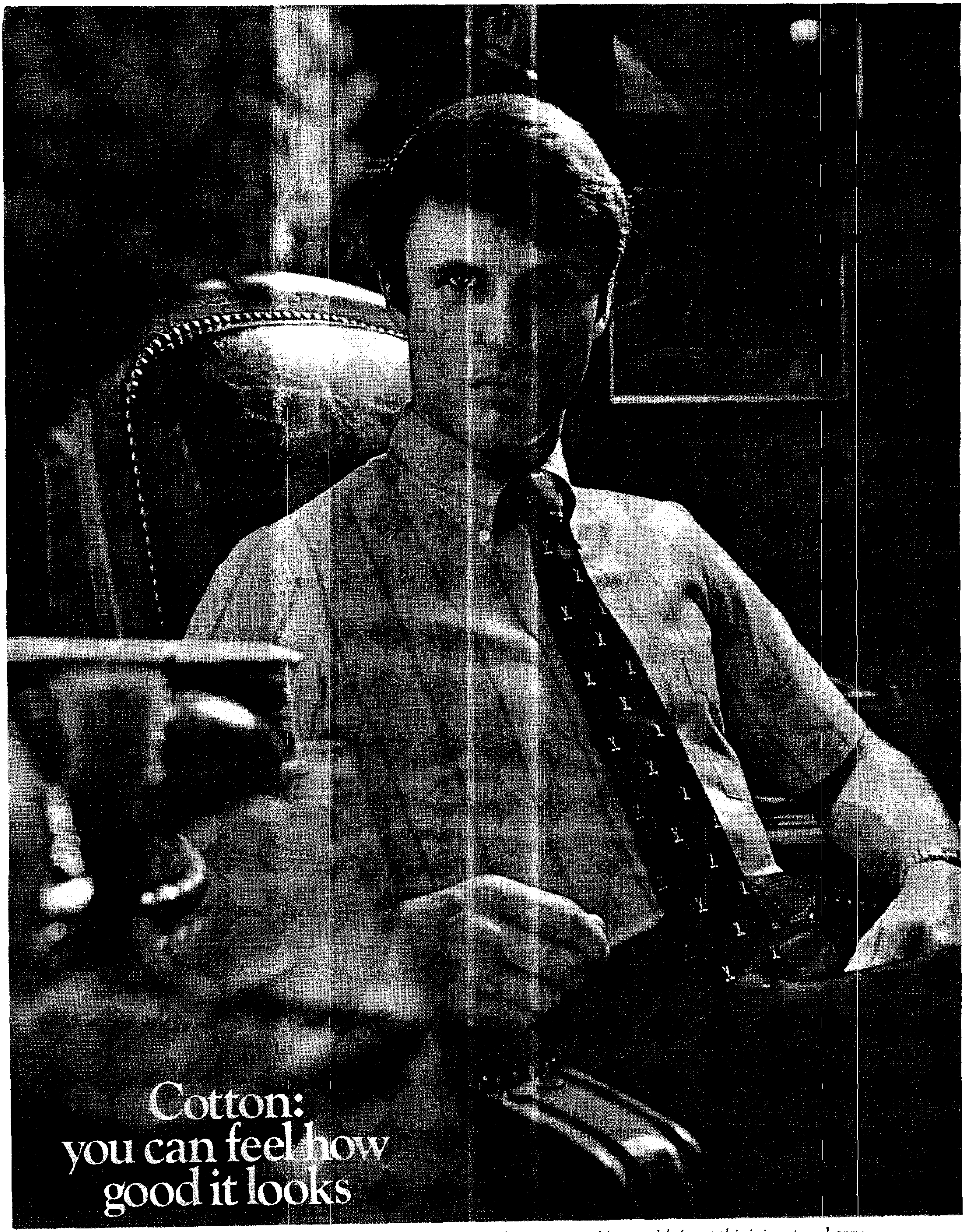

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

propulos, Muriel Greenspon, Robert Nagy, and William Chapman; "Suor Angelica," with Maralin Niska, Muriel Greenspon, Janet Winburn, and Beverly Evans; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Maria DiGiglio, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 20, at 1:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Janet Winburn, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 20, at 7:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and Nico Castel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

JUILLIARD OPERA THEATRE—Benefit performances of Poulenc's "La Voix Humaine" and the American première of Honegger's "Antigone," the first staged by Osvaldo Riofrancos and the second by John Houseman. With the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Jean Morel. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, April 16, and Friday, April 18, at 8:15, in French; and Thursday, April 17, and Saturday, April 10, at 8:15, in English. For tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

"LA TRAVIATA" ON FILM—A Rome Opera production of Verdi's work, filmed in color, with Anna Moffo, Gino Bechi, and Franco Bonisolli. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, and 10.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Georg Semkow conducting—Thursday, April 10, at 8:30; Friday, April 11, at 2; Saturday, April 12, at 8:30; and Monday, April 14, at 7:30 (all with David Nadien, violin); and Thursday and Friday, April 17-18, at 8:30, and Monday, April 21, at 7:30 (no soloists).

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—At Philharmonic Hall, the final concerts of the season—Sunday, April 13, at 3: Howard Mitchell conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 8: Arthur Fiedler directing a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with soloists and a chorus.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Istvan Kertesz conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 15, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER ORCHESTRA OF THE SAAR—Antonio Janigro conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Gene Forrell conducting the final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Erica Morini, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 8:30. All seats for the first concert have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting, with Ivan Davis, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 3, and Monday, April 14, at 8:30.)

M.I.T. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—David Epstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 17, at 8:30.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting the final concert of the season, with Leonard Pennario, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30.)

LEHIGH AND YALE UNIVERSITY BANDS—A joint concert, with Jonathan Elkus, Keith Wilson, and Albertus L. Meyers conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Martin Josman directing. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 11, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK—George Mead directing. (Town Hall, Friday, April 18, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

JOHN PENNINK—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8:30.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER AND JEAN BERNARD POMMIER—Violin and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Sunday, April 13, at 4, a benefit concert.)

EDWARD AUER—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, April 13, at 3.)

FRANK BRANCALEONE—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 16, at 8:30.)

HENRYK SZERYNG—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8:30.)

GUARNERI STRING QUARTET—The final concert of the season. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

LILI KRAUS—Piano, in the last all-Schubert program (postponed from Jan. 24) in a series of three. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30.)

ABBEY SINGERS AND WAVERLY CONSORT—A joint concert of Renaissance madrigals, motets, and sacred pieces, and music of the Italian baroque. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

TEN YEARS AFTER, THE NICE, AND THE FAMILY—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday, April 10, at 8 and 11:30.

BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS; JETHRO TULL; AND AUM—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

PETE SEEGER—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30.

CLARK TERRY'S QUARTET AND THE METROPOLITAN SINFONIETTA—A benefit concert. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, April 13, at 8:30.)

MUDDY WATERS—Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-3600. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.

JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO—A program ranging from Bach to jazz. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 16, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 20, at 7. For tickets, call 249-3074.)

BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND, FOUNDATIONS, AND SAVOY BROWN—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 8 and 11:30.

ART BLAKEY AND HIS JAZZ MESSENGERS—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8:30.

MISCELLANY

METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL SEMIFINAL AUDITIONS—Twenty-three singers chosen from regional auditions and hoping to be numbered among the finalists who will compete in November. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 11, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-3100, Ext. 301.)

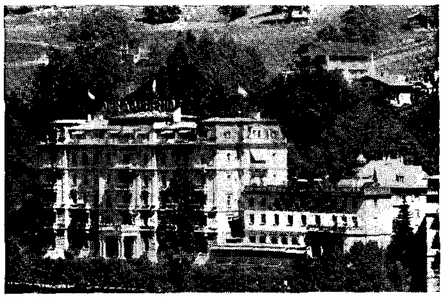
NEW IMAGE OF SOUND—The last in a series of programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed, in part, by Ornette Coleman's trio. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, April 17, at 8:40.)

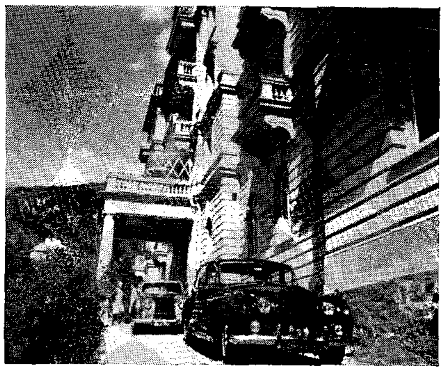
SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Montreal, Thursday, April 10, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, April 11, at 2:05; Saturday, April 12, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 13, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington (first league games here), Tuesday through Thursday, April 15-17, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Saturday, April 19, at 2.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 19.)

FENCING—International Fencing Tournament—Friday, April 11, at 9 and 7:30: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 2, and Saturday, April 12, at 5: Women's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 9 and 7:30: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 6: Men's three-weap-





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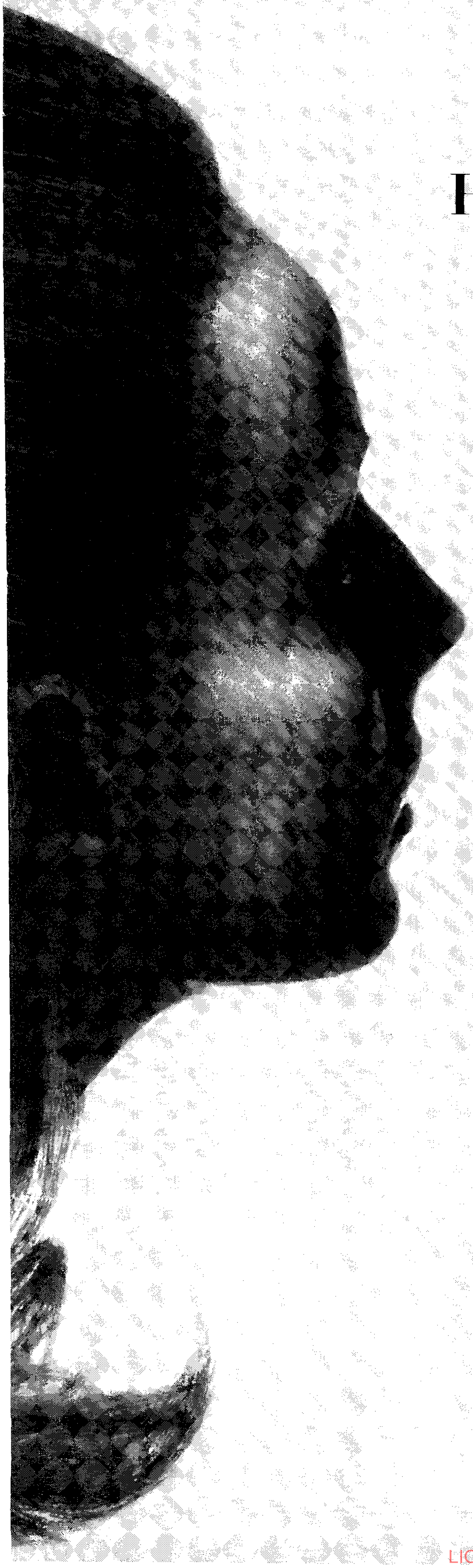

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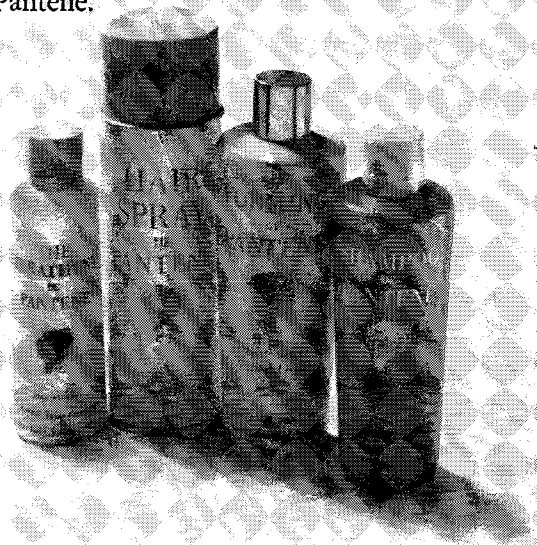
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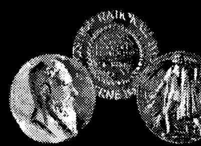

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 12, and Saturday, April 19.)...¶My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 12.)...¶Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 19.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; *through Saturday, May 31. The Excelsior* Handicap, Saturday, April 12, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 19.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Saturday, April 19.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK:** Gene Forrell conducting the final children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 12, at 11:30 and 2:30.)... **BLUE HILL TROUPE:** A benefit performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 12, at 2. For tickets, call RH 4-0652, Thursday and Friday between 10 and 12 and 6 and 8.)... **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 12, at 2:30.)... **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting the final children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 19, at noon and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Thursday through Sunday, April 10-13, at 1 and 3:30, and Wednesday, April 16, at 3:30.)... **NANCY COLE PUPPETS:** "Fisherman's Gold," "How the Blue Faced Monster Finally Got a Valentine," and "Home with an Ogre Next Door." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, April 12, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) ... **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "The Golden Tambourine," Sundays at 2:30....¶"The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, April 19, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. ...¶"Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS:** "The Comedians." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Sunday, April 13, at 1:30.)... **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and also Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, April 13, at 2.)... **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "Creative Puppetry." (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 11, at 1:30. Free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 10 on the day of the performance.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sunrise at Stonehenge." (Thursday, April 10, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3. and 4. and Friday, April 11, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Thereafter, Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants in-

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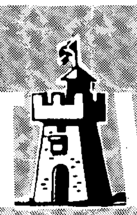

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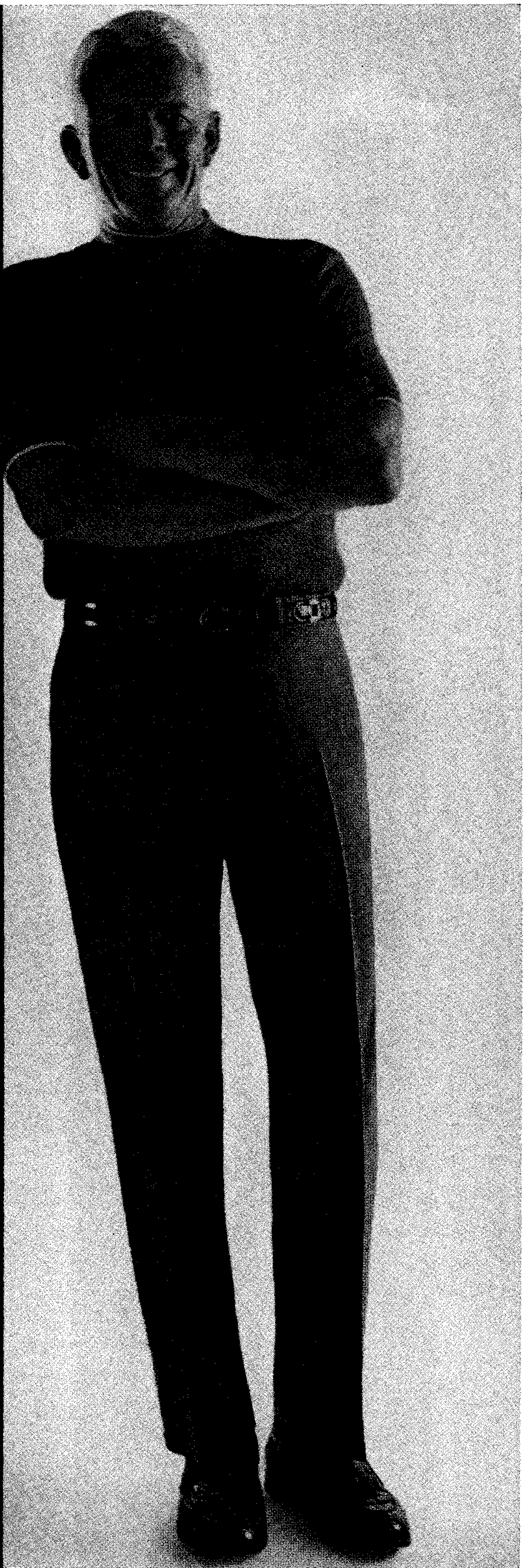

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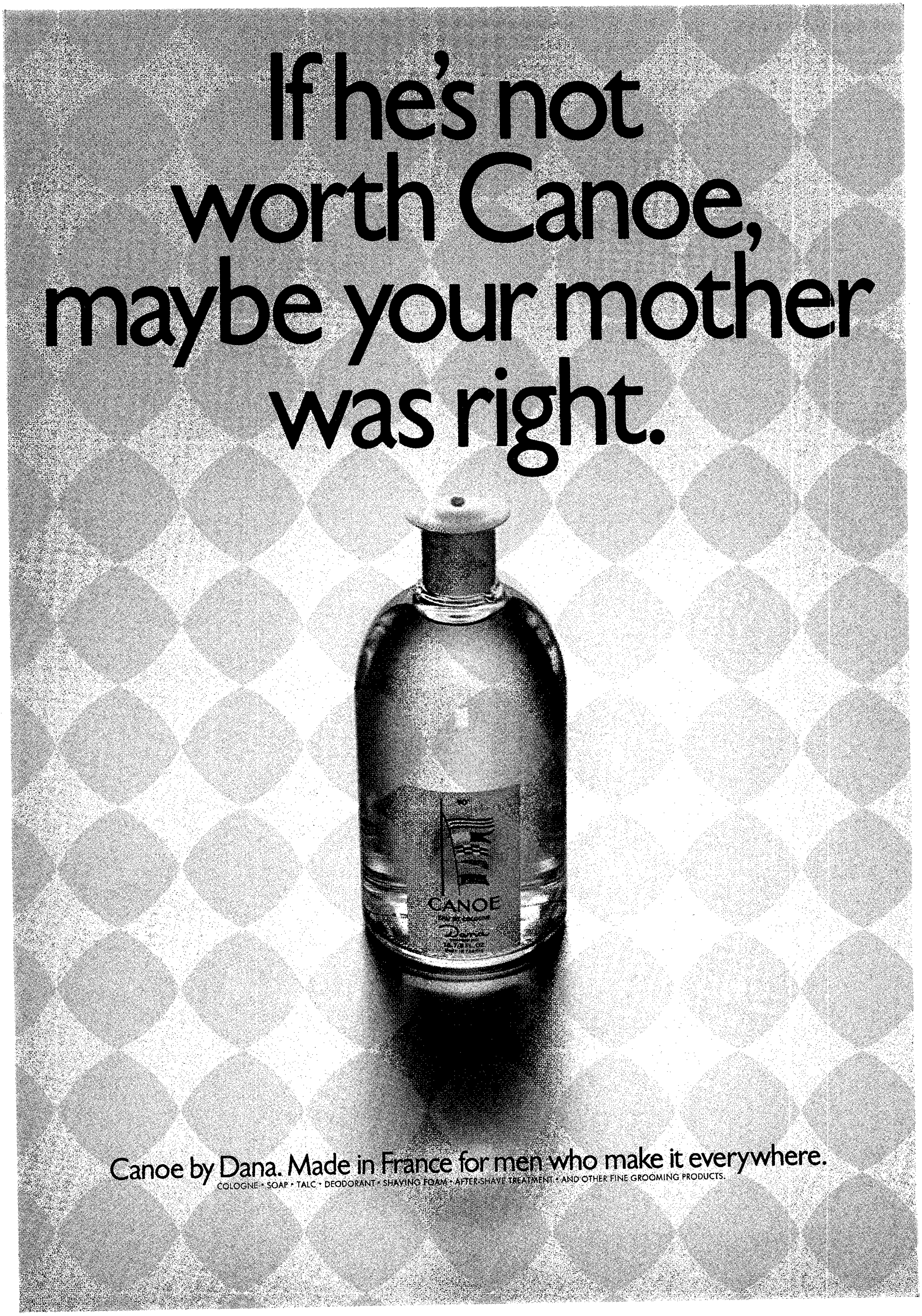

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

clude monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, mice, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—Dreams on wheels. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, April 13, from 1 to 8.)

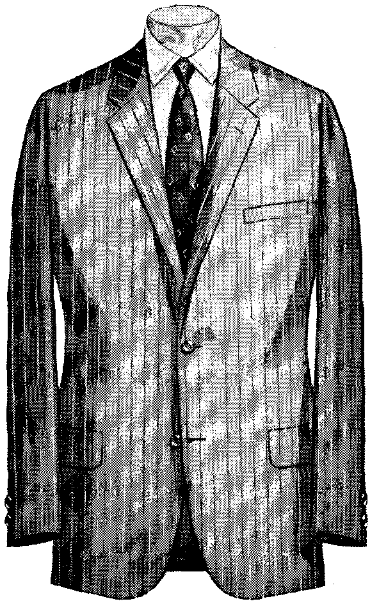
AMATEUR NEEDLEWORK OF TODAY—The sixteenth national benefit show will contain a number of special exhibits, including two pre-Columbian embroideries, lent by the Metropolitan Museum of Art; a piece of neo-needlecraft, executed by Mariska Karasz, and lent by the Smithsonian Institution; a collection of embroideries by Mary Martin; and a display by eight needlecrafters who have taken their designs from paintings by eight contemporary Latin Americans. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Tuesday, April 15, through Wednesday, April 23. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show in the main conservatory repeats the traditional white lily cross, and also offers a Dutch-bulb exhibit that includes a small Dutch village, a windmill, a canal, and fields of spring flowers. (Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, April 13.)

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—An open-air display of antiques, surrounded by about a hundred dealers. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, April 11, at 1:45: Indian, Cambodian, and Nepalese art, and classical antiquities; from various owners....¶ Saturday, April 12, at 1:45: English furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors....¶ Tuesday, April 15, at 10:15: Rare American manuscripts and books, from many sources....¶ Wednesday, April 16, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century sculptures by such artists as Rodin, Georges Braque, Aristide Maillol, and Henry Moore; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, April 11....¶ Thursday, April 17, at 8: Impressionist and later paintings by Renoir, Cézanne, Fantin-Latour, Sisley, and others; from the estate of Mme. Lucienne Fribourg and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, April 11.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—April 10 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Lettre de Sibérie" (1957), in French, no English titles....¶ April 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Trans-Europ-Express" (1968), in French, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet....¶ April 12 at 11:30: "On the Avenue" (1937), with Madeleine Carroll and Alice Faye....¶ April 12 at 3 and 5:30: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais....¶ April 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Le Joli Mai" (1963), in French, directed by Chris Marker....¶ April 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir....¶ April 15 at 2: Six short films by Alain Resnais, two without English titles....¶ April 15 at 5:30: "One Step Away" (1968), a film by Ed Pincus and David Neuman....¶ April 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Jubilo" (1919), with Will Rogers. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 16.)

Bullitt—A well-directed (by Peter Yates) but vacuous police melodrama, starring San Francisco and Steve McQueen. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 15.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 10.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 15.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 16.)

Don Quixote (1957)—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkassov, in this Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 11-14.)

Faces—Sexual desire among middle-aged people who have nothing else to live for, acted out in a desperately naked realistic style. John Cassavetes, who directed this psychodrama about alienation and lechery in southern California, has so strongly resisted the commercial possibilities in his theme that this movie is likely to be taken as seriously as he intended. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, April 10-13, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goldfinger (1964)—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 16.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through April 12.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through April 15.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Richard Benjamin is very funny indeed in a film by Larry Peerce taken from Philip Roth's horrified novella about the Jewish skill in playing on guilt-strings. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Greetings—A pleasantly tawdry underground version of a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 16.)

If . . .—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

International House (1933)—W. C. Fields. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through April 16.)

King of Hearts (1967)—A comedy by Philippe de Broca of a First World War soldier waylaid and surrounded by the inmates of a lunatic asylum and a zoo. In French and English. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 15.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, April 10-13, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—W. C. Fields again, this time concerned with domestic life. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through April 16.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 10.)

Monterey Pop—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians, including Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, Otis Redding, and Ravi Shankar. Playing with it is a basilisk-eyed short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday in Honolulu chatting about riot control. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; April 16.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 2:30; Saturdays at 2; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Muriel Spark's witty novel has been handled rather conventionally by the director, Ronald Neame, but the material is so good that the movie is engaging anyway. Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on; Robert Stephens plays her lover, Celia Johnson her adversary. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

La Prisonnière—Henri-Georges Clouzot, of "The Wages of Fear," writes and directs a story about sadomasochism set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

The Red and the White—1918, Central Russia, the Civil War, with the Whites still powerful and ranged against the Reds, joined by Hungarian volunteers. This rigorous and complex picture, beautifully simple to look at, is made by the remarkable Hungarian director of "The Roundup," Miklós Jancsó. In Hungarian and Russian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Romeo and Juliet—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. With the remarkable, strong young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 15.)

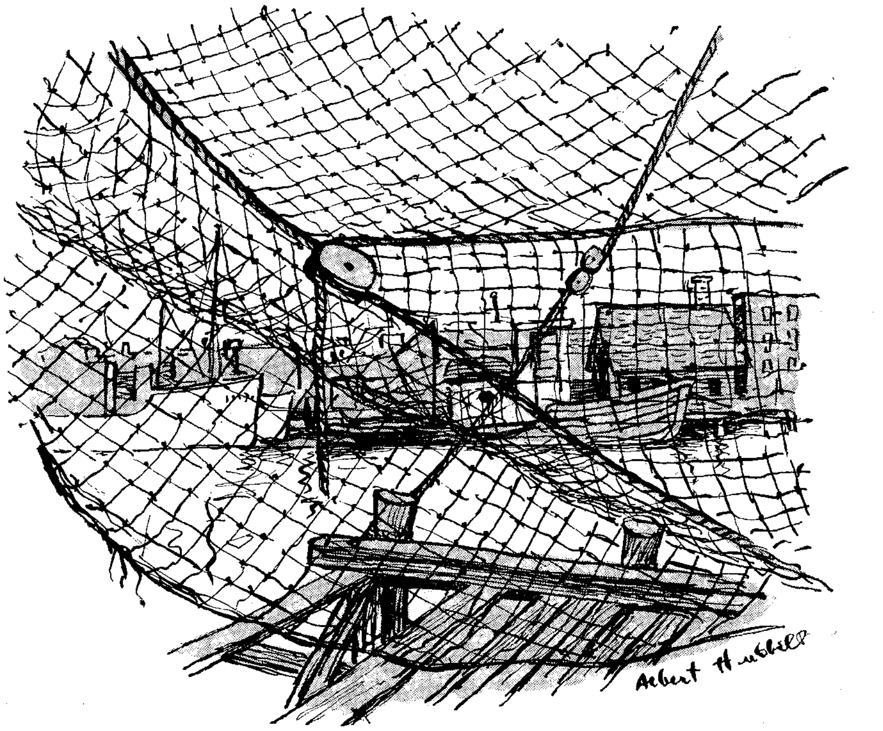
Simon of the Desert—Luis Buñuel's little comedy (forty-five-minutes long) about a desert anchorite takes place at the point when saintliness turns into foolishness. Claudio Brook is Simon, and Silvia Pinal provides the temptations. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

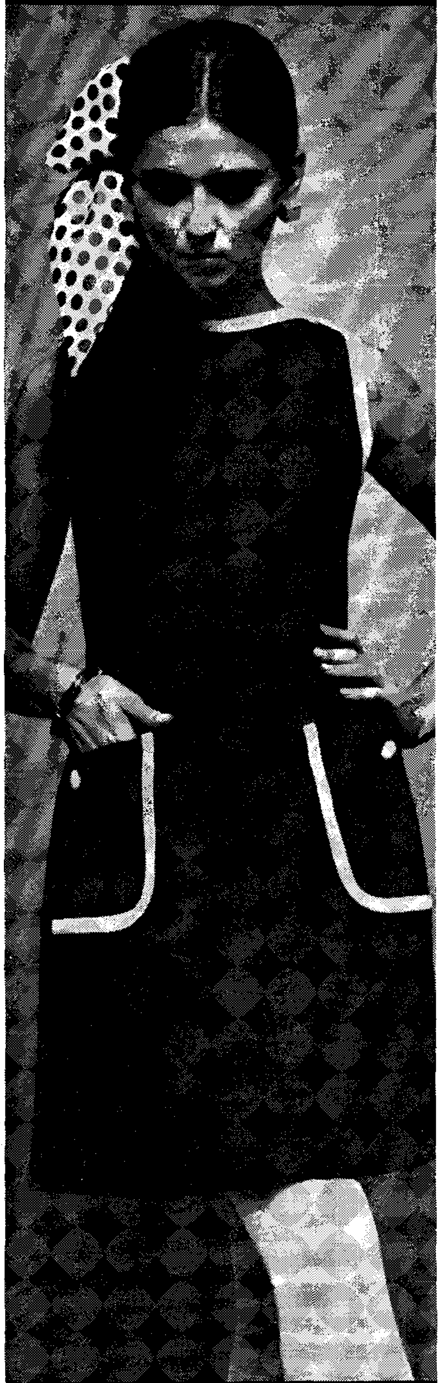
Stolen Kisses—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 15.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-two years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166.)

Yellow Submarine—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)





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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 15: "Joanna," Genevieve Waite.
April 16: **NOTHING BUT A MAN.**

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish. (Daily at 3, 5:30, 8, and 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Wedding Party," Charles Pfluger.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 15: **SHAME** (in Swedish); and **KING OF HEARTS** (in French and English).
From April 16: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (1962; in French), Ludmila Tcherina.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 15: "Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.
From April 16: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom; and another feature, to be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Wanderer" (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Before Winter Comes," David Niven, Topol.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Illustrated Man," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Baby Love," Linda Hayden.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?," Anthony Newley, Joan Collins.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
LA PRISONNIÈRE (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Assassination Bureau," Oliver Reed, Diana Rigg.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 16: "Changes," Kent Lane.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Doctor Glas" (in Swedish), Per Oscarsson.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
April 10: "They Came to Rob Las Vegas," Gary Lockwood, Elke Sommer.
From April 11: "Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"2" (in Danish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through April 12: **THE GOLD RUSH**; and "King of Kings" (1932; with added sound track), H. B. Warner.
April 13-16: "The Red Shoes" (1948), Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Great Expectations" (1947), Valerie Hobson, John Mills.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 15: **BULLITT.**
From April 16: **BEDAZZLED**; and "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 15: "The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.
From April 16: **GREETINGS.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE RED AND THE WHITE (in Hungarian and Russian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
FACES.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 16: **THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE**; and **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
April 10: "They Came to Rob Las Vegas," Gary Lockwood, Elke Sommer.
From April 11: "Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Thursday through Sunday, April 10-13, at 10:30, 1:30, 5, and 8:15; Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, at 8:15; and Wednesday, April 16, at 2 and 8:15. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
"100 Rifles," Jim Brown, Raquel Welch.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 16, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Love Bug," Dean Jones, Michele Lee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Not Mine to Love" (in Hebrew).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"African Safari," a documentary film.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE IMMORTAL STORY; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 15: **GONE WITH THE WIND.**
From April 16: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 12: "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" (in German).
From April 13: "Walkover" (in Polish), a Jerzy Skolimowski film.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 15: **BULLITT**; and **COOL HAND LUKE.**
From April 16: **GOLDFINGER**; and **DR. NO.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 10: **MONKEY BUSINESS**; and **THE COCOANUTS.**
April 11-14: **DON QUIXOTE** (in Russian); and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (1954; in Russian), Galina Ulanova.
From April 15: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent), a Russian film.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
FACES.

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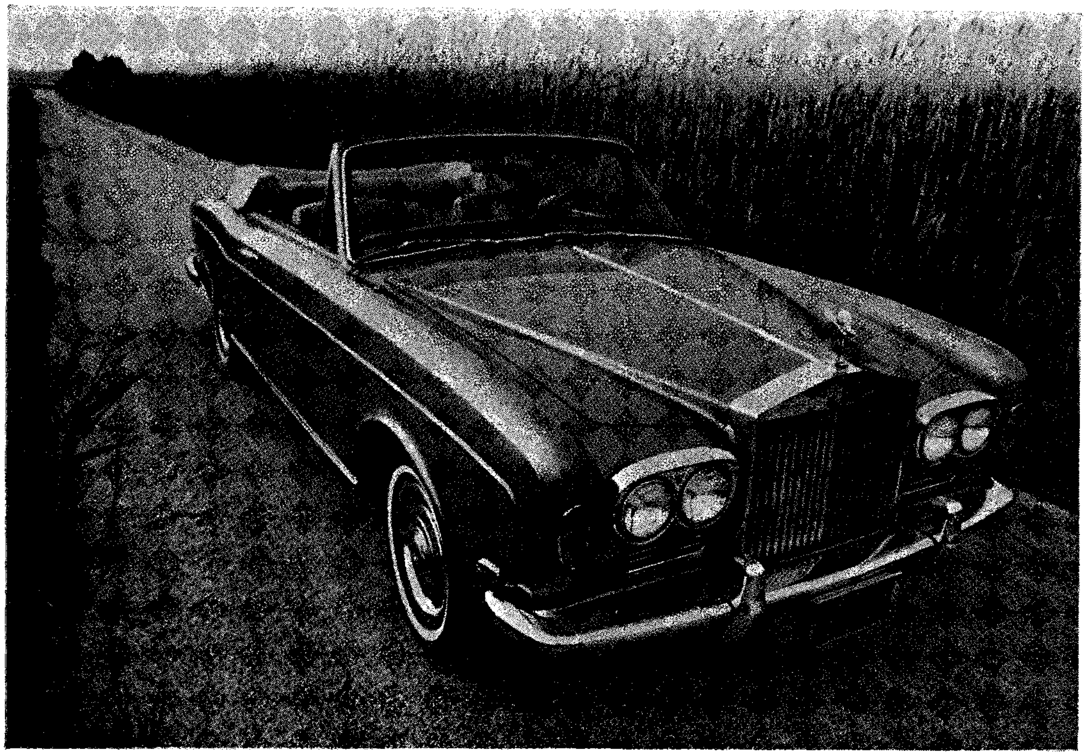

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1. The body is the work of those incomparable London coachbuilders, H. J. Mulliner, Park Ward. As it slowly takes shape from the underframe up, it is something to watch. Expert "rubbers" smooth out minuscule imperfections in the metal. First rubbers spot blemishes by eye. Second rubbers do it by feel. They look as if they are reading Braille.

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2. The top is a labor of luxury. It takes one man one week to make one top. He is dedicated to the elimination of the "starved cow" look of most convertible tops. When he is finished, not a rib is visible outside or inside. He can also give you a choice of eight colors

outside. Six inside. The latter is made of Playne's West of England cloth—the royalty of worsted.

3. Upholstery leather is chosen with extravagant care. Only one hide in every five hundred is selected. The rest are rejected because of tiny crinkles or scars. The man in charge has been at it for forty-five years. His rejects make expensive handbags.

4. Interior wood panelling represents five days' work for a single expert. The veneers for each car come from a single tree. Each is coded so that, if it is ever damaged, it can be matched from the same log.

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5. Air conditioning is standard equipment. And there is an ingenious ventilation system that can warm your feet and cool your face at the same time. Women seem to like this.

Optional accessories include stereo tape players, radio-telephones, electric shavers and a special miniature boudoir in the glove compartment. You can even order an extra-loud foot-operated horn. Very useful in the Italian Alps when you need both hands on the wheel.

6. To drive the Silver Shadow is a personal pleasure of infinite subtlety. While most power steering is numb, ours feels the road. While most power brakes are all muscle and no brain, ours have sensibilities. They can give you a ton of hydraulic pressure or an ounce. And the ebullience of the big V-8 engine is not tamed. Simply civilized. Some people say the Silver Shadow is the easiest car in the world to drive. They may be right. No other car moves you between two points with less wear-and-tear on body and nerves.

And what could be more personal than a car that communicates with you? There are eight articulate lamps on the instrument panel. One tells you if your battery stops charging. Two monitor pressure in the brake system. Others tell you smaller things. Your fuel is low. You need more coolant in the radiator. Your parking brake is on. A stop-light has burned out.

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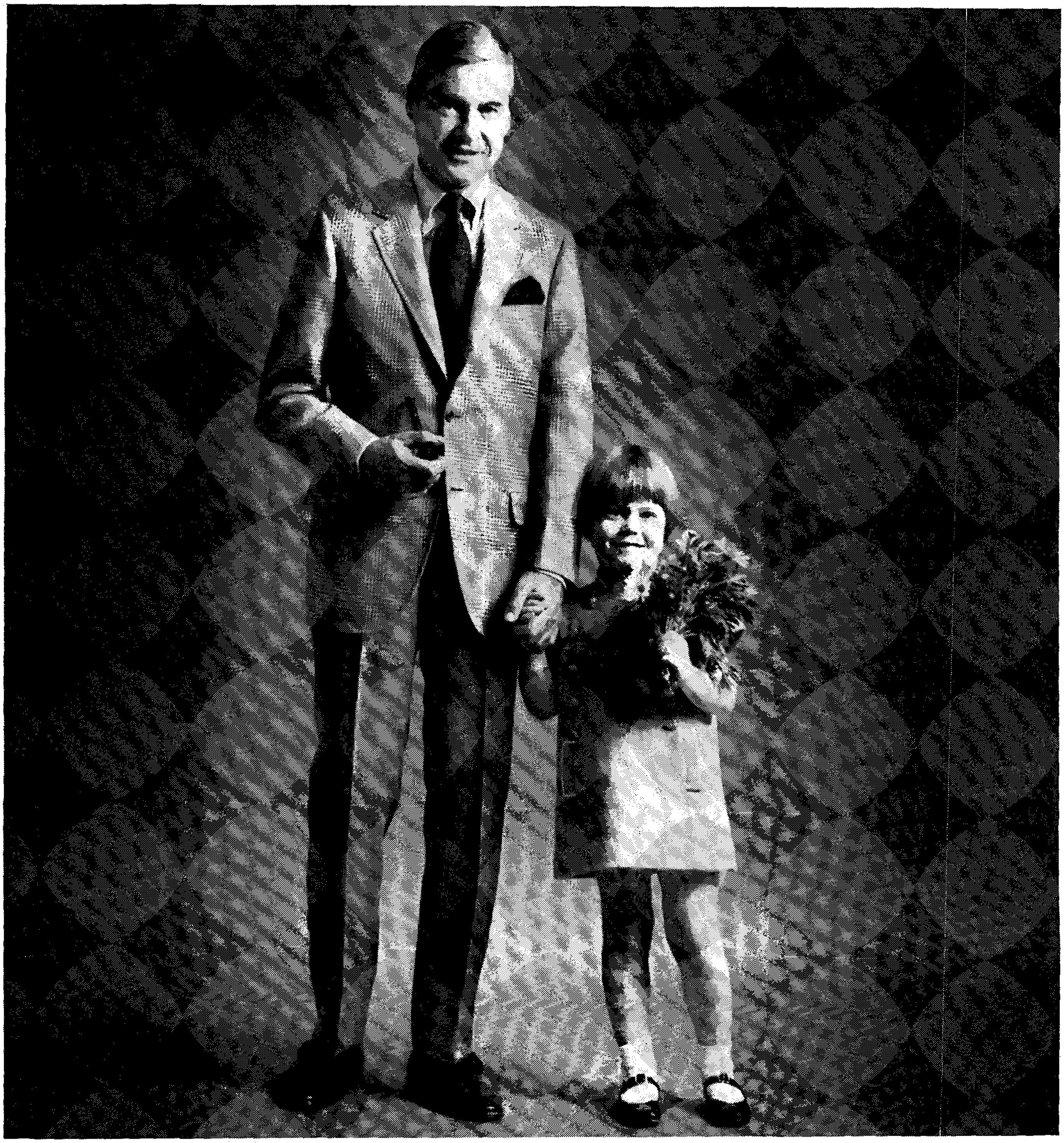

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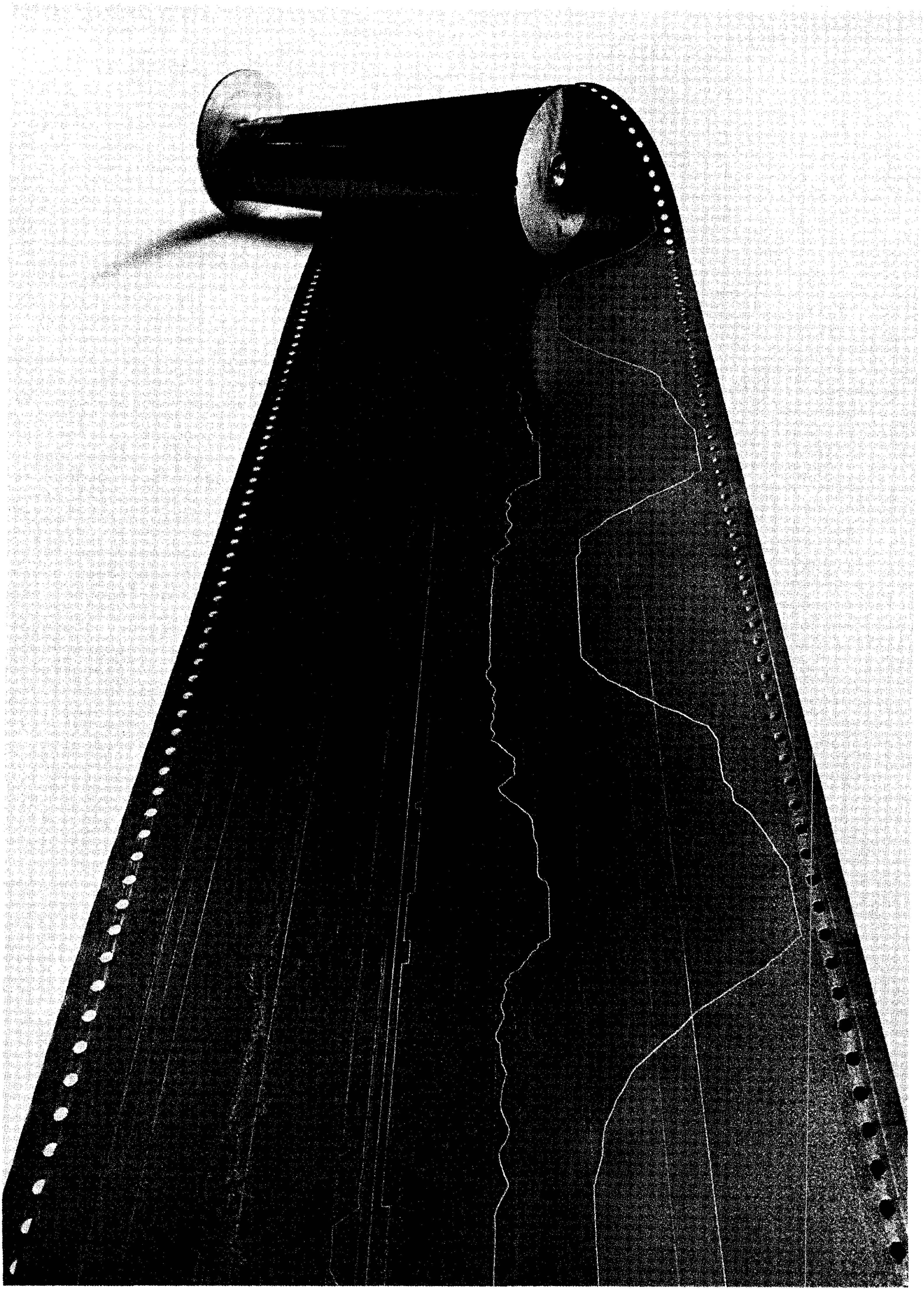

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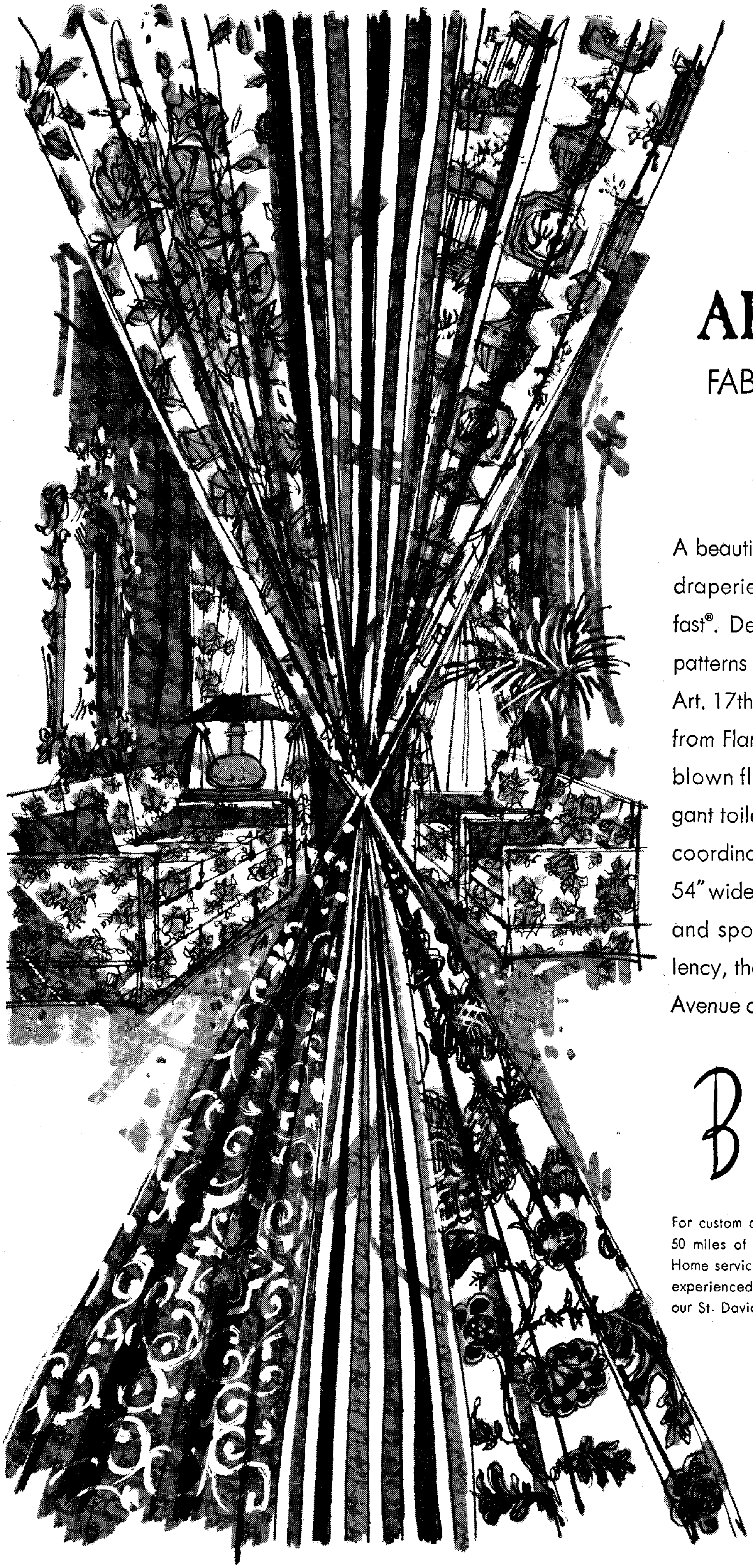

ARCHIVE II

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THE NEW YORKER

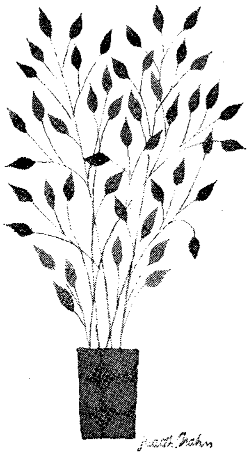
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DESPITE our love for Philadelphia, which has been an open secret for years, we find ourself on the side of Penn Central in its bold move to run a train non-stop between New York and Washington. This fantastic vehicle will whiz through the North Philadelphia depot and the Thirtieth Street depot as though driven by a mad engineer who has lost touch with the rich old verities of railroading—the stopping, the backing and filling, the huffing and puffing, and the waving of the snowy-white handkerchief. Philadelphians have been quick to protest this snub, the wild passage of this headlong train, with its arrogance and its determination to get on with the journey. "We don't want to be lost in any shuffle between New York and Washington!" cried Abe Rosen, a Philadelphia man dedicated to things Philadelphian. But the word "shuffle" was an unhappy choice of words. The Penn Central is trying to take the shuffle out of railroading. We are with it every mile of the way—two hundred and twenty-five, to be exact. There will still be Metroliner trains in and out of Philadelphia for the discerning passenger who wishes to mount or dismount at that lovely old town. But there will be one train that says No—a train that refuses to pause merely because it sights something that looks like a station and a baggage truck. Carry on, Penn Central! Relax, Rosen! Enjoy the blinding flash of a train hustling on its splendid way to a chosen destination.

Report on Biafra

LAST February, Senator Charles Goodell returned from Biafra, where he had just led—and financed—a study mission composed of Dr. Roy Brown, who is an associate professor of preventive medicine and pediatrics at Tufts University; Dr. George H. Axinn, who is a professor of agriculture and an associate of the African Studies Center at Michigan State University; Dr. Jean Mayer, who is a professor of nutrition at Harvard University; Mr. George Orick, formerly a businessman in Nigeria and a consultant to UNICEF; and Dr. Charles W. Dunn, who is an administrative assistant to the Senator. On February 25th, Senator Goodell made a speech in the Senate and introduced the study team's report into the *Congressional Record*. The team estimated that at the time of its visit Biafra had a population of from eight to nine million, about half of whom were refugees. It also estimated that "mortality from famine and associated causes of death in the past twelve months was greater than one million persons but well below two million," and that in the next twelve months a minimum of one million—and probably two to two and a half million—people would die from lack of food.



Last week, we met with Senator Goodell in his New York office. We began our conversation by asking him how he had decided to go to Biafra.

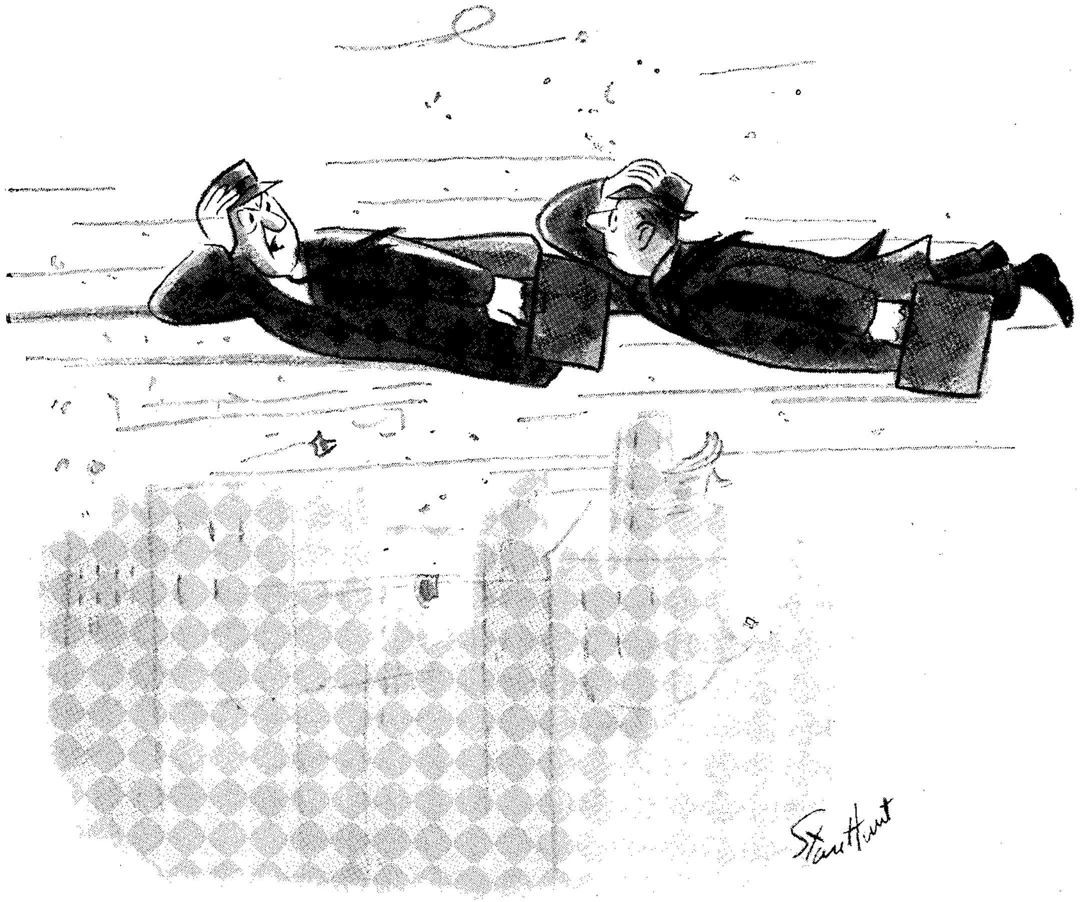
"I had been very interested in the question of hunger in the United States for some time," he told us, "and I was on the Poverty Subcommittee when I was in the House of Representatives. Last September, Mr. Abie Nathan, an Israeli philanthropist, came over here to see what he could do about what was happening in Biafra, and he paid me a visit. He likened the situation to that of the Jews in Germany. He said that a form of genocide was taking place. Then he went to Holland, with the idea of chartering a ship to bring food to Biafra. He succeeded in raising eighty thousand dollars, and when he asked if I would be chairman of the Biafra Christmas Ship Committee I said I would. We managed to fill the ship with contributed food, and I timed my trip to Nigeria with my team to coincide with the arrival of the ship. One thing the experts on my team told me when we got there was that in a country with a famine you don't always see the sufferers on the street. So it's sometimes hard to tell right off that there *is* a famine. If people are just hungry, they will be out on the street, but if they're dying they stay in their huts, or they go out in the bush to die."

We asked Senator Goodell how an observer could spot the signs of a famine.

"In the big towns, we went to the places where the hungry people go—the relief feeding stations and the hospitals," the Senator said. "At some feeding stations, we saw five thousand people fed—most of them children. All of them were very thin, and many had the distended stomachs and the reddish hair and gray complexion that show the protein-deficiency disease called kwashiorkor. Then we went to a children's hospital and found that it was filled to three times its capacity, and that almost every child was suffering from malnutrition. At the battlefront, of course, famine is much more obvious. More people are uprooted, and they just wander around. Some die right in the streets. The destruction and death from the Nigerian bombings is very obvious to the eye, too. I know the Nigerians are bombing civilian centers, because I've seen it myself—the Ilyushin bomber coming in low, the explosions, and the people dead."

We asked Senator Goodell how the Biafran government was operating in the face of both famine and war.

"The Biafrans are an amazing



"All the weather guy ever said was 'Windy,' for God's sake!"

people," he said. "I would say that their administration runs much more smoothly than the Nigerian administration. They are a naturally bright, friendly, optimistic people, and they're amazingly well organized. If anything, they've got *too much* bureaucracy. You wouldn't expect this, but when we landed at Uli, their only remaining airport, they put us through full customs procedures—made us declare our currency and fill out all the forms. They lost Enugu, their old airport, but they still stamp 'Enugu' on your passport. It's a kind of patriotic gesture. And, considering the conditions, their transportation system is incredible. As soon as a relief flight arrives at night, a dozen trucks pull up in the dark, seventy-five or so workers unload the cargo, and the food is driven to the feeding stations. It goes to church stations and Red Cross stations on alternate nights. The Biafrans are very resourceful. I met a group of twenty or so who gathered together regularly to have brainstorming sessions on how to alleviate the famine and advance the war effort, and some of these people bordered on geniuses. They all thought that the Biafrans would be slaughtered by the Nigerians if they gave up the battle. Spirit and morale in Biafra are very high. And because children, old people, and women are the first to die in the famine—and the soldiers are the last to die—the famine won't shorten the war."

Ceremony

RELATIVELY few people have occasion to see their names carved into marble while they're still alive. For this reason, we read with interest a note we received the other day from Edward G. Freehafer, the director of the New York Public Library, saying that the name of Mrs. Reginald Marsh, the widow of the noted American painter, had just been carved into one of the walls of the library, and that there would be a ceremony at which her name would be unveiled and she would thereby be memorialized as a benefactor of the library. Mrs. Marsh is a woman of medium height, trim figure, middle age, reserved manner, and complex mood. She has light-blue eyes, a fair complexion, and curly light-brown hair touched with gray. She is an interesting mixture of shyness and sharp candor, and is a painter in her own right, of the realistic school. Extraordinarily devoted to her late husband's work, and to his memory, she has been known to flatten mercilessly, with a few words, anyone who does not fully share her devotion. In other matters, she is sometimes subject to sieges of diffidence, and we found her in such a state when we arrived at the library a few minutes before the ceremony was to begin. About thirty people had gathered in the main lobby and were talking to each other and looking into the glass exhibition cases, which, in honor of the occasion, contained a small part of the collection of a thousand Reginald Marsh drawings that Mrs. Marsh has given the library. The drawings, together with two earlier gifts of etchings, engravings, and lithographs, make the library a major repository of the artist's graphic work and make Mrs. Marsh a benefactor.

We paused to look at the lobby, a great rectangular entrance hall that is one of the few rooms of its size in the world made entirely of cut marble. Its handsome staircases rising on either side, its soaring ceiling, and its huge bronzed window bays reminded us once again that the library, which was designed by Carrère & Hastings in Beaux Arts Eclectic style and opened in 1911, is one of the best buildings in New York. Then we approached Mrs. Marsh, who was wearing a pink wool dress and an expression alternating between a radiant smile and a perplexed blink, and we asked her how she felt. "As though I were already dead," she replied. "Have *you* ever been chiselled into marble?" We said no, and asked her what she intended to say in the course of the ceremony to the gathering of friends, artists, publishers, editors, and library officials. "Nothing," she answered firmly.

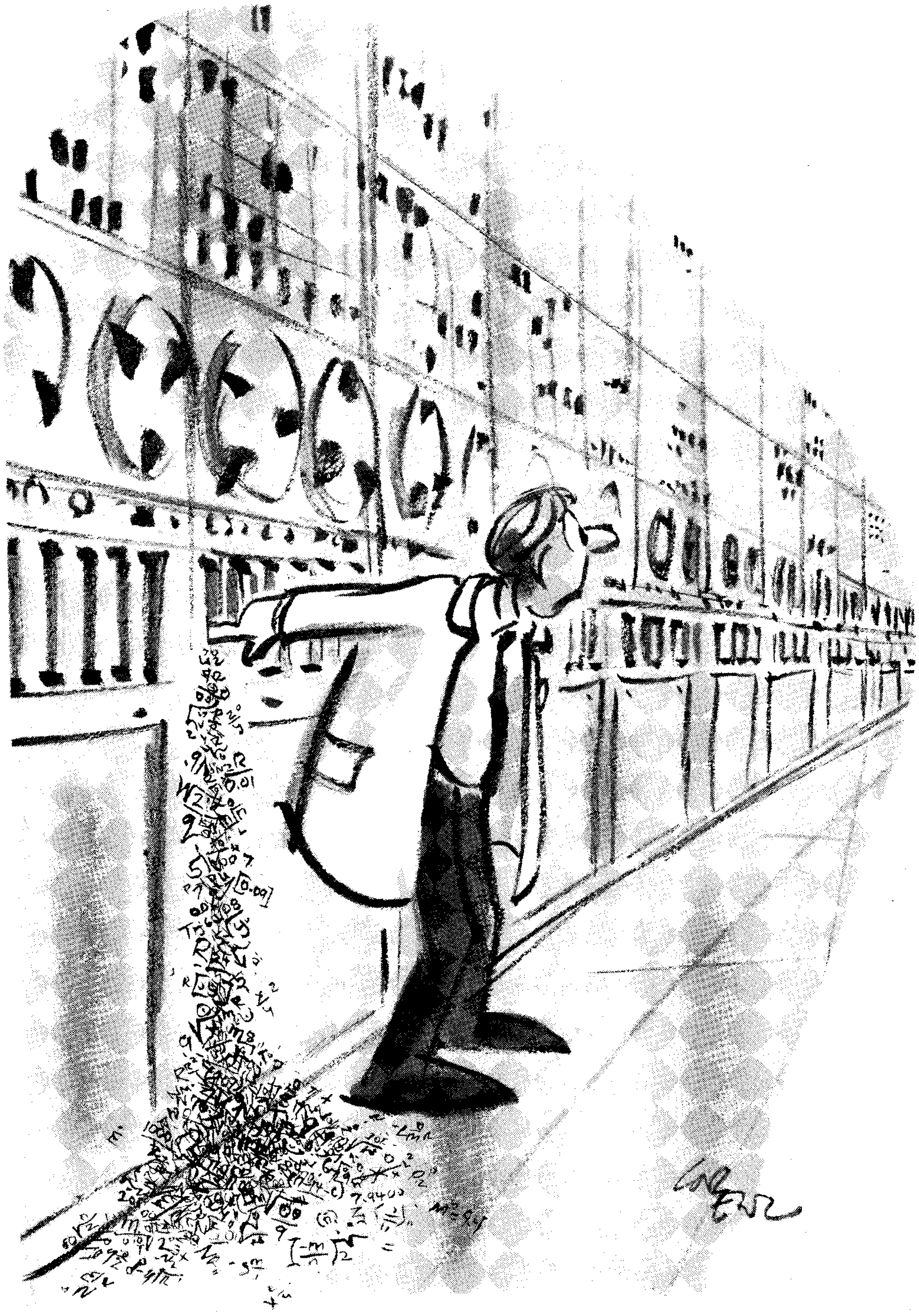
At this point, Mr. Freehafer appeared and asked Mrs. Marsh to stand with him next to the east wall of the lobby, just to the left of the entrance, in front of a pillar about twenty feet high. At the top of the pillar were the names of six recent benefactors, and right below the last name—which was that of John Quinn, a patron of artists and writers—a large red velvet cummerbund was stretched across the pillar. Attached to one end of the cummerbund, and hanging unobtrusively down the side of the pillar, was a thin length of what looked like white Venetian-blind cord. As Mr. Freehafer began a short speech welcoming the guests, Mrs. Marsh smiled and seemed to be studying the faces of the crowd, which had gathered in a silent semicircle and was being augmented by people passing through the lobby. "Reginald Marsh was more familiar to the American public as a painter of the livelier New York scene," Mr. Freehafer said. "Coney Island, the burlesque, Third Avenue—the informal, earthy side of the city. But with this gift we are able to document another facet of his work—that of book illustrator, in which he demonstrated so admirably the ability to achieve a seemingly spontaneous image that was actually the result of meticulous, painstaking work." With a few more words on how the library would become a center for research on Reginald Marsh, Mr. Freehafer concluded, "On behalf of the trustees, I thank Mrs. Marsh for this magnificent gift." He then turned his back to the audience and tugged at the thin white cord, pulling the red cummerbund from its mooring on the pillar. It swung down to reveal "FELICIA MEYER MARSH" in carved and gilded roman capital letters. The crowd applauded. Mrs. Marsh turned, looked up, blinked, looked down at Mr. Freehafer, and smiled. The ceremony had taken two minutes.

Friends moved in to shake Mrs. Marsh's hand, and eventually everyone went upstairs for a reception. We remained behind to look at the exhibition, which runs through June 16th and includes drawings in pencil, crayon, ink, and watercolor for thirteen books, among them "The Leatherstocking Saga," by James Fenimore Cooper; "The Story of a Bad Boy," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Moll Flanders," by Daniel Defoe; "The Prince and the Pauper," by Mark Twain; "The 42nd Parallel," by John Dos Passos; "House Divided," by Ben Ames Williams; and "The Legendary Mizners," by Alva Johnston. The drawings are from all parts of the books—from dust jackets and covers through endpapers and tailpieces. On one sheet containing six drawings for "The 42nd Parallel," Marsh had written a marginal note that sounded slightly weary: "243 drawings to here—½ way."

We took an elevator to the third floor and walked past the large murals outside the Main Reading Room, which were done in 1940 by Edward Laning and depict the development of the recorded word from the time of Moses (who is shown descending Mount Sinai with the Ten Commandments on stone tablets) to Ottmar Mergenthaler, the inventor of the linotype (who is shown seated at the machine). Continuing down the hall, we found the reception under way in the sober confines of the Prints Division, a small room where the walls are lined with books in glass cases and most of the floor space is taken up by catalogue cabinets, reading tables, and armchairs. In the crowd we saw the muralist himself, Mr. Laning, looking quite fit, along with Gilbert W. Chapman, the president of the library; Thomas Messer, the director of the Guggenheim Museum; and Karl Kup, who retired recently from three jobs at the library: curator of prints, curator of the Spencer Collection, and chief of the Art and Architecture Division. "I was in Hong Kong when the library informed me that we might receive the Marsh collection," Mr. Kup said. "I sent a telegram immediately saying, 'We must!' " Moving on to Mrs. Marsh, we heard her remark, "Mr. Freehafer was very kind, but I didn't hear a word he said. My mind was a total blank."

Cadwell's Banjo

IN the hierarchy of musical instruments, the five-string banjo occupies a humble position these days—somewhere in the low-rent district of the ukulele, the harmonica, and the xylo-



phone. Bluegrass and country-and-Western music aside, the banjo sound isn't heard much anymore, except for inducing a nineteen-twenties or minstrel-show mood with a strident *plinka-plinka-plink*. We were pleased, therefore, to read that a seventy-nine-year-old man named Paul Cadwell recently gave a banjo recital (at a Greenwich Village church) that a critic from the *Times* called "a delightful encounter with charming, unpretentious music that deserves to be heard more frequently." Cadwell, according to the review, played entirely without a pick—"finger plucking . . . with a softer, more mellow tone than one expects from a banjo." Since we had missed the concert, we decided to look up Mr. Cadwell and ask him about banjo playing, and perhaps even hear him play.

Mr. Cadwell lives in a small brick house in a row of small brick houses and apartment buildings on Seventy-second Street in Jackson Heights, not far from Northern Boulevard. We went out there one afternoon last week, and were greeted at the door by Mrs. Cadwell, a young, pretty woman (they were married three and a half years ago, it turned out), and by Mr. Cadwell himself—a tall, handsome, ruddy, dignified, white-haired man with a quiet, friendly, and amused manner. We settled down in the front parlor—there was a black upright piano against one wall, with two stuffed pheasants and a stuffed squirrel on top of it—and Mrs. Cadwell offered us tea. We declined. "How about some hard cider?" asked Mr. Cadwell. We declined that, too. Mr. Cadwell said that he'd been very surprised that the *Times* had sent a critic to his recital but that he was awfully pleased with the review. We asked him to tell us something about his background, and about how he had become involved with the banjo.

"My father was a Presbyterian minister in New Jersey," he said. "He came from ten generations of Yankee farmers. My mother was a pianist. She was red-haired, and right smart on a horse. I used to pick out hymn tunes on the piano. I could read music before I could read words. I don't know why people think it's hard to read music—it's a lot simpler than reading words, isn't it? When I was ten, I went down to Gettysburg to visit my aunt. One sour Sunday, when she couldn't take her surrey and go around the battlefield and she still had to entertain this brat somehow, she brought out a zither and showed it to me. I didn't like that much, but then she hauled out a banjo. Well, it sounded rather wild and barbaric, and I was quite taken with it!" He laughed delightedly. "When I got back home to New Jersey, I started taking banjo lessons from Fred Van Eps. Later, he became very famous as a banjo player, but then he was about twenty-one or twenty-two and he lived only four and a half miles away. It was a nickel's fare on the trolley. He charged a dollar a lesson, and I had about thirty of them before we moved away to Atlantic City."

Mr. Cadwell graduated from Princeton in the class of 1910. "I had Woodrow Wilson in jurisprudence and Constitutional law," he said. "I thought he was good. A lot of people thought he was stiff, and a stickler, but I thought he had a delightful sense of humor. I like people who express themselves well. Wilson put some intelligent verve into Princeton." The atmosphere of Princeton was very different in those days, he remarked. "I almost didn't make a club, because somebody had once seen me wearing rubbers," he said. "The kids are smarter now, and the courses are tougher." Mrs. Cadwell brought us a copy of the Princeton yearbook (the *Bric-a-Brac*) for 1910, and opened it to a formal photograph of the Banjo Club—a couple of dozen young men in white tie and tails. *P. Cadwell* was in the back row. "We used to give concerts with the Glee Club and the Mandolin Club," said Mr. Cadwell, "and we'd travel around during Christmas vacation." Mr. Cadwell went on to Harvard Law School, where he was a soloist with the Harvard Banjo Club, and later attended Trinity College, Oxford. In subsequent years, he practiced law and worked in various businesses. He is now retired. "It's funny," he said quietly. "You go to college and graduate school, and get all this education, and you end up using your fingers." He looked at his hands for a moment, then laughed cheerfully. He mentioned performing at various folk festivals, and getting a warm reception. "I'm always amazed that young fellows whose ears are attuned to bluegrass music and Earl Scruggs and Pete Seeger would pay any interest to what I do," he said. "It's a different sound. But I guess they're interested in hearing a different sound."

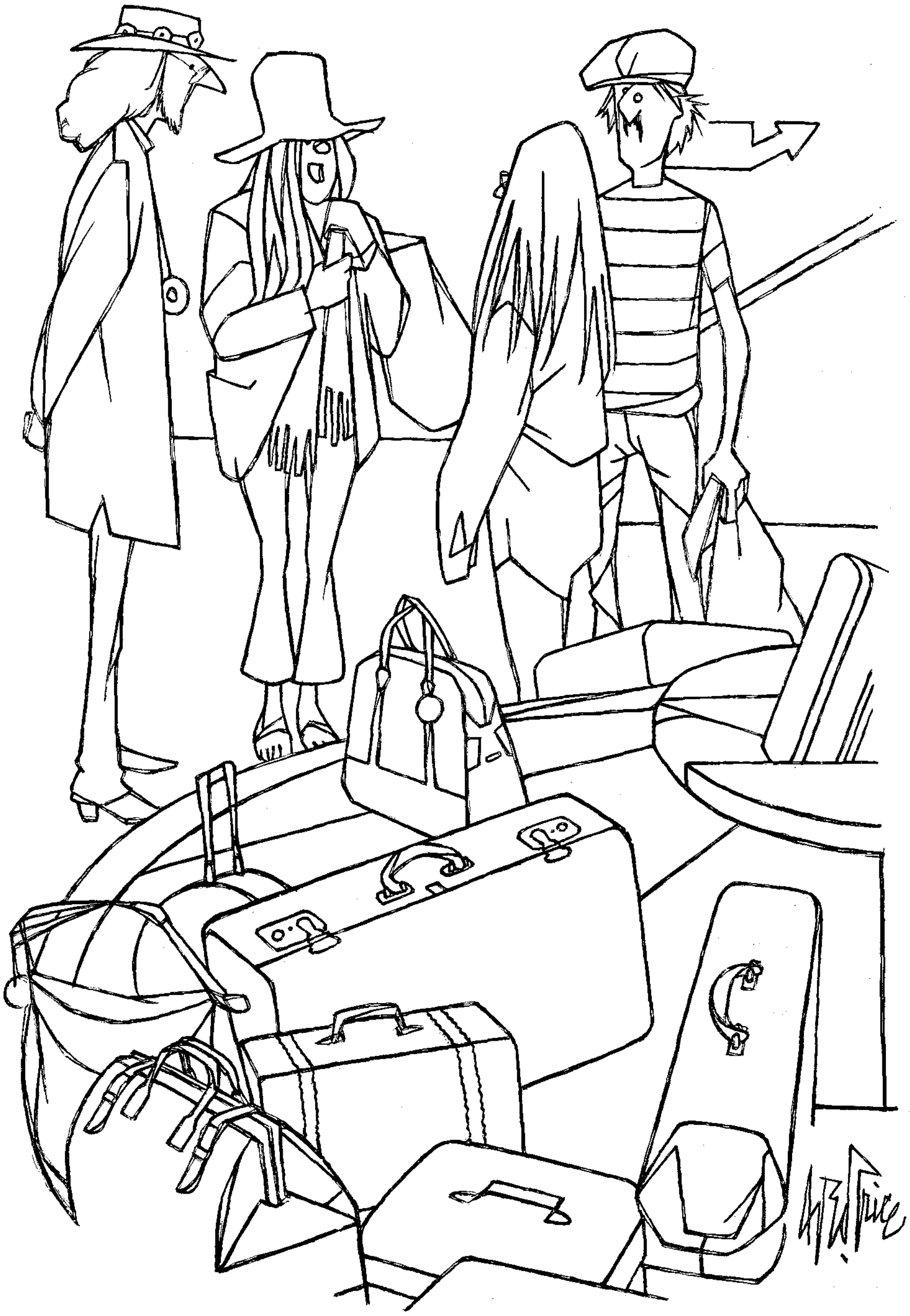
Mrs. Cadwell suggested that he show us some pictures, so he led us into an adjoining room, put on his glasses, and pointed out a group photograph that was hanging on the wall. There were about a dozen people in it, all holding banjos. "There are some of what I considered the great players," said Mr. Cadwell. "This fellow lived to ninety-three. . . . Here's Bill Bowen—as good as Van Eps. . . . A. A. Farland, the greatest of all. Van Eps belittled him, said, 'All he learned was to take care of his fingernails,' but I heard him in his prime, and I defy anyone to do better. . . . These two here were great players, but *so* square." He stepped back. "Banjo players are a very queer lot," he said. "Some of the people in this picture later formed a group called the Fraternity of American Banjo Players. They had the words 'fraternity' and 'American' in the title, but when I brought a couple of these Scruggs-type players along to a meeting, all the members' faces fell. About the second time I brought them, the members said, 'Either they're out or we're out.' I said, 'Look—we're all banjo players. They've come a couple of hundred miles; just give 'em a little spot on the bench. They're crazy to pick the thing. Just because they don't pick it *our* way . . . ' Anyway, I stood up for the kids, but the members were so square. The fraternity changed its name, and half of them are dead, and it's still limping along, I guess, but I got out, and I gave up some of my best friends—friends I'd had for years. I like the banjo played in *all* ways. Oh, you're bound to size a player up—you know, saying things like 'He's playing everything with a roll,' or 'He's afraid to take any runs,' or 'He's not using any chords'—but I have a catholic taste in music, and, let's face it, the banjo's not a noble instrument!" He laughed. "A little banjo goes a long way."

We asked him if he'd play something for us, and he said he'd be glad to. He went over to a chair where a worn banjo case was lying, opened it—it had a furry red lining—and took out his banjo. "Fred Van Eps made this for me," he said. "He was a great mechanic and a great musician, and I never want another one." He walked back into the parlor, selected a straight chair with a high back, sat down, and tested the strings, turning the keys to tune the banjo. (The five-string banjo has one string that is about half the length of the others, and its key is a third of the way down the neck.) He sat erect, the little finger of his right hand resting on the head of the banjo, the other fingers poised over the strings; there was a worn path about five inches long on the head, where, over the years, his little finger had rubbed the surface smooth. "I don't know why the little finger isn't used on the strings," he said. "It's not essential for balance"—he grinned—"and it immobilizes the fourth finger, too, so you're really playing with only three fingers. But Van Eps said to do it this way, and when you're ten years old you do pretty much what your teacher says. Anyway, I'm stuck with it."

In a moment, Mr. Cadwell began playing an old tune called "Purling Brook," his head tilted slightly forward, a serious look on his face, and it was immediately clear that three fingers were ample. They plucked at an astonishing rate, while his left hand played elaborate figures, and a torrent of lovely sound came forth: rippling, clear, rich sounds—sometimes mellow, sometimes crisp and ringing, at times simple and pure, at times complex and fantastic. Then it was over, and Mr. Cadwell smiled. He said he would play a rag called "St. Louis Tickle." "I raised this one out of memory of how it sounded on the piano fifty years ago," he said. It was slow and splendid. Then he played a semiclassical piece of the eighteen-eighties called "Danse Africaine," by George Dobson, author of the "National Banjo Method" instruction book. "There were three Dobson brothers," he said, "and they were among the first to play the banjo in whiteface, and among the first, as the phrase went, 'to elevate the banjo.' They gave concerts the way Segovia would give a concert on the guitar. Here's a composition by Horace Weston called 'Minor Jig.' Weston was a free Negro who was born in Derby, Connecticut, in 1825. He was almost seven feet tall, and he played concerts at Yale. It's considered Uncle Tomish for Negroes to play the banjo now. This piece is fairly intricate, and it's in several keys." It sounded like chamber music.

Mr. Cadwell played "Swanee River," and it sounded very pleasing—with changes of rhythm, graceful variations, and filigrees. Then he said he might play "The Stars and Stripes Forever" if we'd like to hear that. We said we certainly would. "I didn't start to play this until I was well into my seventies," he said. "I knew it was rated as one of the six greatest marches, and I thought, Well, maybe I *ought* to play it—and I ought to play it *now*." He smiled. He bent slightly forward over the banjo, got set, and then he was off. It sounded like an entire military band; Cadwell's fingers were flying, his toes were tapping, and we were riveted. The middle part of the march, with its marvellously suspenseful descending line that leads back into the chorus, was absolutely hair-raising, and from there on it got fancier, wilder, and even more stirring. It was just about the best thing we'd ever heard.

Then Mr. Cadwell quietly put the banjo down, folded his hands in his lap, and smiled. We congratulated him, and he accepted the praise very modestly. "The banjo *is* enlivening," he admitted. He paused. Then he said, "I have a disposition that doesn't get me down very often, but if it ever does, I pick up the banjo. It'll sort of quicken me out of it, you know?" He laughed. "It's a *lively* instrument."



"But the Taj Mahal was ticky-tacky, I thought."

THE REJECTION

HE supposed he had always been something of a sermonizer, but it was not really a failing; he had a mountain of information on many subjects, and silence worried him over and above the fear of being a bore. He had enjoyed, in particular, the education of his little girl. Even when she seemed blank and inattentive he went on with what he was saying. He thought it wrong of her to show so plainly she was sick to death of his voice; she ought to have learned a few of the social dishonesties by now.

They were in a warm climate, driving down to the sea. He must have been talking for hours. He said, "If indefinite time can be explained at all, it means there is another world somewhere, exactly like ours in every way."

"No, you're wrong," she said, finally answering him—high and irritable and clear. "To make it another world you'd have to change something. The ashtray in the dashboard could be red instead of silver. That would be enough to make *another* world. Otherwise, it's just the same place."

This was her grandmother's training, he thought. She had been turned into a porcupine. Tears came to his eyes; none of it had been his fault.

"Who do you think tells the truth?" he said. "Your grandmother?"

"What do you mean?"

"Which of us do you like best? That must be what I meant."

"To tell you the God's truth," said the child, in a coarse voice he was not accustomed to hearing, "I'm not dying about either one of you."

In a rush of warm air the rest of her words were lost. She bent and picked up something that had been creeping on the floor—a reptile he could not identify. It was part lizard, or snake, or armadillo, the size of a kitten, and repulsive to see; but as the girl had made a pet of the thing—seemed attached to it, in fact—he said nothing.

He had lost her words, but he understood their meaning. "You don't want me to bring you up, is that it?"

"Yes. I said that."

"And your grandmother?"

"That's finished, too." Her voice was empty of anything except extreme conviction. She was a small girl, delicate of feature, but she wore, habitually, an expression so set and so humorless that her father felt weak and dispersed beside her—as if age and authority and second thoughts had, instead of welding his personality, pulled it to shreds.

I wonder, the man thought, if she *can* be mine? She had none of the qualities he recognized in himself, and for which he had been loved: warmth, tenacity, a sense of justice. Perhaps his desire to educate covered a profound unease, but he had never deserted the weak, never betrayed a friend. He was flooded with a great grievance all at once, as if he had been laughed at, his kindness solicited, his charity betrayed, for the sake of someone to whom he owed nothing. Perhaps, he thought—and this was even darker—perhaps she is not her mother's; for where were her qualities? Charm over shyness; gaiety over anxiousness; camouflage, dissimulation, myth-making to make life easier—myths explain the dark corners of life. Not even those! The child was the bottom of a pool from which both their characters had been drained away. She had nothing, except obstinacy, which he did not admire, and shallow judgment. Of course she was shallow; she had proved it: she did not love her father.

"If you do not love me," he wanted to say, "you will never care about anyone," but he felt so much pain at the possibility of not being loved that he added quickly, "I forgive you." Instantly the pain receded.

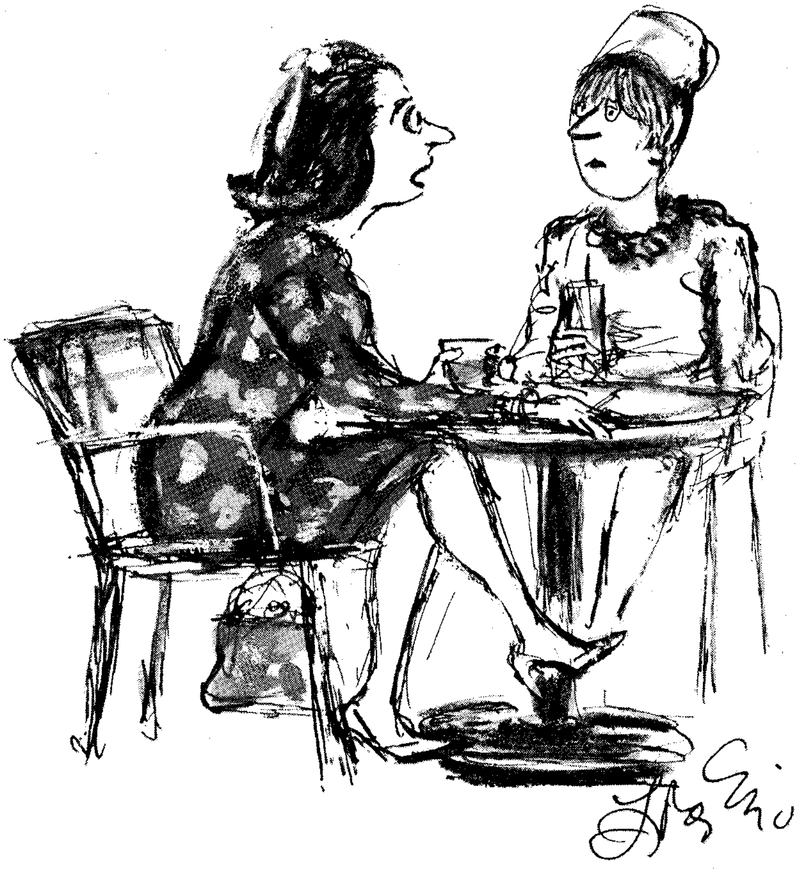
"Look here," he said. "How old are you, exactly?"

"Six and a half," said the child, without surprise.

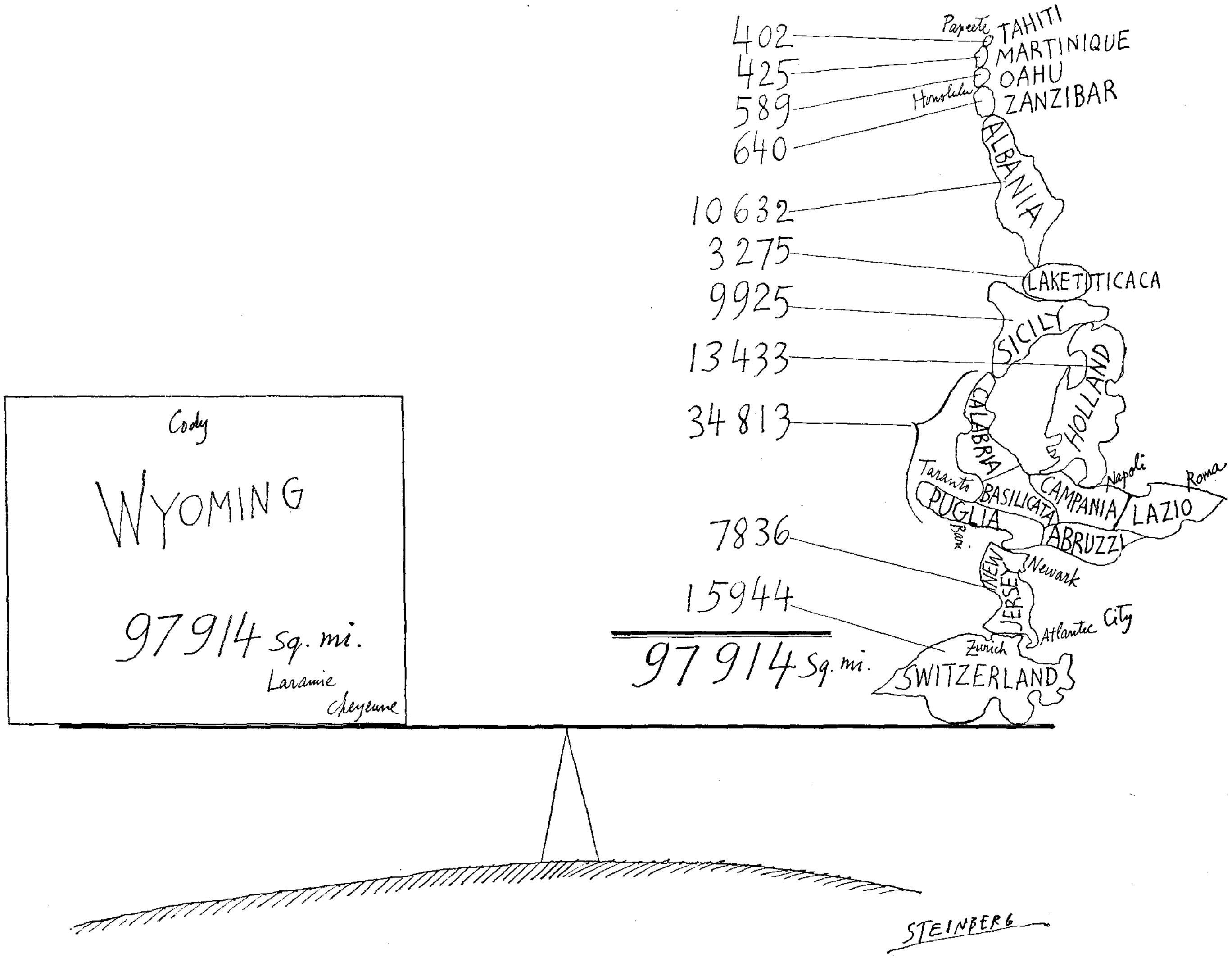
"That would be it, that would be the right age," he said. She could be ours. With that, the pain returned.

He could not remember what they had been saying during much of the drive, but he must have been using the wrong language, or, worse, have allowed the insertion of silence. Everything had been a mistake. The child sat, perfectly self-contained, protected by an innocence that transformed her feelings and made them neutral. We must make a joke of this, her father thought, or the pain will make me so hideous, so disfigured, that she will be frightened of me. He opened his mouth, meaning to describe, objectively, what anguish was like, giving as examples the dupe on his way to be sacrificed, the runner overtaken by a tank, the loathed bearer of a disease, but he said instead, "I can't understand you," in a reasonable voice. "I was interested in you, I never neglected you. If you'd had more experience, you'd know when you were well off. You just don't know what other men can be like."

As if pleased with the effect she had produced, the child played with the monster's collar and bell. He heard the bell tinkle, and saw a flash of her small hands. She had not warned him, or pre-



"First he stopped complaining to me about the Long Island Rail Road. Then he stopped complaining about air pollution. Then TV commercials. But when he stopped complaining about his nervous stomach, I knew he was complaining to someone else."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SWITZERLAND
STEINBERG

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pared him, or even asked his advice. He could have stopped driving, flung himself down, appealed in the name of their past; but he had heard in his own last words a deliberate whine, which rendered any plea disgraceful.

He was dealing with a *child*, he suddenly recalled; it was not a father's business to plead for justice but to dispense it. Pride, yes, pride was important, but he was not to give up his role. He resumed reasonableness; he said, "I suppose you find me tiresome, sometimes."

"Yes, I did," said the child. "That was one of the things."

He was in the little girl's past, and she was so young that the past was removed from life. This is my fault, he said to himself. I've let her believe she was grown up; I have been too respectful. She thinks her life is her own; she doesn't know that she can't plan and think and provide for herself. He said, jokingly, as if they had been playing a game all along, "All right, who do you want to live with?," thinking she would laugh at the question, but instead she said at once, "With Mr. Mountford."

"Mountford? Are you sure that's the person you mean? You've hardly met him."

"I know," said the child, "but he's so much richer, and he has such lovely conversation."

It was further proof of shallowness, but also of her dismal innocence: If Mountford had been capable of saying one civil word to the child, it was only because he knew the little brat would not be in his house longer than an hour; she would eat her cake and drink her milk and be led away. He was the totality of everything the child's father despised; at the very sight of Mountford, his scorn for amateurs—amateur painters, actors, singers, poets, playwrights—rose and choked him. Any exchange was out of the question; they could not have discussed a crossword puzzle. Obviously, he could not translate such feelings into a child's language, while words such as "hypocrisy," "coldness," "greed" would convey nothing except a tone of adult spitefulness. She smiled to herself, perhaps remembering a "lovely conversation" in which she had mistaken a fatuous compliment for a promise. What did she mean by "richer," he wondered. It couldn't be money; not at that age. Meanwhile he saw Mountford clearly, with his slack mouth and light eyes. He did not seem like a man but like a discontented woman.

"All right," he said. "I'll take you to his house. We'll see if he can keep you. Remember," he added needlessly, "it was your decision."

Now he had relinquished her; they had put each other in the past. He wanted to say, "I didn't mean it," but she was beyond taking the slightest notice of anything he meant, or said, or did, or was. He went on, "You must do as you are told, for the last time. You are to stay in the car while I speak to Mr. Mountford." She seemed astonished, perhaps at her own power; and, after a brief gesture that might have been rebellious, sat quite still.

I WAS not the one who pushed things to the limit, he said to himself, as he walked up to Mountford's door. Did I abdicate? Let go too soon? It seemed settled in her mind; what else could I have done? Beside him trotted the monster with its collar and bell. She had thrust it out of the car, slyly, and sent it along to be her witness, to see if her father lied, later, about his conversation with Mountford. As though I would lie to the child, he said to himself, in despair at this new misunderstanding. But when the door was opened for him he stepped aside and let the creature scuttle through.

Mountford was dressed in his waffly felt gardening hat; a battered cream-colored corduroy jacket; dark-green hairy shirt with a hairy tie, woven for a Cottage Industry shop; trousers perpetually kneeling; shoes to which clay from a dreary promenade accrued.

How can I allow this child to live in a house where there are no flowers, no paintings, no books, and (this seemed the most miserly of all deprivations) no cigarettes? He knew there would be no musical instrument, and no records—it was a theory of Mountford's that right-thinking people went to concerts. If you lived in a provincial part of the world, in a resort, a watering place where you had to depend on military tunes played in the casino garden, then you did without. When you have heard an opera once in your life, it is up to you to remember it; it saves time, and any amount of money. The child's father supposed Mountford had said all of this to him once. He found he had a store of information concerning Mountford; how he felt about climates, sonnets, the sea, other people, the passage of time, the importance of pleasure; he possessed this knowledge, condensed, like a summary he had been given to read. He knew that Mountford went into the kitchen to see if his cook was using too much olive oil. Perhaps this was only gossip—but no, Mountford now held the bottle of oil up to the light of the kitchen window.

"You don't need all those ingredients for a simple *poulet chasseur*," Mountford said to the cook. "White wine, bouillon, brandy, butter, oil, flour, tomatoes, tarragon, chervil, shallots, salt and pepper . . . ridiculous. You can use a bouillon cube," he said, putting the bottle down. "Vinegar instead of wine. Cooking fat. No one will ever know. Go easy, now," he said, in his jovial way. "Go easy with the brandy and the flour. You know how things are. . . . You can stay for lunch," he said, turning to the child's father, "but you understand I can't keep *her*. I scarcely know her. She's more of a stranger, if you know what I mean. We've had a few words together, nothing more. Tell her she has made a mistake. I don't know her and that's that."

That much is settled, the man thought. She will not live in a house where she can hear "No one will ever know." She will not be infected by meanness. As for himself, he had come out of it well. He had not bullied, or shown authority, or imposed a decision. He had not even suggested a course! She had been given free choice all the way.

"If I were you," said Mountford as they went into the front part of the house, "I would just give her to old Bertha in the kitchen."

"It isn't a matter of giving her away," he said. "I'm not *giving* her."

"Well, old Bertha would be one solution. We ought to repopulate those empty peasant areas—fill them with new stock, good blood."

"Not with *my* child," he said. He knew exactly how he ought to murder Mountford. He saw the place between his eyes, and his own hand flat, like a plate skimming. Mountford's eyes would start, fall out nearly, while the skin around them went black as ink. That was the way to show Mountford what he thought of him. He saw the kitchen again, the large stove, and the hag who must be old Bertha. Mountford, untouched, was still pink of face and smiling.

THE child had disobeyed. She stood in the hall, fragile, composed, her hands bright in a shaft of light. This is her first shock, he remembered; I must tell her gently. She was so confident, so certain she would always be wanted. He thought, She *must* be mine—she is so independent. He spoke tenderly, but the small, resolute face did not alter. He felt the hopeless frustration of talking to someone whose mind is made up, and understood how difficult it must have been, sometimes, for someone to deal with him. He had a living memory of having once been secure in his ideas and utterly convinced. She has courage, too, he decided. But it was not courage—she was simply pretending not to mind. Perhaps she is stupid, he thought. All that acting, that pretending nothing matters. She must be her mother's, after all. "There," he wanted to say to the child's mother, "do you see how patient I had to be?"

As they walked away from the house, he heard the reptile. He recognized the frantic note of the creature abandoned; there was no mistaking the hysteria and terror, the fear that no one would ever come for it again.

"Go back and get him," he said.

"I don't want him."

"You can't leave him," said the man. "You've taken him out of his own life and made a pet of him. You can't abandon him now. You're responsible for him."

"I don't want him," the child said without emphasis.

Why, he thought, she is cruel. How horrible this has become—she can't belong to either of us, for surely we were never guilty of cruelty? The child sat in the car now, confident she would never be made to account for anything, that she had another choice, that her chances were eternal.

He stood with his hand on the door of the car and said once again, "Look here, how old are you exactly?"

"Six and a half."

"Then that's it," he said. "That would be the age. There's no getting away from it." He had to give in; he had to accept her.

Well, *she* will have to help me then, he decided, and an access of fierce and joyous hostility toward the child's mother made him think he was seeing clearly for the first time. I may have made some mistake, he said, but she got away with murder. Look at the pain and grief I thought were finished; *she* had nothing to remind her.

But then, he remembered, she does not know the child exists. I must have forgotten to tell her. How can I suddenly say, "Here is the result, the product, the thing we have left?" She could say, "Why didn't you mention it sooner?"

"I would like to take you to your mother," he said, "but it will take a little planning. She may not know anything about you. You are quite like her, I am afraid, though also like me. She may not want to admit who you are like. If she knew you had abandoned that creature, she might tell you there are two sorts of people, that the world is divided . . ." He thundered on, as if making himself heard, "People who give up . . . who destroy . . . though her own position is not all that good. Still, I'm certain she would say you are on the wrong side."

"Who do you think you're shouting at?" the calm child seemed to be saying. "And why are you bothering *me*?"

—Mavis Gallant

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CHAIRS IN SNOW

Quiet upon the terraces,
  The garden chairs repose;
In fall they wore their sooty dress,
  Now the lees of snows.

How like the furnishings of youth,
  In back yards of the mind:
Residuals of summer's truth
  And seasons left behind.

—E. B. White

THE PRESBYTERIAN CAPTIVES

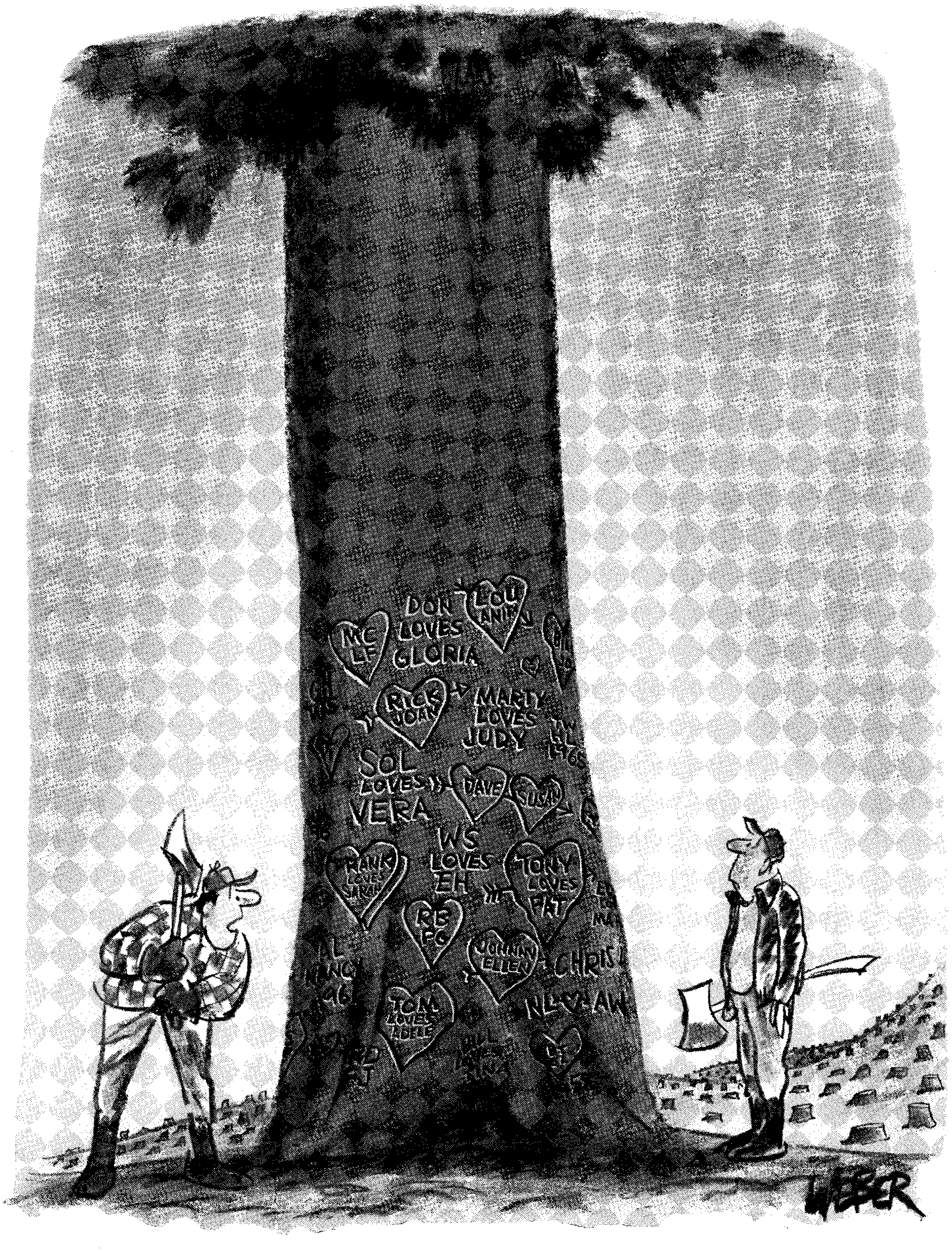
ON our birthdays and at Christmas in our Presbyterian home in Washington, D.C., in the early part of this century, my young sister and I were allowed to run all over the house in our nightgowns early in the morning and climb into bed with anybody who wasn't up. We especially liked to find our Uncle Addison and Aunt Em not up, because we would all four lie back in the double bed and try to figure out how many toes were under the covers. Then somebody would stick a foot outside and we would try to figure out how many toes were left under the covers. This would be followed by other feet being stuck out, and sometimes half feet. Uncle Addison said the procedure not only was a means of teaching us arithmetic but was also fun, and we agreed with him wholeheartedly. Uncle Addison was professor of Greek at Washington and Lee, in Lexington, Virginia, and, along with my three other uncles (who, like my father, were Presbyterian clergymen), visited us frequently. My father and the uncles had studied for the ministry at the Hampden-Sidney Seminary in Virginia, where the Reverend Mr. Benjamin Mosby Smith, D.D., generally credited with having saved the seminary from dissolution after the Civil War, was professor of Romance languages. He had five daughters—Mary, Frances, Emily, Elizabeth, and Lavinia. One after another, my father and his brothers accepted their diplomas on graduating and took a daughter of the Romance-languages professor to the altar. Although Uncle Addison had decided on an academic career instead of a pastorate after marrying his Smith girl, he had made up for that by becoming the most pious of the whole crowd, and he was generally thought of as being a clergyman like everybody else. He was descended from Presbyterian clergymen, the same as the rest. My father's forebears had helped found the Presbyterian seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. All in all, that family was about as Presbyterian as a family could be, but they prided themselves on being *liberal* Presbyterians.

At a time when I was still young enough to be enjoying the early-morning game of getting into bed with people, and old enough to have started reading, precociously, the most accessible book in the house, I came across a number of passages in the Old Testament proving beyond any doubt that certain grown Biblical characters—even when there was no special occasion for it—had been allowed, or had taken, much the same liberties my sister and I had been enjoying only on birthdays and at Christmas. I marked the places in my Bible with slips of paper and felt well prepared to make a showing at the next Sunday-afternoon family gathering, when everybody was accustomed to congregate in the living room after the midday dinner and read aloud from the Bible and other books and discuss them. When Sunday afternoon came and everybody was seated, I had my data ready and produced it, chapter and verse, as an argument in favor of an extension of our privileges to include other days besides birthdays and Christmas. My speech, interspersed with three or four quotations, was followed by a short silence. But, incredible as it may seem to those unacquainted with the paradoxes of Presbyterianism, no lightning struck, no thunder rolled. Instead, there occurred what my mother used to call "a paroxysm of laughter." When it was over, my father complimented me on the diligence of my research, and my mother said that, as a matter of fact, she didn't see why we shouldn't be allowed to play our early-morning game every Saturday from then on. Somebody soon began to read aloud, and the Sunday afternoon went along as usual.

The point, I think, was that everything in the Bible, to those Presbyterian minds, was above all earthly contaminations. The words in it were holy and unchallengeable, and everything in it possessed a divine significance. In life, anything remotely suggestive of the procreative process was unmentionable. But in the Bible anything went. And if the passages were studied closely enough, the divine significance would eventually be understood by discerning Presbyterians. At those Sunday-afternoon gatherings, if a man in the Bible crept into a tent at dawn and lay with a woman, he crept into a tent at dawn and lay with a woman, and whoever happened to be reading the passage would come right out with it. They felt about what was in the Bible the way certain worshippers of Joyce feel these days about what is in "Ulysses" or "Finnegans Wake." To euphemize or expurgate anything in the Bible would have been considered sacrilegious. All of them knew it backward and forward, and my father and the uncles knew it in Greek and Hebrew as well as in English. They revered what was in it both as literature and as gospel. It was as familiar to them as

"Which side of the fence are you on? Politically speaking, I mean."

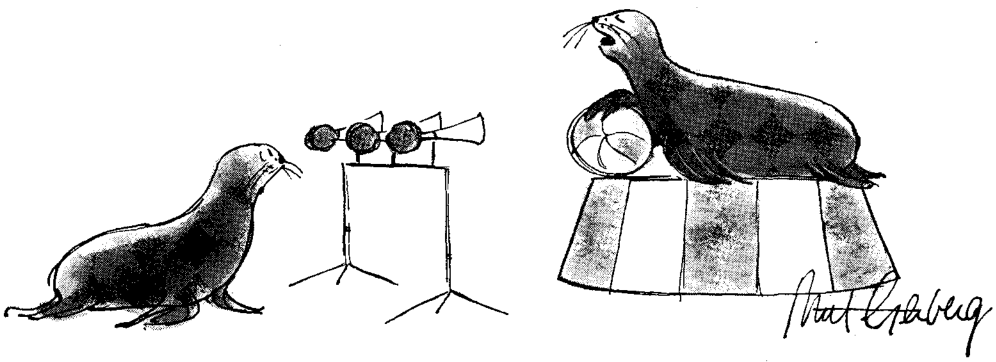
an old shoe. In the middle of a discussion about the divine significance of some Biblical passage or other, I saw my father more than once slap the limp-backed volume in his hand for emphasis and toss it halfway across the living room to one of my uncles and invite him to look and see for himself. My Uncle Parke Flournoy, who had a church in Bethesda, Maryland, wore a beautiful white clipped beard, and had an honorary degree from Oxford, always carried a New Testament in his left hip pocket and an Old Testament in his right hip pocket, and he was quick on the draw. To all these men, the Bible wasn't a symbol. It was for use. With the exception of God, Jesus, the Devil, and the angels, the people who walked and talked in it were just people—God's chosen people, but people all the same. The prophets weren't holy, and neither were the apostles. Everybody, for example, called the apostles by their first names. They had never been awarded sainthood by the Presbyterians. "Now, isn't that exactly like Paul!" my mother would exclaim when somebody happened to read aloud one of that apostle's ambiguous circumlocutions.



"Don't be so sentimental. By now, most of them are probably phffft."

My sister and I were reconciled to the Sunday-afternoon reading aloud, and often enjoyed it. There was not a wide variety of activity for us to choose from on Sundays. We could go out and walk, but playing outdoor games was not allowed. We weren't permitted to read the funny papers until Monday. Uncle Addison was also flatly against anybody's whistling on Sundays, and although my father hadn't thought of that one way or another until Uncle Addison brought it up, he supported Uncle Addison, and issued an anti-whistling ban. One indoor game we could play, or rather join in, was Twenty Questions, the questions being confined to minerals, vegetables, or animals in the Bible. It was often fun, but not as much fun as charades—played within the same confines, of course.

Charades wasn't played much, though, because everybody liked to sit around quietly in the living room after the sumptuous dinner, rather than put on makeshift costumes and act out the incident, for example, of Balaam and the ass, or Rebecca at the well. There were usually bowls of Florida oranges and pecans or hickory nuts, and a fire going in the open fireplace, and somebody would read aloud, and not always from the Bible. Uncle Addison, for example, would sometimes read the Odyssey or the Iliad, holding an original Greek text in his hand and rapping out a free English translation of his own. His way of telling those stories made Homer a favorite of mine long before I read him. Uncle Addison improvised his own translation because he had a prejudice against the one by Pope. He didn't like the sound of that poet's name. My mother, who had studied elocution when she was a young lady, liked to read Dickens and Thackeray and Sir Walter Scott. Uncle



"Of course, what I'd really like to do is direct."

Parke was devoted to Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in which, I discovered, some of the battles were as lively as anybody could wish. My father was addicted to Jules Verne and Mark Twain. So were my sister and I. Lying there on the floor in front of the open fire, eating oranges and cracking nuts, going with Captain Nemo to his mysterious island or idling down the Mississippi with Huckleberry Finn and Jim, and the Duke and the Dauphin, we were in a state close to bliss.

But there was one book that was read aloud every now and then on Sundays that I found painfully unsatisfactory and curiously disturbing. It was a small volume bound in brown leather, with gilded edges, called "The Captives of Abb's Valley." Although the binding was in good shape, and although, in case it got damaged, there were plenty more copies of it where it had come from (which was the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work in Philadelphia), it was handled by those who read it aloud as if it were a relic. It was never read aloud by anybody but my mother or one of her sisters. Mary Moore, its heroine, was the great-grandmother of the five Smith sisters who had married my father and the uncles. The book had been read aloud to the Smith sisters when they were little, they had grown up with Mary Moore as their model, and they were determined that everybody around them should bear Mary Moore constantly in mind. Her life and her accomplishments were awe-inspiring. She would have been a saint if the Presbyterians had allowed saints. Genealogists, the sisters said, credited her with being the progenitrix of more Presbyterian clergymen and clergymen's wives than any other woman in history, and, besides, she had been captured by Indians when she was a girl of ten. After she got away from them, she had married, in 1798, a Presbyterian clergyman and with him produced five Presbyterian clergymen, one Presbyterian deacon, one Presbyterian clergyman's wife, and one Presbyterian obstetrician, who was able to assist in activating secondary and tertiary waves of her descendants. An overpowering majority of these became Presbyterian clergymen or married them. The breathtaking manner in which the clergyman-avalanche started by Mary Moore had gone plunging down the years, slowing up at times only to surge forward again with cataclysmic reverberations (when, for example, one of her granddaughters married the Reverend Dr. Smith), would have been called miraculous by anybody but Presbyterians. They didn't believe in any miracles more recent than those described in the New Testament.

TO the Smith girls, the book about their great-grandmother, written by her eldest son, was close to being a second Bible, and it was a book in which they felt themselves personally involved. But since it hadn't officially achieved divinity, hadn't acquired the indestructibility of the Bible, they treated it protectively, as if it were fragile. They looked for, and found, significances in it that would have been divine if the book itself had achieved divinity. Yet they didn't speak of the characters in it in the easygoing, familiar way in which they discussed the characters in the Bible; they spoke of them, it seemed, more with respect and fear than with love and understanding. The tone of their voices, when they read that book aloud, seemed altered. Everybody read the Bible in an emotional tone of voice which, even in the tiresome passages, had warmth and rhythm. I suspect that the tone of voice in which "The Captives of Abb's Valley" was read by the Smith girls held telltale ingredients of possessiveness and sentimentality.

When "The Captives of Abb's Valley" was being read aloud, I paid close attention to certain portions of it. These were mostly gruesome. The second or third time I was introduced to it, when I was four, I had sat in somebody's lap, I've been told, and called out hopefully, as my older brothers and cousins had done when they were that age, such requests as "Read about when they scalped great-great-great-grandfather" or "Read about when they burned great-great-great-grandmother at the stake and Mary Moore found the bones and buried them," but I was quickly made aware that one usually had to take the whole of "The Captives of Abb's Valley" at one gulp or not at all—that skipping around in it wasn't done. Consequently, I sensed at a very early age that there was a fundamental difference between that book and the Bible. Everybody skipped around to his heart's content in the Bible. It was the accepted method of enjoying that book. You were encouraged to ask for your favorite passages and you could get them, including many gruesome ones, such as Cain's murder of his brother, the wiping out of everybody on earth except Noah and his family in the Flood, the weird fate of Lot's wife, and a hundred others.

By the time I was edging up to puberty, I had learned to close my ears a good part of the time when "The Captives of Abb's Valley" was being read. Concentrating on something else, I would be aware only of a droning noise. I could tell, though, when a worthwhile passage or an illustration was coming up. There were four illustrations in the book—explicit line drawings by an anonymous artist. First came the frontispiece, which showed the Moore home in Abb's Valley, Virginia. It was a solitary log cabin with a rail fence around it and two cows grazing outside the fence. The second drawing showed a boy of about Tom Sawyer's age. He was dressed in striped pants and a white shirt, he was kneeling under a tree in a wilderness, and he was praying. This boy, as I had been told again and again, was James Moore, Jr., my great-great-great-uncle on my mother's side, who had been captured by the Indians two years before they got his sister, Mary Moore. The third drawing showed a typical Indian wigwam.

The fourth drawing showed Mary Moore as a girl of ten, in a long, white frilly dress obviously unsuitable for camping out. She is sitting under a tree in the same wilderness her brother had prayed in and is reading the New

Testament aloud to an Indian chief. In the foreground an Indian boy is playing with a dog—or, rather, has just *stopped* playing with a dog. He has turned his face toward Mary Moore and is giving her his full attention. The boy doesn't seem to have many clothes on. However, his figure is in deep shadow and it is hard to make sure. The Indian chief, though, is sitting in the sun, along with Mary Moore. He is wearing feathers on his head, a knife in a scabbard on his hip, a cloak made out of the skin of a wild animal, and long buckskin trousers and leggings, and is smoking an Indian pipe. He is comfortably sprawled out on the ground at Mary Moore's feet, one of which is half showing under the hem of her skirt. His chin is in one of his hands, and he is looking at Mary Moore and listening to her as she reads aloud from the New Testament.

Before the reading aloud of "The Captives of Abb's Valley" commenced, I would stand and examine the frontispiece as long as possible. Then, whenever I felt another illustration coming up, I would saunter over close to whoever was reading and stare at the illustration until the chairwoman for that Sunday said, "Enough is enough, boy!" After the frontispiece, there were passages I didn't listen to, but when the second picture started coming up—the one showing the praying boy—I knew there would then be some fairly lively, though dispiriting, stuff pertaining to his capture and his life among the savages, such as it was. When the illustration actually arrived, it meant that spurt was over. He prayed for help and got it from God in a roundabout and humdrum fashion.

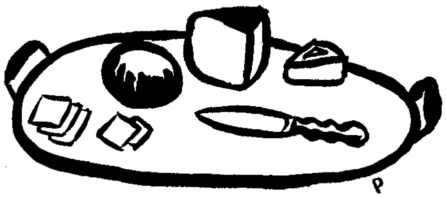
After that, I could safely close my ears until I felt the picture of the typical Indian wigwam coming up. That marked the beginning of what I considered the best chapter—Chapter V—in which Mary Moore is captured after a decisive massacre in which almost the whole Moore family is wiped out. The final picture—the one of Mary Moore reading the New Testament to the Indian chief and the Indian boy—represented the end of "The Captives of Abb's Valley" as far as I was concerned, although the book continued for six chapters after that. As books went, it wasn't long—about thirty thousand words, or two hours of reading aloud, with time off for tea and cinnamon toast after Chapter V.

THE copy of the book that used to be read aloud in my home long ago came into my possession recently, and as I held the old brown volume, with its gilded edges, in my hands, dim reverberations of feeling came back to me—the boy, James, Jr., a dull disappointment; Black Wolf, the Indian chief, a pitiful, clownish figure who later turns into a monster; horrid images of the massacre in Chapter V, somehow humiliating to me and at the same time exciting. There was an unidentifiable sensation, associated with revenge, that had to do with the awful end of my great-great-great-grandmother, and harrowing emotions linked to the nightmarish fate of my great-great-great-grandfather, which seemed to be connected with a fallen idol who had been betrayed before his fall. I hastily gave up any further attempt to recapture the gist of my earlier attitudes toward the book and went ahead and read it—silently and to myself.

Mary Moore's eldest son, who wrote the book, was the Reverend James Moore Brown, D.D., an active preacher during the first half of the last century. He wrote the book thirty years after his mother's death and nearly seventy years after her capture by the Indians. It was first published in 1854.

"My mother never gave a detailed narrative to any person," wrote Dr. Brown in his introduction, "but on the contrary showed a disinclination to converse on the subject. Two attempts were made to secure such a relation from her. The first was by my father some months after their marriage. The effort soon brought on her such a paroxysm of grief that it was abandoned; and never again attempted by him. The other was made by her oldest son during her last illness; and he soon saw that it was exciting her feelings so much that he dropped the subject."

He was determined, though, to get the story and set it down in his own words for Presbyterian posterity. He gathered material for it as he went along and he set aside a time in his old age for its composition. He was just starting out as a Presbyterian preacher when his mother died, in 1824, and was still studying for his degree of Doctor of Divinity. In addition to the customary Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he had learned several Indian lan-



IN LOVE WITH THE BEARS

To see them coming headstrong
battering the air
home to Goldilocks and three chairs
three bowls of porridge
three beds
taking the steps three at a time
barging into the rooms
this is what I grew up on
three bears with nothing to do
no terror of woods   each with
a small anger toward usurpers
that easy knowledge of something
taken and not returned
something broken and not fixed
something pressed
in which the hump still lay

Now years later I love them for what
they are
the common stutter of their fears
the worse stutter of their deeds
capable of being neighbors
capable of running for a short ways
essentially speechless
their fur hooked by thorns
wearing shabby coats
and passing in the street
sometimes glad to greet me
sometimes afraid to meet me with their eyes

—GREG KUZMA

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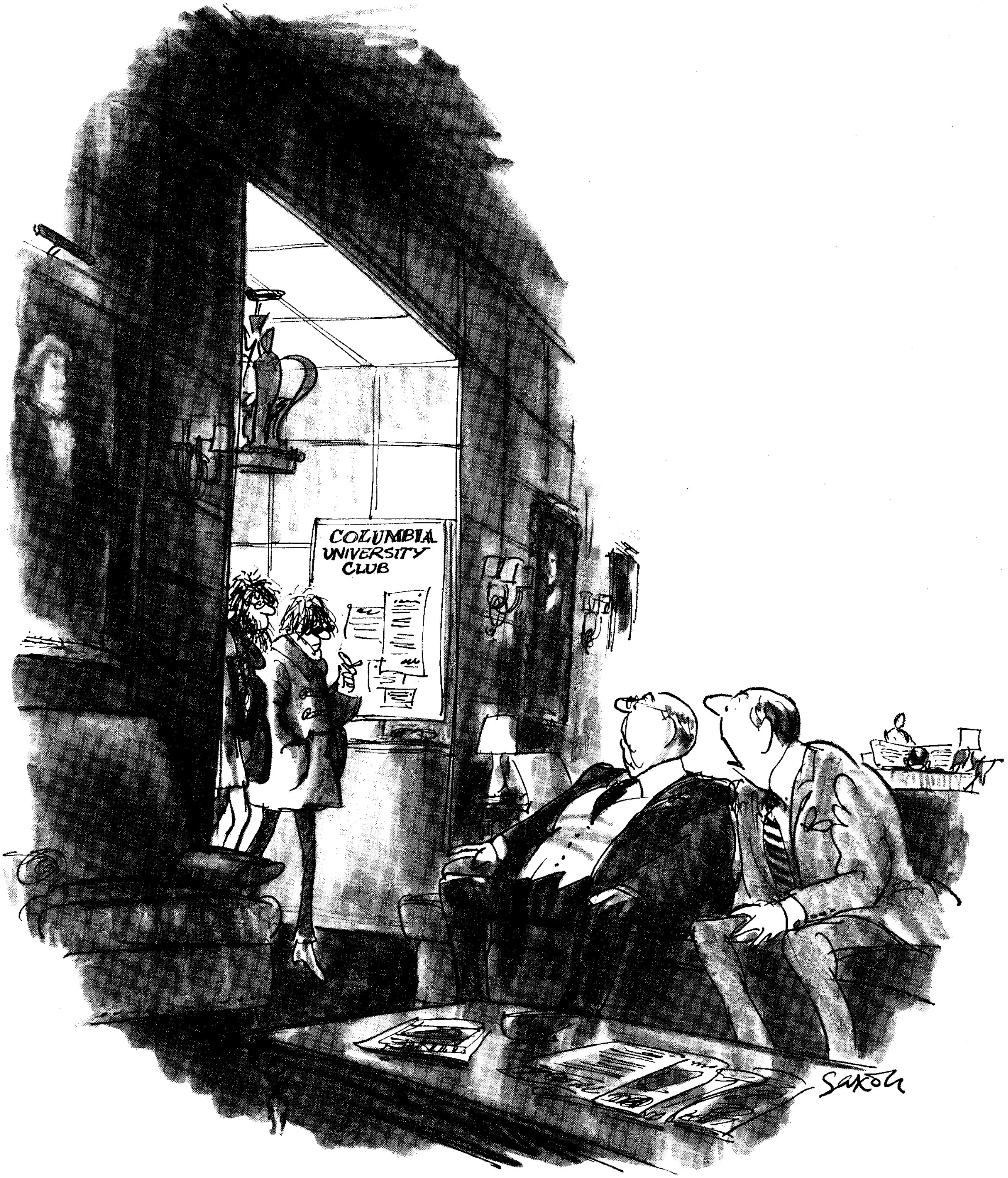


"Good Lord! Have they started to graduate them?"

guages. Later on, when he was doing evangelical work among the Indians, he was able to interview some of the members of the Shawnee tribe that had turned his mother loose, including the chief she used to read the New Testament aloud to. He was also able, of course, to talk to James, Jr., and to a young woman named Martha Evans, who happened to be staying with the Moores in Abb's Valley when Mary Moore was captured, and who was taken away by the same Indians at the same time.

Captain James Moore (my great-great-great-great-grandfather) had settled in Abb's Valley with his family before the Revolutionary War. He returned to his lands after the war (in which he served in a cavalry detachment), and by 1784, when his son, James, Jr., was captured by Black Wolf, he had nine children. James, Jr., had been sent that day to some pastures, a good distance from his father's home, to pick up from the herd of horses a particular horse his father wanted, and it was there that Black Wolf and two other Indians found him

"I'm *thinking!*"

• •

and took him captive. Although Black Wolf is described by Dr. Moore as a man "possessing a large share of strength, activity and courage; and was one of the most stern and vindictive warriors of the Shawnee tribes," he seemed, in 1784, to be more like an Indian created by Mark Twain than by James Fenimore Cooper. James, Jr., had haltered the horse he was after just as Black Wolf and the two other Indians grabbed him, but "he contrived to let it escape because he knew how much it was valued by his father." After that, Black Wolf tried to make James, Jr. (who was then fourteen years old), capture that horse or some other horse for his use, but James, Jr., "managed to make this assignment seem an impossible one" and eventually Black Wolf and his two companions lugubriously gave up the idea and started off for the Shawnee towns with their single captive, Black Wolf "uttering one loud war hoop from time to time to indicate that he had one captive." Without food of any kind, the forlorn foursome spent the first night in a laurel thicket that protected them partially from the rain. The next day, Black Wolf came to a spot where he had buried an iron oven and, digging it up, indicated that he wished James, Jr., to carry it. James, Jr., picked it up, found it was heavy, and indicated he wouldn't carry it. Then Black Wolf put down the pack he was carrying and indicated that James, Jr., should carry that while he carried the oven, but James, Jr., discovering the pack to be heavier than the oven, finally picked up the oven and found he could carry it fairly comfortably over his head, like a hat. So they marched on. When Black Wolf brought his captive to the town of his own tribe (of which he was then what was called an inferior chief), he was mercilessly bawled out by the superior chief in James' presence and warned about making further depredations against the palefaces in Abb's Valley or elsewhere. That evening, Black Wolf got drunk, and the next day he sold James, Jr., "for an old horse." The purchaser was an old squaw, who later made a profit by selling James to a French trader named Bateeste Ariome, "who saw in him a striking resemblance to a son who had died a few months before." Ariome took James to his home in Canada, not far from Detroit, and "treated him as a son." James got word to his father that he was in good hands and made no attempt to return to Abb's Valley for a number of years. Black Wolf, however, did return to Abb's Valley—in 1786—and in strength. He headed a band of twenty-odd Indians, all armed with rifles. In the two years since the capture of James, Jr., he seemed to have undergone a radical change in character. The policy of his superior chief also had changed. According to historians of the period, the whites in that part of Virginia had so persecuted the Shawnees that this formerly gentle tribe had become as warlike as the Cherokees.

Dr. Moore begins his narrative of the massacre, and the capture of Mary Moore, as follows:

> Daylight dawned on a happy family in Abb's Valley on the morning of the 14th of July, 1786. They rose early, and engaged in their respective employments. It was the busy joyous season of harvest. Two men were reaping wheat a few hundred yards from the house. Captain Moore was giving salt to some young horses not far off. Two of the children had gone for water to the place from which the supply was usually obtained, and which was somewhat in the direction of the spot where their father was. Another had gone to the fence which enclosed the yard to give the signal to Captain Moore and the reapers to come to breakfast. In this juncture, the fearful war whoop was heard, and the savages were seen rushing down two ridges of the mountain, one party to the salting blocks, where Captain Moore was, and the other to the house.
>
> At the first alarm, Mary Moore, who was calling to her father and the reapers, ran into the house, in which were her mother, Margaret, John and Jane; and Martha Evans, a young woman from Walker's Creek, in what is now Giles County, who happened to be at Captain Moore's at this time. The house, like almost all the frontier houses of that period, was constructed with a view to defense against the Indians, and was what was called a blockhouse cabin. Amongst other things, the doors were made of plank too thick to be penetrated by a rifle ball, and were furnished with strong fastenings in the inside; and the windows were high and small, and could be secured instantly. In the confusion of the moment, Mrs. Moore and Martha Evans shut the doors and secured the windows, without it once occurring to them that they were shutting out Captain Moore and the other children.
>
> As soon as he heard the yell of the savages, Captain Moore started to the house with his utmost speed, and could have got in, if the door had been open; but seeing it closed, he ran past the end of the house and halted for a moment on the yard fence. This halt was fatal to him, for he was pierced with seven balls. Springing from the fence he ran about forty paces and fell. He was immediately tomahawked, and his scalp torn off. . . . William and Rebecca, who had gone for water, were overtaken before they reached the house and killed, and another son, Alexander, was killed nearer the house.

Inside the barred and locked house were Mrs. Moore, an infant daughter, an older one named Jane, Mary Moore, Martha Evans, and the eldest of the Moore children, a boy named John, who was sickly. Black Wolf and his band were chopping at the front door with tomahawks and with axes they had found in a toolhouse outside. Mary Moore was holding the baby, who was crying because she had a flesh wound from a bullet that had come through one of the windows and had ricocheted. Martha Evans had taken a plank from the floor and told Mary to leave the infant and hide inside with her. Mary refused to leave the baby and so Martha hid alone. Then, as Dr. Moore puts it, "Mrs. Moore kneeled with her children, and having commended all to God, rose and removed the bars from the door; and herself and the rest of her children became captive, along with Martha Evans, whose hiding place the Indians discovered." (One of the Moore sons, named Joseph, escaped entirely, because he was visiting relatives in Lexington.)

On the way back to their town on the other side of the mountain and through the wilderness, the Indians killed and scalped the ailing John because he couldn't keep up with them, and the baby was brained against a tree trunk and the body thrown away. Later on, at the Shawnee town, Mrs. Moore, Mary, Jane, and Martha Evans were not mistreated but were befriended by squaws, but still later on a band of Cherokees, who had been defeated by a white detachment, tortured Mrs. Moore and Jane and burned them at the stake. Mary Moore and Martha Evans escaped the same fate because some squaws hid them in the forest until the Cherokees had left. That night, Mary crept away and buried the bones of Mrs. Moore and Jane. Mary and Martha Evans were eventually sold for whiskey to some Tories who had fled to Canada after the Revolutionary War. In a few years, they found their way back to Lexington, accompanied by James, Jr., and by a brother of Martha Evans who had come to take her back home.

CONVERSATIONS in our family about "The Captives of Abb's Valley" were frequent and varied. Like the stark ancestral tales that are handed down, one way or another, in many American families, the book had, I think, a powerful, if sometimes subtle, influence on the personalities of all those descended from Mary Moore or closely connected with her descendants. To my mother and my aunts, at least, it served as an especially strong and palpable link with the early frontier, with the grimness of the constricted culture the Presbyterian immigrants from Scotland and Northern Ireland had begun to create in the land to which they had come, seeking freedom. The legacy left by Mary Moore was bountiful, and in addition to many other things it included a certain joylessness that was often suppressed but never entirely eradicated in the characters of the Presbyterians I grew up under.

But after I had laid down the book recently, I remembered with a sense of glorious release a conversation about "The Captives of Abb's Valley" that occurred in my mother's sewing room one afternoon when I was about thirteen. I was in bed in the next room with the grippe and was enjoying myself, as sick Presbyterians always did in that house. A portable, cylindrical oil stove had been lighted to make the room warmer, and I watched its golden reflection on the ceiling as I sipped a toddy made of bourbon whiskey, sugar, lemon peel, and boiling water, which was my mother's standard method of counterattacking anything involving an inflammation of the upper respiratory tract. In the sewing room, my mother, our Scottish housekeeper, Miss Annabelle (who had become a member of the family before I was born), and Alvernia, a seamstress, were sewing and talking. I had known Alvernia for several years and, like everybody else, took pleasure in hearing what she had to say, whatever the subject.

Four or five times a year, when my mother was feeling fidgety and out of sorts—overburdened, perhaps, by her sense of responsibility toward all growing and grown Presbyterians—she would say, "Miss Annabelle, aren't there some things for Alvernia to attend to? I feel like it would do me good to hear Alvernia talk." Miss Annabelle would happily gather up a pile of stuff that needed mending, Mother would get out patterns for a dress for herself or my sister or Miss Annabelle, and Alvernia would be sent for. She was the wife of a Presbyterian pastor who sometimes came and chopped wood for us on weekdays. Alvernia's ancestors had arrived in Virginia from Africa before my mother's had come over from Scotland and Northern Ireland. She was about Mother's age, and was illiterate, intelligent, reckless, and proud. Her comments on current events and life in general were always greeted, at their conclusion, with such exclamations as "Why, Alvernia!," "Alvernia, you are the limit!," or simply "*Alvernia!*" A few years before, Mother had read something aloud to Alvernia to while away the time when Alvernia was sewing, and Alvernia had said she sure did appreciate hearing what was in books. When she came to sew, she always asked Mother to read something. Mother liked doing it and also liked hearing what Alvernia had to say afterward.

On this particular afternoon, my mother chose to read Chapter V to Alvernia, after having explained to Alvernia who Mary Moore was and what her life had been like after she got away from the Indians. When she finished, Alvernia sat sewing for a while, and then began to speak.

"They shut the door on that Captain man, they sure did," she said.

She always talked with deliberation, allowing long gaps between one statement and the next, and it was the custom not to interrupt her until a col-

lection of her statements at last brought on the chorus of exclamations. Miss Annabelle and my mother went on sewing and listened.

"Here he is out there in the yard and there the women is in the house. The guns to fight the Indians with is in the house. Thing to do when the Indians come hollerin' out of the woods is shut up everythin' but one door, so the man can get in and fight them Indians off. That way, the women won't get captured. But that ain't the way they done it. His own wife, she shuts that man out so he can't get in and save them from being captured. Seems like in the back of her head that poor woman warn't against having that man done for and warn't against being captured. Else why she shut him out when she know he right there in the yard? Being scared stiffer'n a rod like she was, I understand how she might *start* fastening up everythin' quick when the Indians come hollerin', but I can't see her *finishin' up* all the windows and all the doors 'thout realizin' what she doin'. It's like when you start doin' somethin' good and the bad gets in and the bad carries you right along and you can't stop and you end up with nothin' but the bad.

"Poor woman! And death and destruction come right along after! Her little baby brained and her sick oldest boy scalped and then the wrong Indians come and take her from the right Indians and burn her and her daughter at the stake after nearly killing them with the Lord only knows what pain from the torturing. It's a mean, awful happenin', any way you choose to look at it."

"She was in a panic, Alvernia," said my mother. "She didn't know what she was doing."

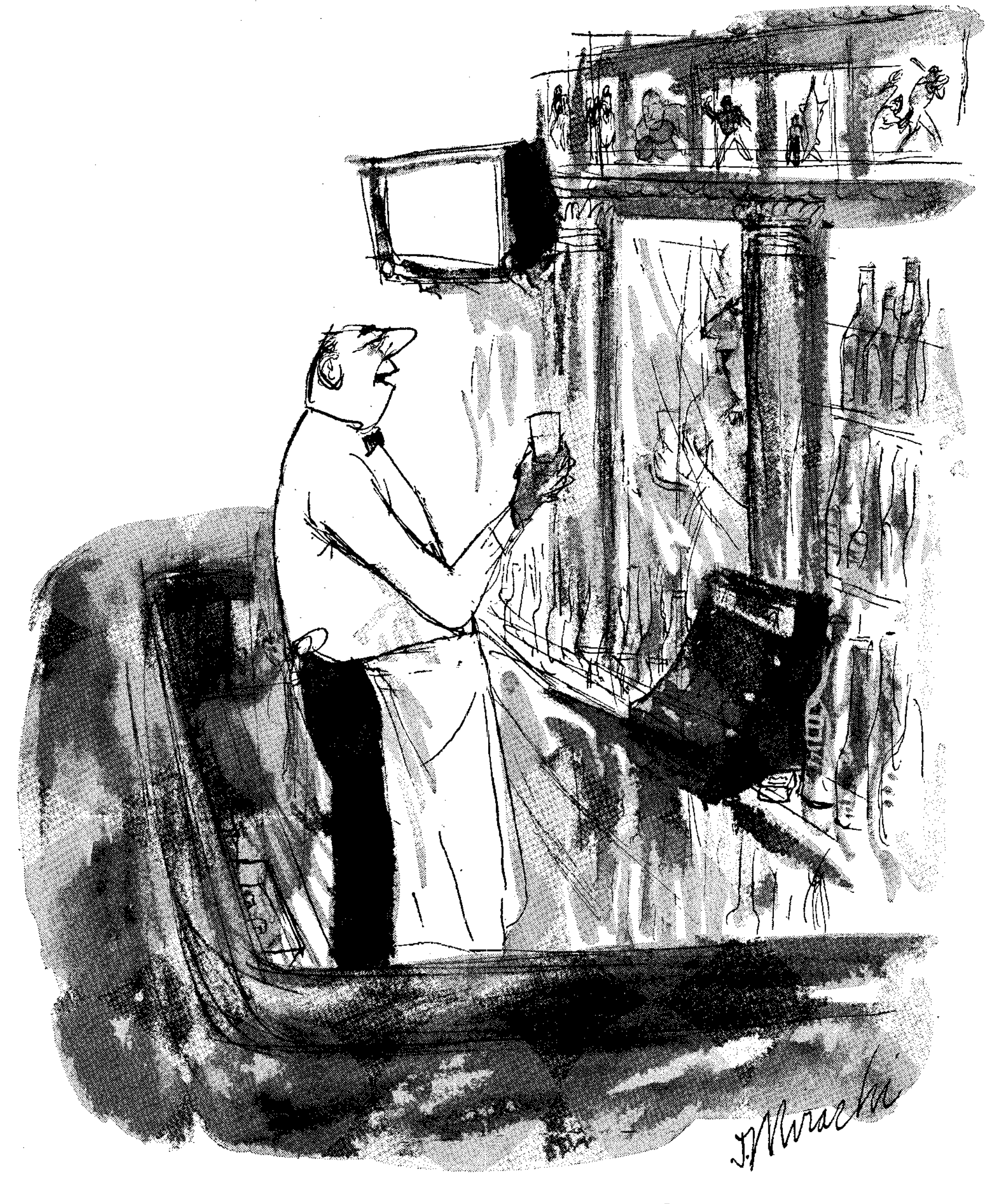
"Of course she didn't, honey. Half the time ain't nobody know what they's doin'. Now, that little girl, that Mary Moore, she sure some little girl! Buryin' them bones instead of just bustin' out bawlin' and hidin' herself somewhere. She a most determined little girl, that little girl—most especially determined. Savages ain't to be trifled with and she sure took her life in her hands goin' around readin' at them from the Good Book in the wilderness like she did. Then she done get away and have all them preachers for sons! I tell you what, I'd just shake and shiver to have a great-grandmother like that one hangin' over me. She'd bear down on me so. I'd feel like I was the great-granddaughter of a regular holy saint, that's what I'd feel, and I'd think I never could live up to what's been ordained for me on this earth. I'd never have no peace. It would tighten me all up inside, that it would.

"Now, I had me a great-grandmother, and she was the other way around entirely. She was a scamp and she was a savage. She come over to Virginia on the boat they called the Christian Maiden—that's what they call it, the Christian Maiden. And she was a captive. Only then the savages was the captives and the civilized folks was in charge. My, she was savage! She sure were. She a long time dead before I was born, but my grandmother, she tell me all about her. She so bad I ain't even going to discuss her. She makes me feel good, though. Ain't no difference how bad I get sometimes, I think of her and I feels I'm good. I feels I'm good even when I'm being most bad. Yes'm, I don't know but what her bein' such a scamp and a savage don't downright encourage me to be bad sometimes, 'cause I know I'll still feel I not anywhere near as bad as she!"

"Why, *Alvernia!*"

"Alvernia, you *are* the limit!"

—St. Clair McKelway



"Physician, heal thyself."

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We have admitted that the original column on the subject of corporal punishment in Ruidoso Schools used some unfortunate language. But we have maintained our opposition to corporal punishment without parental consent. In particular, we have opposed its casual use.

It turns out that the policy of the News in this regard is not as far off from the policy of the Board of Education as at first appeared.

The official policy permits capital punishment "only as a last resort, in unusual circumstances and after other corrective measures have been used without success."

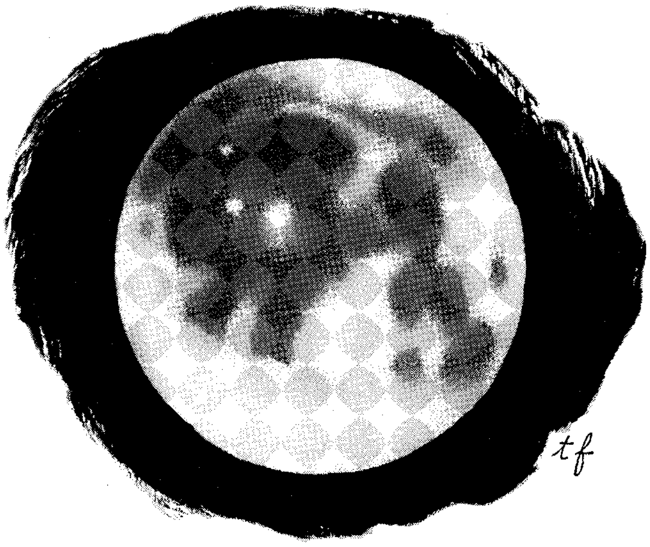
We believe this policy is reasonable. —*Editorial in the Ruidoso (N. Mex.) News.*

Some of the parents will certainly back you up.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MEN ON THE MOON

I—JUST ONE BIG ROCK PILE



ON warm, hazy evenings, the moon sometimes appears to be soft and yellow, and sometimes swollen and orange, but on clear, crisp nights, when the moon is full, it shines so harshly against the black sky that it can hurt the eyes. On these nights, the moon is small, precise, and round, like a smooth glass marble that is mottled with splotches of black, gray, and white. This summer, two astronauts will probably land on a patch of black that is near the middle of the side of the moon that always faces the earth. The white areas are craggy highlands, and anybody on earth with a pair of binoculars can see that setting a rocket ship down there would be a tricky operation. The darker parts, called *maria*, because astronomers used to think they were seas, are lowlands that look smooth and level—and, indeed, are. The two astronauts, who will have left Cape Kennedy a little over four days earlier, will arrive in a lunar module, or LM, which will have carried them down from the Apollo spacecraft proper. The flight down will be only the third time that men will have piloted an LM; the first flight took place during the Apollo 9 mission, last month, and the second will occur in May, during the Apollo 10 flight, when the LM is to be flown in orbit around, but not landed on, the moon. During the first landing—now scheduled for the Apollo 11 flight, in mid-July—the Apollo craft itself will stay in orbit sixty-nine miles above the moon, and in it will be a third astronaut, who may be able to follow the LM with his eyes all the way to the lunar ground. From that height, according to the Apollo 8 astronauts, who orbited the moon ten times last December, the lunar surface is "a vastness of black and white" that looks like "dirty beach sand with lots of footprints in it." To the astronaut left behind in the Apollo spacecraft, the LM will look like a delicate firefly, occasionally flashing orange as its rocket blasts to slow it. The trip down will take about an hour, during which time the LM will travel a gradual descent path halfway around the moon, moving from the dark side to the light. The landing has been timed for just after dawn, when the sun's rays will rake across the landing site, throwing it into relief. For the initial landing, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has picked out five possible landing sites along the moon's equator; the astronauts may land at the one to the left of center, Site 4, which is the second most westerly of the five. It is near the eastern edge of the Oceanus Procellarum, an irregular *mare* that in places is blacker than most and is so vast that it runs from close to the center of the moon to the western edge. As the astronauts come down, the morning sun will be catching the rims of the thousands of small craters that pit Site 4. The target the astronauts are aiming for is an imaginary oval about five miles long and three miles broad. The astronauts may think they are descending faster than they actually are, for, the moon being smaller than the earth, objects disappear faster over the lunar horizon. At last, the astronauts will feel a jolt—the equivalent of a three-foot jump on earth—as the LM comes down on its spidery legs and flat feet.

After landing, the astronauts can get on with the job they came almost a quarter of a million miles to do. Just getting acclimatized might be work enough for the first trip, because the moon is a queer place to be, with its gravity one-sixth the earth's, so that at first the astronauts may flounder and bounce about like men learning to use a trampoline. The moon is a dangerous place, too, for it is a near vacuum, and it is bombarded with intense radiation; the temperature there can drop to two hundred and fifty degrees below zero and rise to two hundred and thirty degrees above. In spite of all these discomforts, however, the astronauts will have to busy themselves getting the answers to a long list of questions about the moon. The questions, formulated by a committee of NASA scientists, are so basic that they would do equally well for astronauts going to another planet. Among them are: Does the moon have a hot, liquid core like the earth? Are there volcanoes on the moon, and does the ground occasionally tremble with a moonquake? What are the rocks made of? What forces dug the craters? How were the *maria* levelled so neatly? Is there life on the moon? How *old* is the moon, and where did it come from?

Those first two astronauts will have to hustle, and so will the pairs of astronauts to come after them, because the accumulated time that all the Apollo astronauts will have on the moon is hardly enough to find out everything the scientists want to know. Though NASA wants at least ten Apollo landings on the moon, only four attempts are definite, beginning presumably with Apollo 11 this summer. If all goes well with the Apollo 11 flight, it will be followed, at approximately two-and-a-half-month intervals, by Apollos 12, 13, and 14. Even ten landings would hardly be enough to explore in much detail a land the size of Africa. Each visit will be short, because the LM is equipped to be on the moon for only about twenty-four hours—forty-eight hours at the most. The astronauts won't have anything like that amount of time for exploration, though. They can leave the LM for only about three hours at a stretch, because their life-support systems have to be small enough to be carried on their backs. Indeed, the first astronauts on the moon will leave the spacecraft for just *one* three-hour period. Because the time spent on the moon will be so short, priorities have to be figured carefully. During the first landing, the astronauts will gather samples of rock and

"Guess who got into Hotchkiss!"

• •

dirt within a hundred feet of where they land, for bringing back samples of the moon is the highest priority of all. They may also deposit a couple of extremely simple scientific instruments on the moon, and then, if there is any time left, they may take a short walk—not more than a few hundred feet—picking up any interesting-looking rocks that catch their eye.

The astronauts on subsequent trips will gather more samples, and they will also set about the next order of business, which is to lay out a number of scientific instruments, such as a seismometer, to record moonquakes, and a magnetometer, to measure the moon's magnetic field, if it has one. Then the astronauts will climb back into their spacecraft, where they may try to snatch a few hours' sleep. If they go outside for another three hours, as they are expected to do on all landings after the first, they will go on a long field trip, during which they may walk as far as a mile, taking snapshots and occasionally picking up a chunk of rock, which they will carefully describe and catalogue before squirreling it away in a sack. On the field trip, they could turn up almost anything. One thing they could find is traces of the earliest forms of life on earth, all evidence of which has long since been obliterated here by lava flows but vestiges of which might have been preserved in the vacuum-packed, freeze-dried environment of the moon. Many scientists, among them the chemist Dr. Harold C. Urey, who is a professor at the University of California and a consultant to NASA, feel that life might have reached the moon along with a big splash of water when the moon was first caught in the earth's gravity—an event that these scientists postulate as having happened over four billion years ago. Under this theory, the moon may then have come close to (or even collided with) the earth, causing immense tidal waves, which could have showered the moon with water and protozoa. Each of the astronauts now in training for the moon landings hopes to be one of those who will make the field trip. They all look forward to it more than to any other part of their visit—not only because of the chance of finding Dr. Urey's protozoa but more especially because it will give them the best opportunity to see what they can *do* on the moon; after all, finding out how men perform in an alien environment is essential for all exploration of the moon and the planets. Accordingly, outfitting the astronauts with just the right equipment for use on the moon has become a major part of the space industry.

Both what the astronauts are going to do on the moon and what they will do it with are being planned at the Manned Spacecraft Center, which covers sixteen hundred acres of flat, scrubby land on a Texas plain near Houston. The Manned Spacecraft Center looks like a college campus, consisting, as it does, of an enormous grassy quadrangle rimmed by a number of airy white buildings, many with columns making them resemble modern versions of Greek temples. At one end of the lawn is the administration building, a tall, antiseptic structure that dominates the other buildings, which are low and sprawling; halfway down the lawn is a squat, square building that looks as if it housed classrooms, and indeed, it may be said to do so, for it is where the astronauts have their offices; and across the lawn from the astronauts is a chunky building without windows—the Mission Control Center, which is the command headquarters for the trip. It has no windows, lest a hurricane strike the space center and wreck all the control equipment while the astronauts are on the moon. Most of the men at the M.S.C. are tanned and athletic-looking, and most have their hair cut very short; that is to say, most of them look the way college students looked a decade ago, which is when most of them graduated. In a way, the M.S.C. is a college, but a college with a faculty and administration of about five thousand and a student body of only fifty-two—the astronauts. It takes at least three years to prepare a man to go to the moon. The astronauts must all get the equivalent of Master's degrees in astronomy,

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Germaine Monteil

physics, and geology. (Geology, not astronomy, may turn out to be the most useful science on the moon, for, as one astronaut has said, "the moon is just one big rock pile.") They have to know how to fly jet planes, which are the closest thing around to spacecraft, and they have to learn to be spacecraft mechanics—a skill that may ultimately determine whether they get back home. People who have taught the astronauts never cease to marvel at the facility with which they pick up new information, the reason for the facility being that the astronauts are what they call "a highly motivated group;" the motivation derives from the desire not to miss out on any information that could be essential later, and so the astronauts cram in their astronomy, physics, geology, and spaceship mechanics as carefully as if they were storing data in computers—and that is pretty much the way they regard their training.

If the M.S.C. looks like a university, it also resembles a modern electronics corporation, and in fact many of the electronics companies, such as General Electric, have enormous buildings, in matching architecture, on its fringes. In many ways, preparing astronauts isn't much different from building LMs. To get used to being on the moon, the astronauts are toasted at high temperatures, spun in centrifuges, and dipped in water to produce an effect of weightlessness, just as the electronic components of the LM are tested before being installed. The LM is full of small black boxes that contain components of its electrical system; if the electronics in one black box prove defective the box can be yanked out quickly and replaced with another. The same is true of the astronauts, any one of whom can be yanked out of the master plan for going to the moon and replaced with another. Indeed, one astronaut, in explaining why the United States was sending men instead of more and better unmanned craft, went so far as to say that "a man, with his brains, is the cheapest computer that NASA can send to the moon." A group of engineers called human-factors engineers has had as much to do as anybody else with making the astronauts seem like black boxes, for it is their job to treat the men as if they were components of mechanical or electronic systems; to them astronauts and spaceship are parts of one machine for getting to the moon, the astronauts being an integral part of the circuitry in that they complete the "control loop."

The astronauts are so much a part of the circuitry that they haven't the

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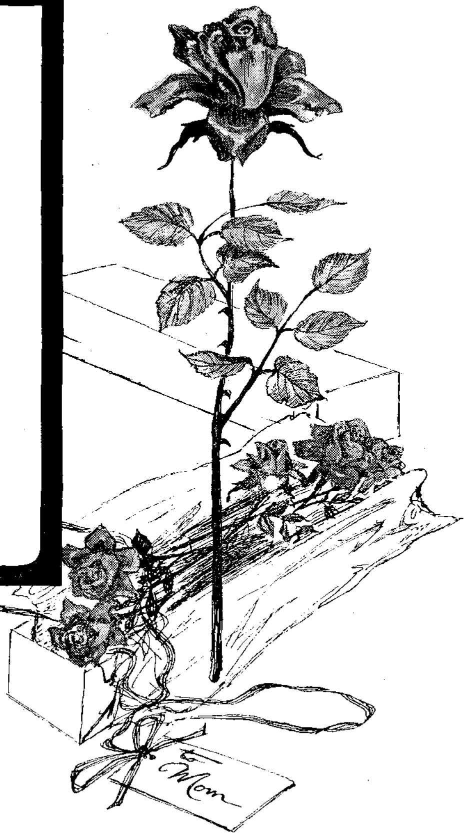

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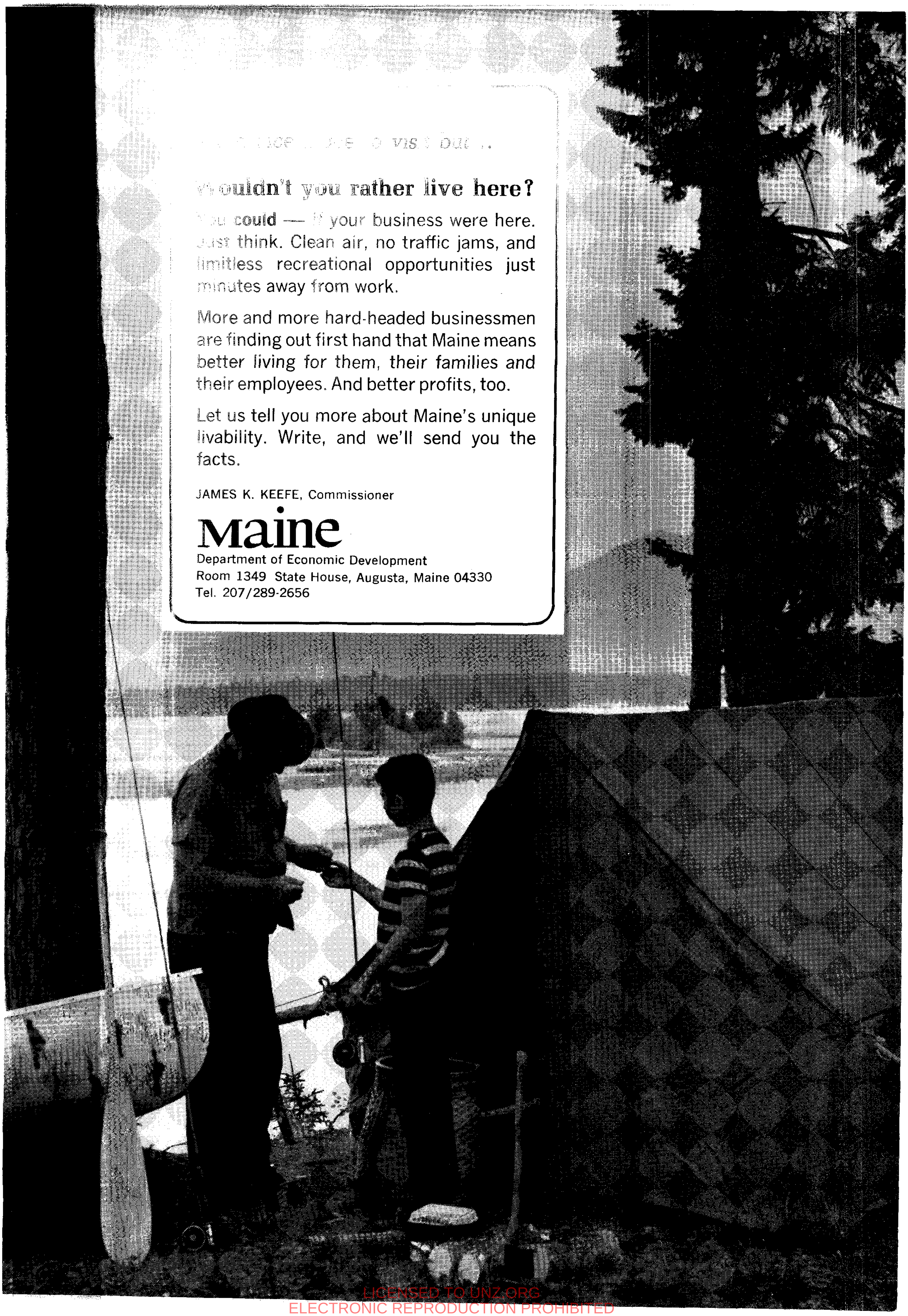

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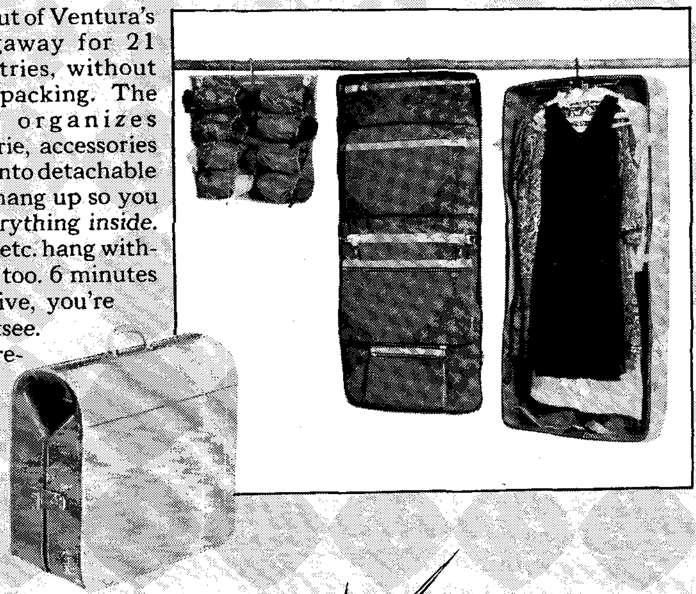

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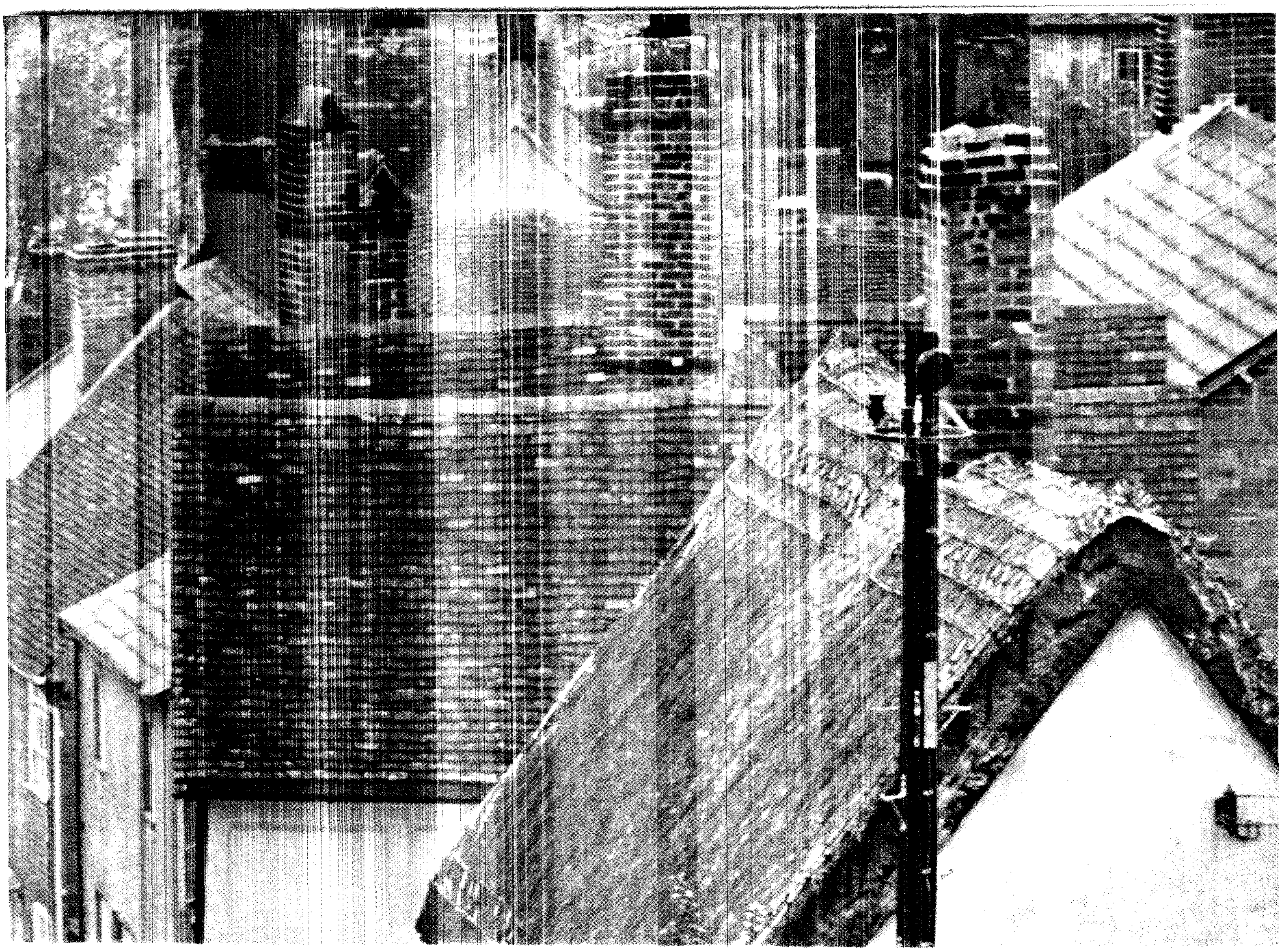
slightest doubt that the United States should be going to the moon in the first place. Rather, they—and everyone else at the space center—take the position that America has already made the decision to be what one engineer there calls "a space-faring nation," and that, this decision having been made, there is no point in thinking about it further. The people at the space center get upset when anybody does think further. They give short shrift to the argument that the United States should not spend billions on being a space-faring nation when people in the country are starving. One of the few selenologists who do attempt to deal with this question is Dr. Urey; he has said that he has occasional twinges of guilt, for fear that the gigantic effort to put two men on the moon may be similar to building the Pyramids—another national effort that involved a prodigious outlay of funds for reasons that included vanity, and one that came close to bankrupting a country. These twinges are transitory, however. Dr. Urey has explained, "Perhaps the nation will gain in self-respect from completing the Apollo Project, which in turn might make Americans more interested in tackling other big projects, like the urban areas and the poor. We can afford all this, and Apollo, too." At the M.S.C., one of the few people who think of the space program's influence on earth is an astronaut, Don Lind, who gives the impression of being somewhat more thoughtful than many of his colleagues. Lind, who is a Mormon, says he likes to think of the trip to the moon as a possible alternative to war—especially as a stimulus to new technology. He says, "You can get the same technological advances that you do in wartime, only without killing people. It's a nicer way of stimulating people in laboratories to do their best." Neither Lind nor anyone else at NASA seems to have developed the idea of space exploration as an alternative to war any further than thinking that it might be "a nicer way of stimulating people in laboratories." Far from worrying about the social implications of going to the moon, most of the astronauts and virtually all the other people at the M.S.C. regard themselves as working toward a highly desirable goal. What that goal is, exactly, they find hard to put into words. Dr. Marcus G. Langseth, a geologist at the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, at Palisades, just up the Hudson from New York City, who designed a drill the astronauts will use to bore two holes in the moon, has given this ques-



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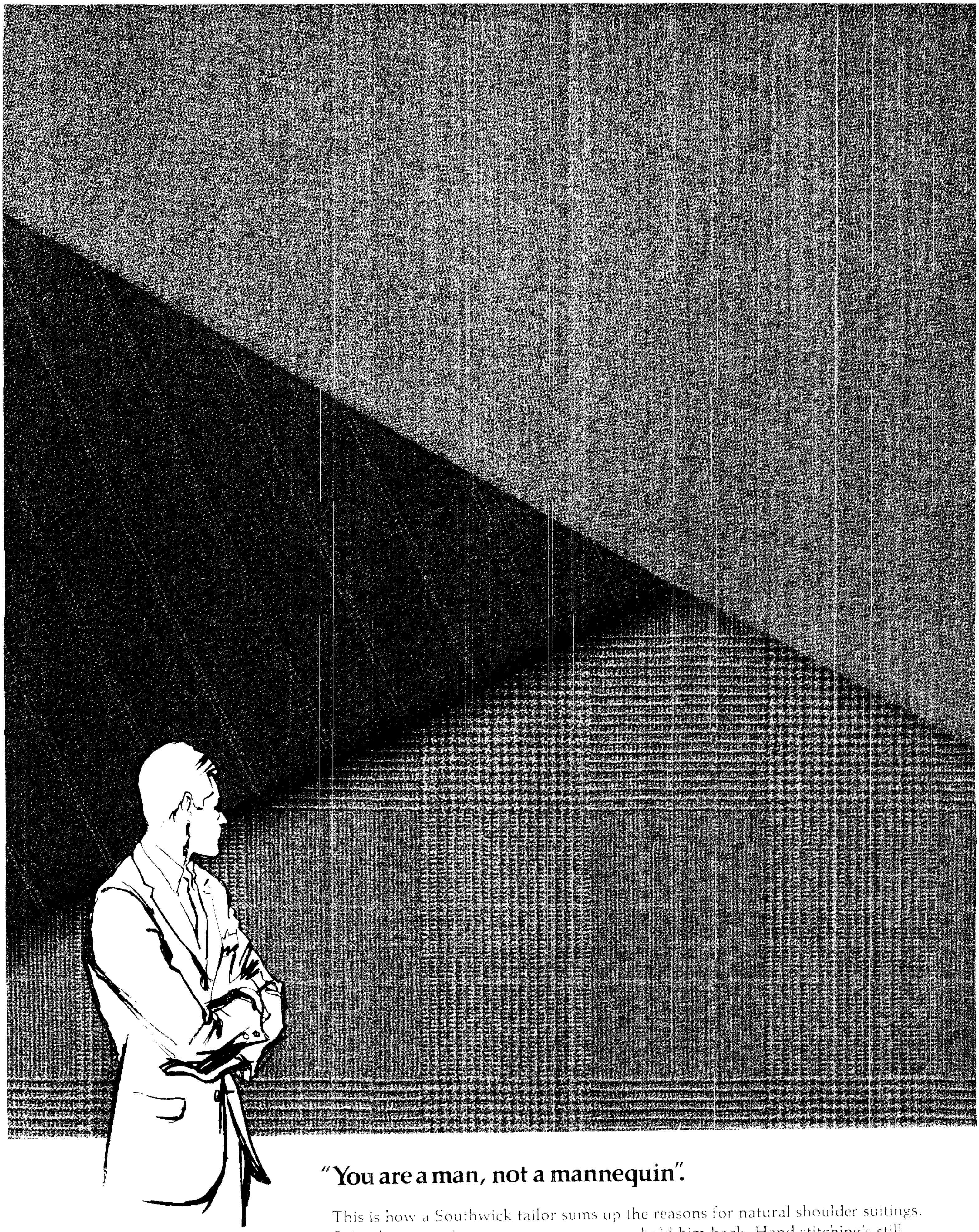

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tion some thought without arriving at any answer he can regard as satisfactory. He says, tentatively, "Everyone under forty has grown up with the assumption that we *would* go to the moon someday. When I was at school, in the nineteen-forties, mathematical problems often went something like 'If a train takes four days to go from New York to San Francisco, how many days will it take to go to the moon?' " In Dr. Langseth's view, going to the moon is an impulse ingrained in the national character, as though Americans were astronautical lemmings. This vague feeling that the moon is pulling more toward it than just the tides is at the root of a great deal of NASA thinking. Some men, like Dr. Wilmot Hess, a tall, blond physicist, who is Director of Science and Applications for the M.S.C., are outraged at the thought that we might *not* go to the moon, though Dr. Hess, too, is hard-pressed to say precisely why we *are* going. Dr. Hess, who has been called NASA's resident philosopher, resorts to what he calls the categorical imperative. The categorical imperative, as Dr. Hess uses it, is the same argument that mountaineers have used to justify climbing Mount Everest. "We're going to the moon because it's *there*," Dr. Hess says firmly. "Imagine yourself twenty years from now, and put yourself in the position of our *not* having gone to the moon. It's unthinkable!"

IT is a good bet that when the first men step onto the moon they won't be worrying about whether they should be there, unless they're beginning to wish they had never left home. If they want to beat a hasty retreat, they can do so two minutes after they have landed, when the Apollo spacecraft overhead will be in a good position for a rendezvous with the LM. If they decide to stay, their first job will be to run through most of the countdown for takeoff, to make sure they *can* get away—a job that one NASA engineer has defined as being "a morale-building exercise." At the moment, the last thing most of the men at the M.S.C. need is morale building. They have been so saturated with details about the visit to the moon, and they believe so intently in its coming to pass, that they can describe it as minutely as if it had already happened. For example, they tell you that the first man to stand on the moon will leave the LM through its forward hatch feet first and on his stomach, for after a lot of practice at the M.S.C. the astronauts have found that way to be

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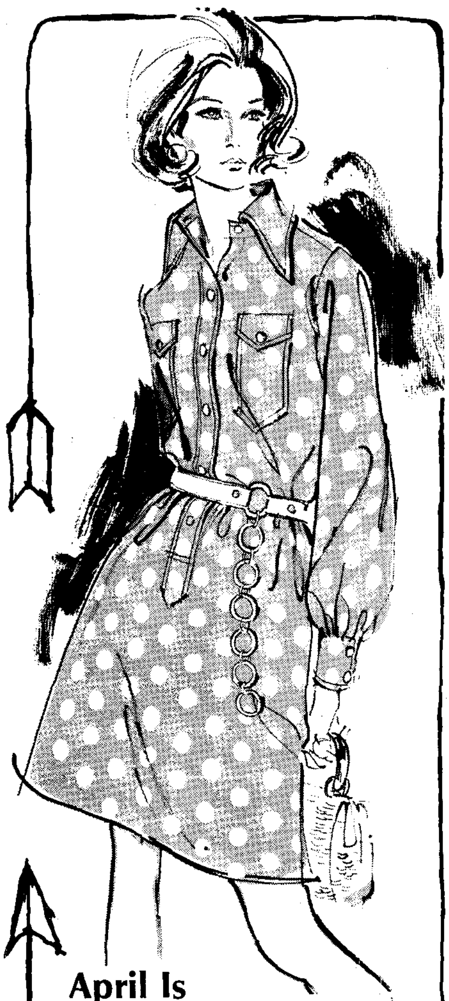

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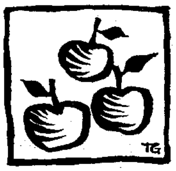
the best. He will back across a bridge that leads to the top of a ladder running down one leg of the LM. The material covering the bridge has been tested against the material on the soles of the astronauts' boots, to make sure that the men will not slip. The hatch, the bridge, the ladder, and all the other equipment that the astronauts are likely to go near are as smooth as possible, to make sure that no one tears his space suit, which is inflated with pure oxygen. But even though NASA has done everything it could think of to make disembarking as easy as possible, it will still be somewhat awkward. To reach the ground, the astronauts will probably not *climb* down the LM's ladder, for they have found it easier, in their clumsy space suits, to sort of *slither* down it instead. (On his way down, the first astronaut will have to flick a lever that will open a couple of baggage compartments at the back of the LM.) At the bottom, he will lower himself with his arms very cautiously to the ground. Therefore, man's first physical contact with the moon will be made neither with the left foot nor with the right but probably with both feet together. His arrival on the moon may be recorded on film by the astronaut inside the LM. Later, the astronauts may photograph the moon, and themselves, with a television camera—pictures that would be transmitted to earth. The man who has touched down will be very much relieved if he finds that the moon doesn't swallow him up like quicksand, for although there is good reason to believe that it won't, he can't be absolutely sure until he is there. In all likelihood, his boots will sink into the lunar surface about one-quarter of an inch, since the ground on most of the moon is thought to have the consistency of wet beach sand. His feet will probably not scuff up small wisps of dust when they hit the ground, because the dusty material, though certainly not wet, is slightly cohesive. One Midwestern geologist has likened it to loamy Iowa soil. Whether the surface is most like sand, dust, loam, or even powder, its particles are much finer than the sand on a beach, and much darker. The first crater that the astronaut will see as he steadies himself by grasping the ladder and looks down at his feet will be a shallow, man-made one, carved out by the LM rocket's exhaust; it will be approximately fifteen feet across and a foot deep. The rocket blast will have helped sweep the landing place clean. The ground around the astronauts will have been smooth to begin with, even by the billiard-table standards of *maria*, because for the landing NASA will try to avoid areas with craters more than two feet deep or rocks more than two feet high, to keep the LM from landing tilted. The five Apollo sites were chosen with safety very much in mind, for, as Lind says, "the first few times, we want to make darn sure we get there and back without busting our tails." If the LM tilts more than thirty degrees, it will have trouble taking off again, because the telescope for the guidance system would be pointing below the horizon. (No matter what angle the LM is tilted at, however, the astronauts will *try* to take off.) Consequently, all five Apollo sites are flat, like asphalt parking lots, except that they are pocked with small craters and littered with a loose rocky rubble. Assuming that the astronauts have landed at the center of Site 4, near the eastern edge of the Oceanus Procellarum, they won't see a single hill or a distant mountain peak; mountains, which might interfere with the LM's flight path, have been avoided. The nearest mountains are fifty kilometres away, out of sight over the steep curvature of the moon. (The metric system is used on the moon, because inches, feet, and yards—Anglo-Saxon measurements based on the human body—are too provincial for general use in the solar system.) For a six-foot (that is, about two-metre) astronaut, the horizon will be only a couple of kilometres (that is, less than a mile and a half) away; it will surround him with the precision of a circle drawn by a compass on a piece of dark paper.



The chances are that the astronaut—assuming the moon hasn't swallowed him up—will be excited, and, accordingly, the planners, who try to be on top of everything, have virtually programmed in a few moments of enthusiasm. "Can you imagine stepping onto the moon and *not* being excited?" says Lind, who is something of a romantic among astronauts, and who, as a child, may have done some of the same mathematical problems that fascinated Dr. Langseth. Lind and another astronaut, Harrison Schmitt, are the first ones to be assigned to work with the equipment that will be used on the moon. Though Lind and Schmitt will almost certainly not be the first astronauts to land on the moon, they are sure that they will get there. Lind rushes on glowingly, "Was Marco Polo excited when he got to Cathay?

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Was Columbus excited when he discovered America? Was Captain Cooke excited when he reached Australia? I can't imagine landing on the moon without letting out a whoop." Any such whoop will be inaudible on the moon, because sound doesn't travel in a vacuum. It will, however, be audible by radio to the other astronaut, who will still be inside the LM, waiting to make sure that nothing untoward befalls the first astronaut before he emerges himself (it is possible that on the first trip one astronaut will remain inside the LM all the time), and it will also be audible at the Mission Operations Control Room in Houston. The flight director and other technicians will be sitting, in an expectant hush, at four banks of desks that face several big screens, on which teletype messages and maps of the landing area are flashed. In the Mission Operations Control Room, which is kept fairly dark so that the technicians will be able to read the information on the electronic screens, the conversation, clipped and harsh-sounding, will be mostly in numbers and acronyms—symbols unintelligible to outsiders.

It will take one and three-tenths seconds for the astronaut's whoop to reach the Mission Control Center, and another one and three-tenths seconds for an answering shout to reach the astronauts on the moon, and by the time these two and six-tenths seconds have elapsed the astronaut who whooped may have begun to have some second thoughts. Indeed, both astronauts may have begun to feel that their original enthusiasm was misguided, for a lunar *mare,* a dead place, is no beauty spot. (At the M.S.C. there is a mockup of the landing site—a four-acre slag heap pitted with gaping craters and dotted with jagged rocks. A recent visitor found that its nicest feature was the green grass beyond its fringes—an adornment that the real article will lack.) Men feel uncomfortable in the absence of other life, much as they do when they look over the edge of a precipice. The astronaut may suddenly feel lonely and exposed, for although the horizon is only a couple of kilometres away, he won't feel snugly surrounded by the Lilliputian countryside. On the contrary, he will feel small and unreal, for, with virtually nothing in the landscape that he can relate to, it will be as though he were in a featureless round room painted gray-black. His depth perception will play tricks on him, making it even harder for him to come to terms with the landscape, for there is no darkening with distance, as

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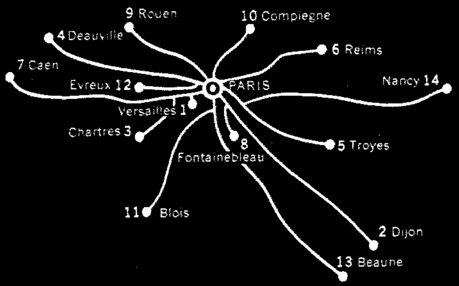

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there is on earth, where the color scale provided by the atmosphere is a great help in judging distances. The only colors the astronaut will see on the moon will be the ones he brought with him—primarily the red, white, and blue of two American flags, one of which will be sewn on his space suit and the other painted on the side of the LM, itself black, bronze, and silver. Everything else will be colorless and unfamiliar. Like the blackish ground, the sky will be black—far blacker than the ground, since the astronaut will be looking straight at the emptiness of space. If he cups his hands over his eyes, he may be able to see stars, even though the sun is up. The shadows around him will be much inkier than they are on earth, and they will be long, for the sun will be hovering only about twelve degrees above the horizon; nonetheless, the temperature will already have reached about a hundred and thirty degrees and will be rising steadily. (At lunar sunrise, which will have occurred about twenty-four hours before, the temperature will have shot up some two hundred degrees in twenty minutes, for heat travels quickly in a near vacuum.) Even the sun will be strange to the astronauts—concentrated to the size of a dime and blazing many times as brightly as it does on earth. The only familiar object in view beyond the LM will be the earth itself, a hazy blue ball near the zenith, but since few men will have seen it quite this way before, it may be the most disconcerting object of all.

The astronauts won't have much time to feel uncomfortable, however; they will be far too busy running errands for scientists back on earth. "We will be representing the entire scientific community," Lind said recently. Lind and Schmitt differ about how much the first astronauts will be able to tell the scientific community about the moon during their first moments there. Schmitt, who was a geologist before he became an astronaut, says that, scientifically, the first look around will not tell him more than he already knows from the Surveyor photographs, but Lind says that the astronauts will be gathering new impressions from the instant they land. "We'll learn by just *being* there!" Lind says. In Lind's case, the initial whoop of excitement may take a long time to wear off. He adds, "Just by looking into a crater, we'll see its structure. We'll learn about the bearing strength of the ground by pounding our feet. We'll learn an enormous amount just by crumbling the dust between our fingers. Will it

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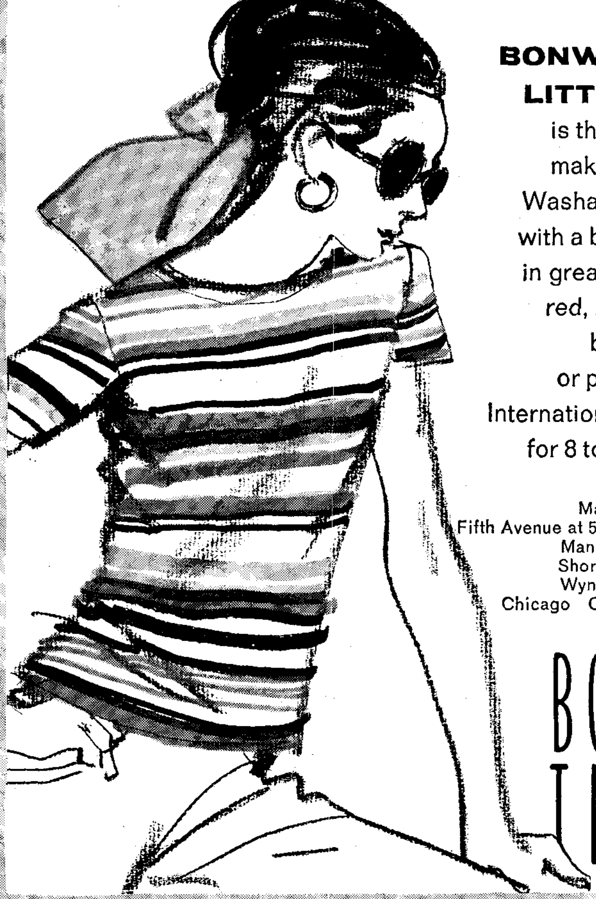

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crumble like powder, or will it stay hard like sand? That's the kind of thing we want to find out." Of the two astronauts, Lind is the more sanguine, Schmitt the more reserved. Both are civilians, and it is for this reason that they are unlikely to take part in the first landing. NASA feels that astronauts who have been military pilots may make slightly better spacecraft pilots—an important consideration on the initial mission. About two-thirds of the astronauts are military men, and of the remainder most are scientists, like Lind and Schmitt. The first men who have a chance of landing on the moon are two astronauts who will be on the Apollo 11 mission this summer—Colonel Edwin E. Aldrin, Jr., of the Air Force, and Neil A. Armstrong, who, though he is a civilian, might just as well be in the Air Force. Until recently, he was a professional test pilot who tested F-100s, F-101s, F-102s, F-104s, and Air Force jet fighters; he has also flown the X-15—a small, mosquitolike airplane with a rocket inside it—at four thousand miles an hour, which is a good deal faster than the LM will be going when it approaches the moon. Though Lind and Schmitt have both taken flight training as astronauts, they are not professional fliers; rather, their special usefulness will be in making scientific observations when they get to the moon, possibly on Apollo 12, 13, or 14.

Unlike Colonel Aldrin, who says that "the twists and turns of fate" have brought him his present assignment to land on the moon, Lind and Schmitt will arrive there as a result of conscious choice. Both have wanted to go there for some time. Lind, a trim, broad-shouldered man of thirty-nine, is a native of Murray, Utah; he served as a jet pilot in the Navy, and after his discharge he got a Ph.D. in nuclear physics from the University of California. He says he became an astronaut because he saw space exploration as a way of combining physics and flying. Lind and most of the other astronauts are notably sober-minded; for most of them, becoming an astronaut was a logical development of their earlier careers. After Lind received his Ph.D., he worked as a physicist at the Goddard Space Flight Center, in Greenbelt, Maryland, where he analyzed data sent back from the Orbiting Geophysical Observatory, a satellite that, among other things, radioed information about the fields of low-energy particles far above the earth. "I applied to be an astronaut because I thought science in space was important, and I guess I

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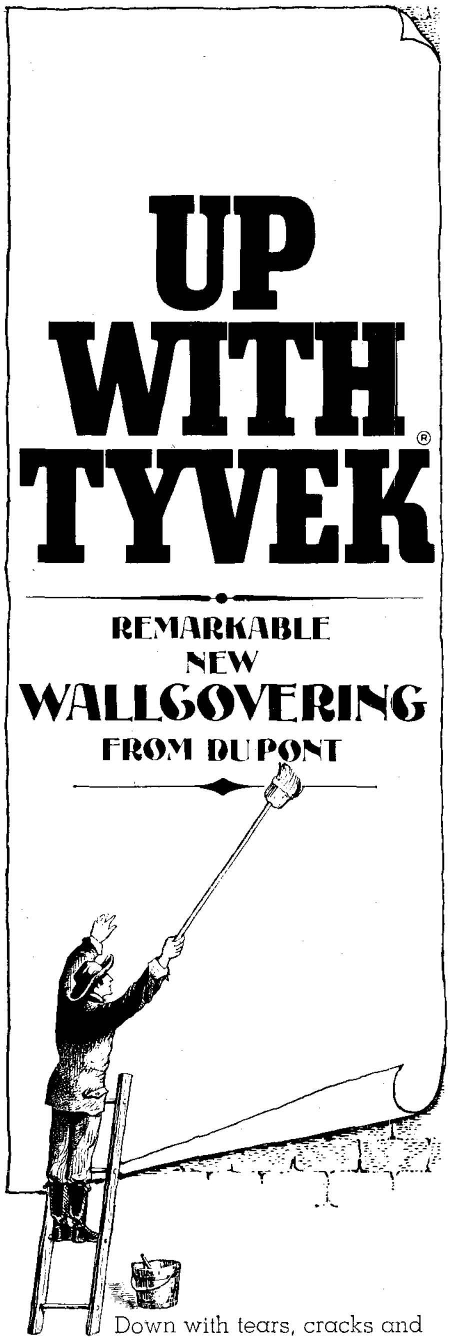

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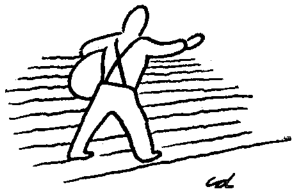
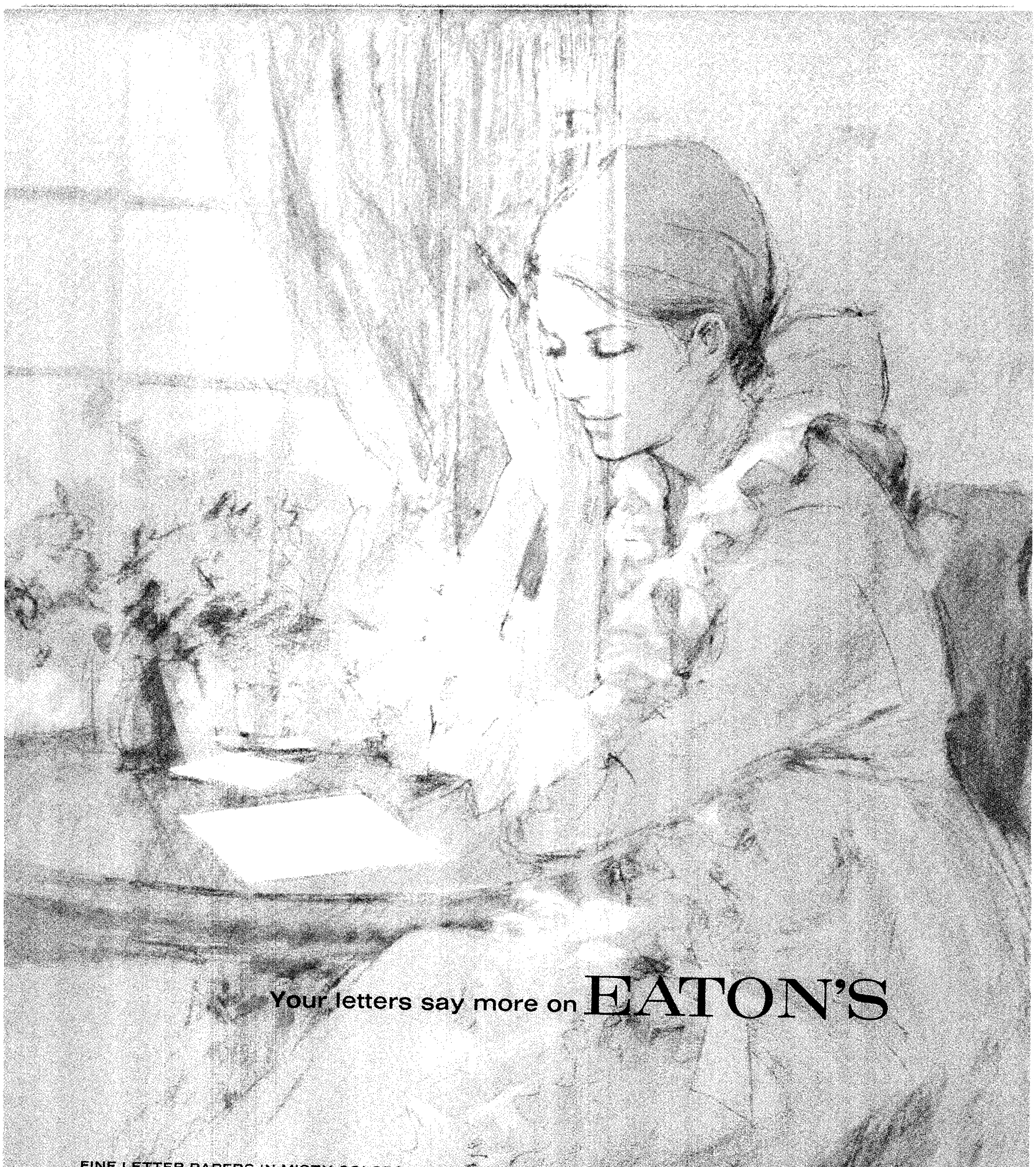
thought it would be easier if I were out there myself," Lind says. Schmitt's career wasn't much different. He is thirty-four years old, and is shorter and wirier than Lind. He was born in Santa Rita, New Mexico; graduated from the California Institute of Technology in 1957; and received a Ph.D. in geology from Harvard in 1964. Like Lind, Schmitt did work related to space before he became an astronaut. He was with the Astrogeology Branch of the United States Geological Survey, in Flagstaff, Arizona, where much of the geological analysis of the photographs of the lunar landscapes sent back by Surveyor and Orbiter spacecraft has been done. Having seen so many photographs of lunar rocks, he says, he wants to get his hands on the real thing.

Getting their hands on some lunar rocks will be the first thing the astronauts will have to do—or, rather, that the first astronaut to step onto the moon will have to do, for the other one will still be inside the LM. Not long ago, Dr. Urey said, "What I want the astronauts to do most of all is to fill their pockets brimful with pebbles, rocks, and dust—anything they can pick up." NASA regards bringing back some chunks of the moon as so vital that the first astronaut's first assignment is to pick up what NASA calls the contingency sample but what the astronauts call the grab sample—possibly because they don't like to think in terms of contingencies. The "contingency" that NASA has in mind is any malfunction of the LM or of the astronauts' space suits, or any condition on the moon itself, that might necessitate a hasty retreat. NASA is providing a special tool for the two or three pounds of rubble that the sample will consist of. Devising the best tools to use on the moon has taken a tremendous amount of effort, particularly among the human-factors engineers, who have to make sure that the man and the machine constitute a smoothly working unit, with the man completing the "control loop." The main requirement for the sample-grabbing tool is that it be simple enough for the astronaut to use effectively in a hurry. Initially, there were two conflicting theories about the tool. One school of thought among human-factors engineers held that the astronaut should put down some sort of can (it would be of aluminum, the way most Apollo hardware is) and then scuff dirt into it with his feet. Another school of thought, which for a long time was in the ascendancy, held that the tool should be a sort of scoop with a long, detachable handle. Lind, who has completed the control loop on a variety of cans and scoops that the human-factors engineers have wished to try out, was for a long time an advocate of the scoop with the detachable handle; one feature he liked about it was that the handle could be thrown away to save weight on the return trip. The tool that the astronauts will actually use on the moon—and that Lind now likes best—is similar to the latter one, only instead of being a scoop with a detachable handle it is a sort of butterfly net, with a detachable Teflon bag in place of a net. The hoop the bag is fastened to is about six inches in diameter and the handle is about twenty-five inches long; both are made of aluminum. In order to save space on the LM, the handle is collapsible, and is made of several sections that are strung along a loose cable; accordingly, the astronaut's first job is to straighten out the handle, and to do this he pulls on the cable, which ends in a grip that looks like a T. When the cable is tight and the handle is straight, the astronaut slips the T into a slot. The astronaut won't *dig* into the moon, for the tool is too flimsy to use as a shovel; rather, he will scrape it around a few times. When the Teflon bag, which looks like an amber-colored grocery bag, is full of grab sample—bulging, presumably, with blackish grit and perhaps an occasional pebble—the astronaut will remove it from the hoop, throw away the hoop and handle, crimp the bag shut with some aluminum strips, and stow it away inside the LM. For this kind of sample collection, the United States doesn't have to send a man all the way to the moon with a scoop; the same job could be done by an unmanned spacecraft, brandishing a scoop at the end of a mechanical arm, that could land on the moon and return to earth with the sample. It is entirely possible that the Russians will use this method. It could be cheaper than sending men, though NASA doesn't think it necessarily would be, given the cost of building an unmanned spacecraft sophisticated enough to do the kind of sample-gathering that NASA wants done. NASA scientists often cite one of the Surveyors, which landed beautifully on the moon, only to have the most interesting-looking rock in the area just out of reach of its claws, which were

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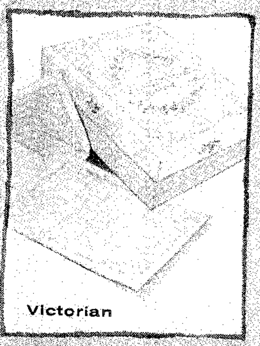
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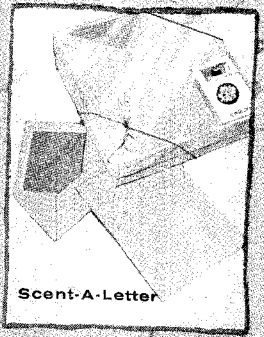
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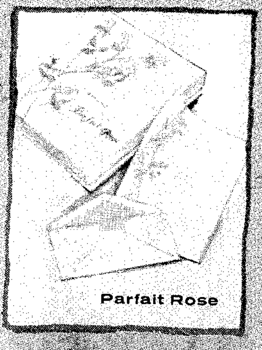
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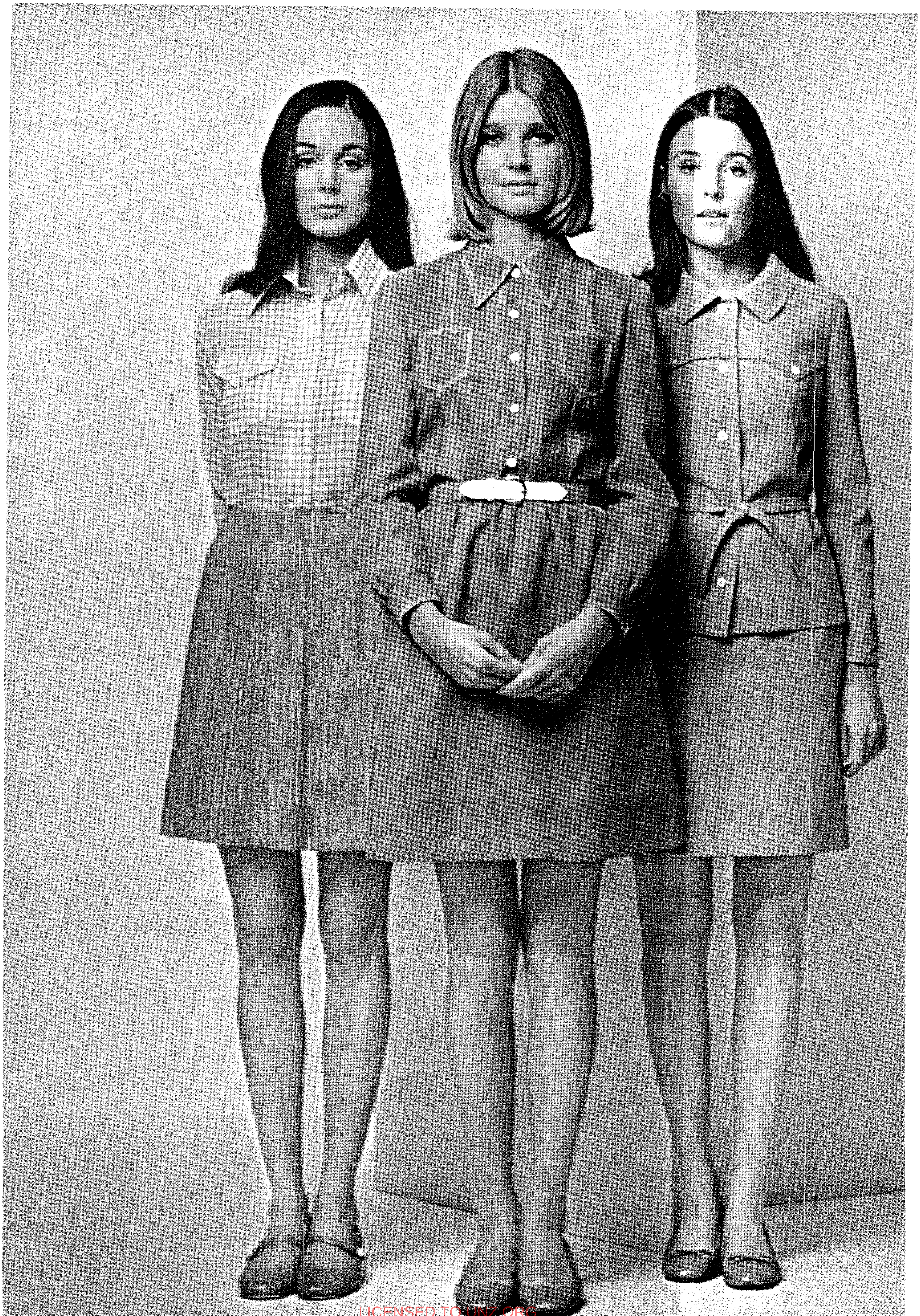

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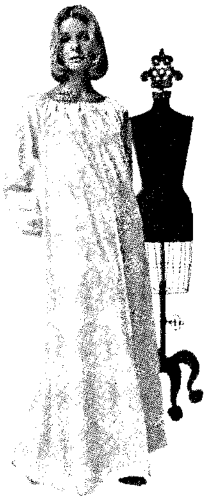

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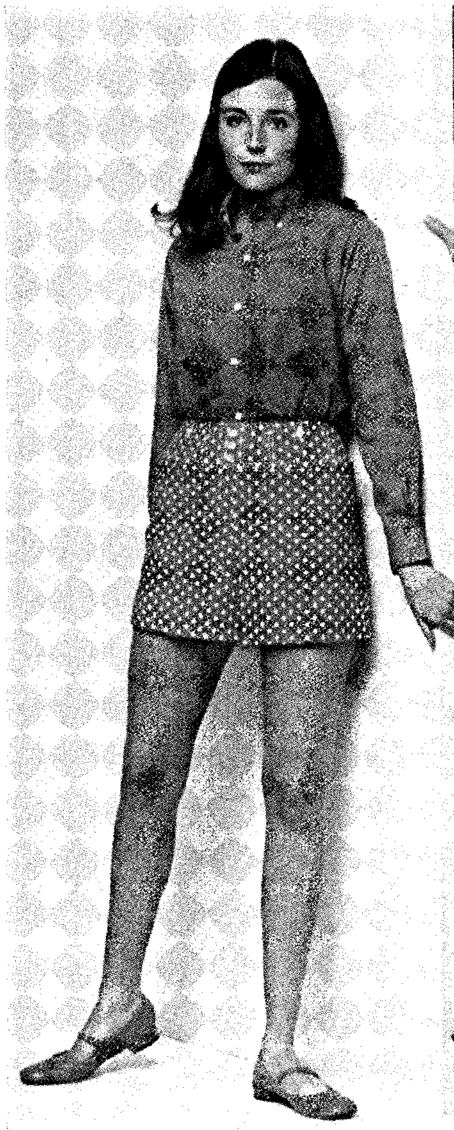

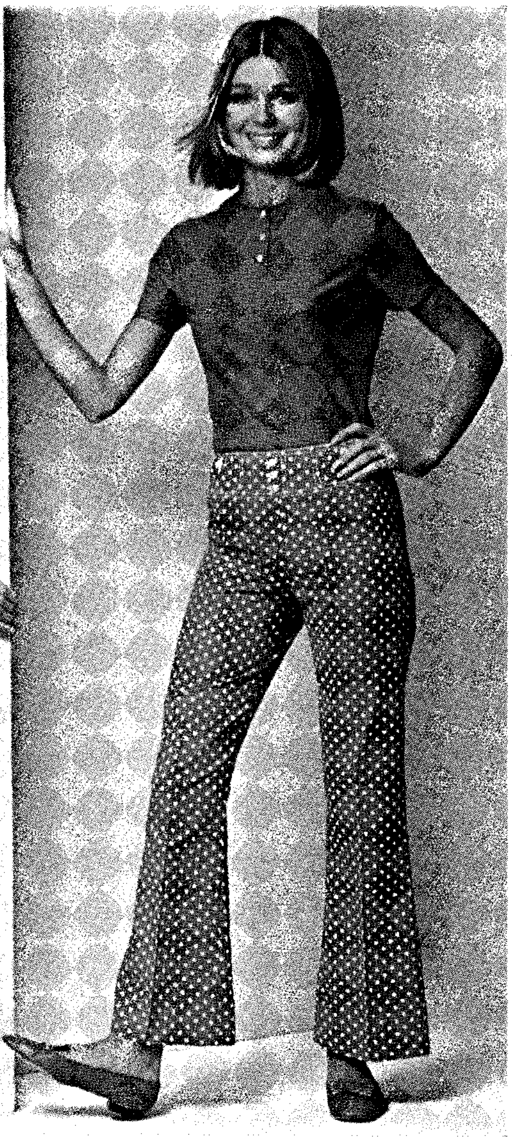

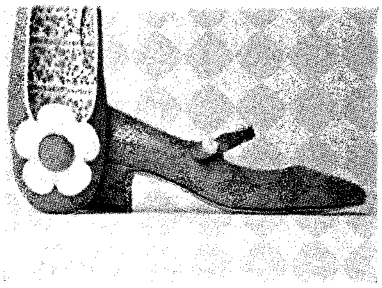

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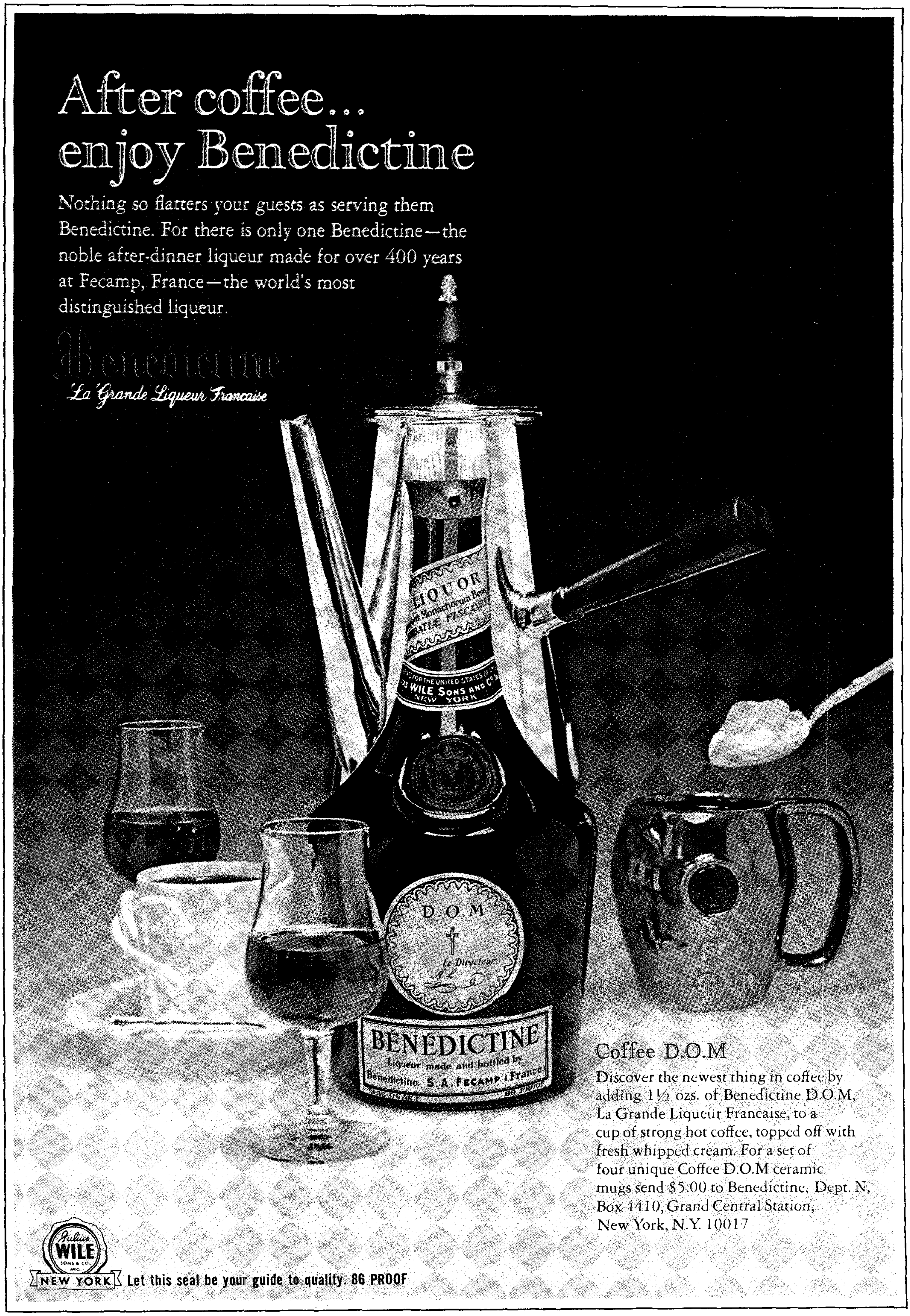
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made to snatch uselessly at it for several minutes. Frustrating as this experience was, however, it isn't NASA's main argument for sending men. As one geologist at the M.S.C. said recently, "There is a great temptation to see what a man can *do*." It is this that keeps the astronauts from being mere automatons, as they might be if the human-factors engineers succeeded in turning them into the equivalent of electronic components. It also accounts for the great influence that the astronauts—and Lind and Schmitt in particular—have on plans for what they will do on the moon and the equipment they will have with them. Even Dr. Urey agrees that advancing science must take second place to testing the performance of the astronauts—at least on the first few trips. Schmitt says, "Finding out that we are *able* to fill the contingency-sample scoop is just as important as bringing back the contingency sample itself. Once we know that, we can go on to more complex jobs."

The astronaut's first job after landing and collecting the grab sample will be to see exactly what he *can* do. He will walk about a bit, jump up and down a bit, and, to see how well his space suit works, perhaps bounce the way a man does in trying on a new pair of shoes—a series of movements that NASA calls "mobility evaluation." Science-fiction writers have always been fond of man's first few moments on the moon. In "The First Men in the Moon," which H. G. Wells wrote in 1901, and which is the most literate, though one of the least scientific, books ever written about the moon, Wells' two astronauts, Mr. Cavor and Mr. Bedford, have trouble adjusting to the freedom of motion that accompanies low gravity, just as the Apollo astronauts will. Bedford, the narrator, takes a tumble, the result of overexuberance:

> I became aware of Cavor's little round face peering [down at me]...."We've got to be careful," he said. "This moon has no discipline. She'll let us smash ourselves."
>
> He helped me to my feet. "You exerted yourself too much," he said.... "We don't quite allow for the gravitation. Our muscles are scarcely educated yet. We must practice a little. When you have got your breath."
>
> I pulled two or three little thorns out of my hand, and sat for a time on a boulder of rock. My muscles were quivering, and I had that feeling of personal disillusionment that comes to the learner of cycling on earth at his first fall.

Minus the thorns, this account may be a fairly accurate description of how the first and second astronauts will

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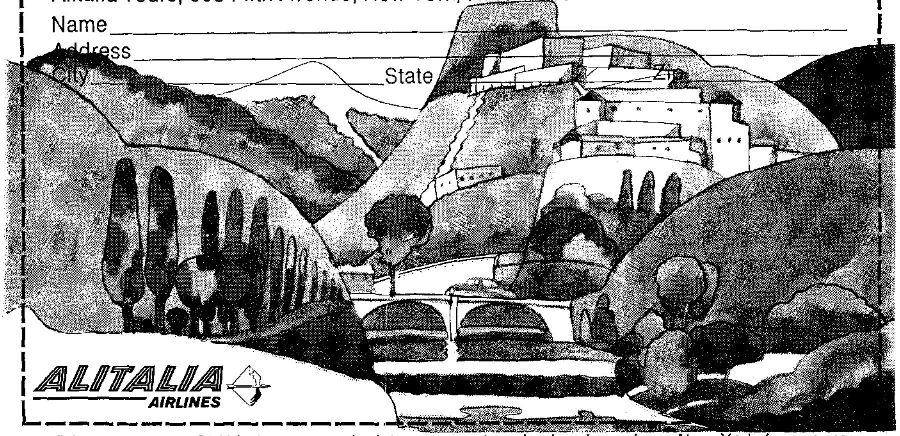

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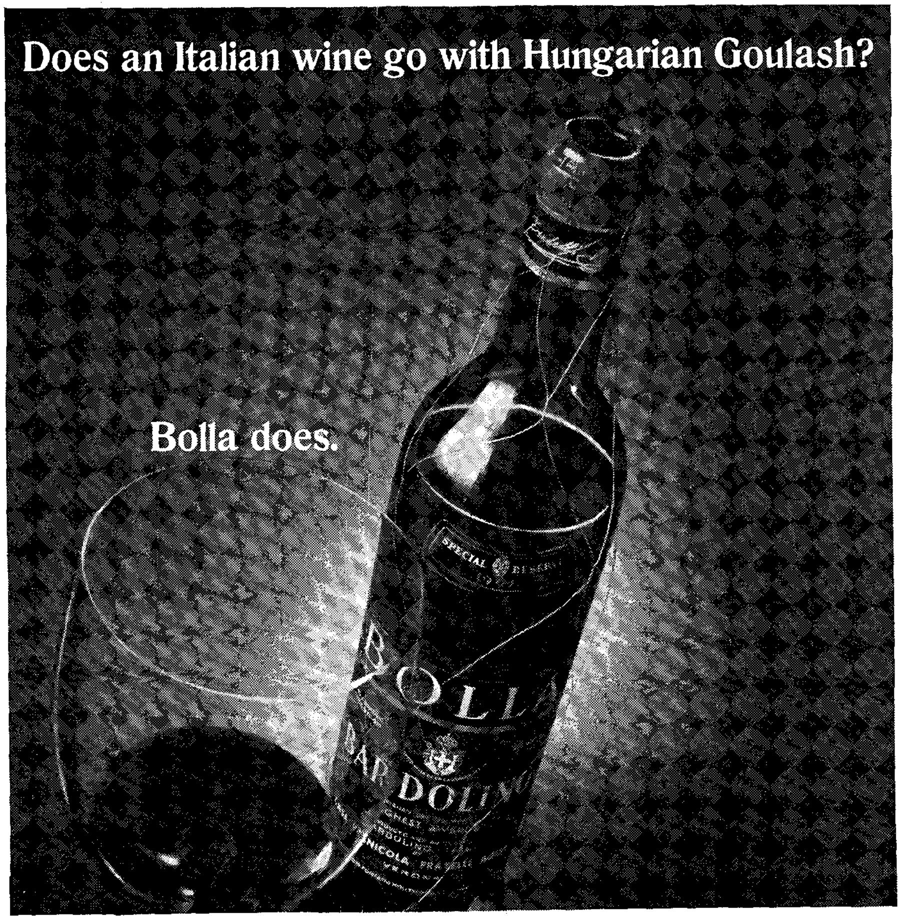

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feel during their first moments on the moon. In all likelihood, however, the Apollo astronauts won't have as giddy a time of it as Wells' pair, because NASA is a very safety-conscious outfit. The astronauts will be under strict orders not to try any long-distance jumping while they are evaluating their mobility. Just *walking* in the one-sixth gravity of the moon will be hard enough. Lind says the astronauts will constantly have the uneasy feeling that they are on the verge of floating off the moon altogether and disappearing into the big black yonder like wayward balloons. Although they will be only one-sixth their normal weight, their momentum will be the same as on earth, and this means that they will have trouble stopping once they get going—a difficulty that will be compounded because the astronauts, weighing less than they do here, will have less traction with the ground, so they will be more apt to skid. Schmitt feels that the astronauts should study the way cats walk. "They are good at conserving angular momentum," he says. "A running cat can turn on a dime." What with the buoyancy and their sluggish steering, the astronauts may feel like badly ballasted ships lurching in a gentle swell; they may even feel a little seasick. Another matter that will make the astronauts move cautiously—at least until they get the hang of things—is the fact that on the moon, where there is no atmosphere to diffuse light, they may not be able to see into shadows. Involuntarily, they may give a wide berth to even small, shallow craters, because of shadows so inky that the craters will seem like bottomless pits. And, because the astronauts may find themselves tripping over rocks invisible in their own shadows, Schmitt says, one of the first tricks an astronaut may have to master is how to use his suit to reflect light into shade, the way a surgeon uses a metal reflector attached to his head. A tumble on a rock might damage a space suit.

As the astronauts wander about the moon, they will look like strange, apocalyptic knights who have strayed there from a crusade. The astronaut's space suit is a milky white, to reflect the sunlight, but his helmet is a clear sphere, like a fishbowl, though it might appear gold if the visors are down. There are two visors, the inner one being clear like the helmet, and the outer one golden, like some sunglasses, for a gold tint helps to filter out infrared and ultraviolet light, which could damage the astronaut's eyes. (Because there is no atmosphere, a greater range of sun-

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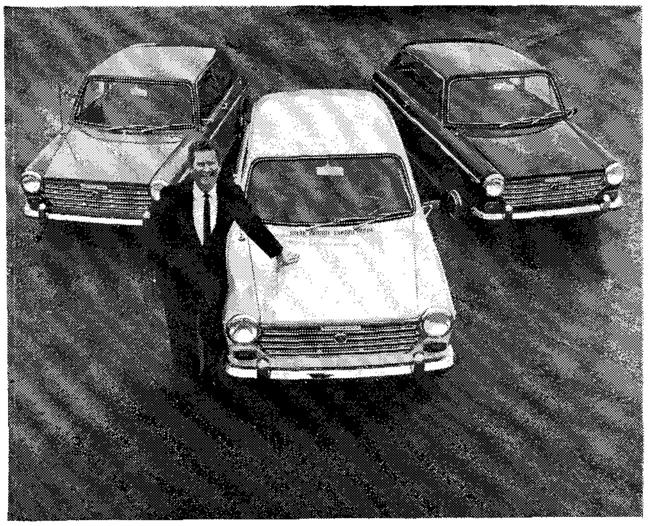

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light reaches the moon than the earth.) Unlike the tint on sunglasses, the gold tint—real gold is used in coloring the visor—will not discolor the astronaut's view of the moon. The helmet is made of a clear, unbreakable, heat-resistant plastic called Lexan, which, in spite of its exceptional toughness, the astronauts will have to be careful of, for it scratches easily; the clear inner visor is to help protect it. Like the helmet for a suit of armor, the astronaut's helmet doesn't swivel, though the astronaut inside can turn his head wherever he wants. Outside, the space suit is a conglomeration of plugs for electric wires, attachments for hoses, and gauges that measure pressure and the like. There are pockets in unlikely places, such as at the ankles and shoulders, for things like scissors, penlights, and checklists. The white outer layer of the space suit, which is made of a strongly heat-resistant glass fabric coated with a tough plastic, has a smooth, silky texture, like a good necktie. The astronauts will wear thick gauntlets and much thicker boots, which they call "lunar overshoes." The space suit and the portable life-support system are the most complex equipment the astronauts will have on the moon, except for the spacecraft itself. Occasionally, human-factors engineers get carried away and refer to the suit *as* a spaceship, calling it the fourth Apollo module—its predecessors being the command module, the service module, and the lunar module. Like a spaceship, the suit is intended to protect the astronauts from radiation, extreme temperatures, and, especially, the lack of pressure. The space suit is virtually an extension of the man inside it, following his movements, augmenting his lungs, and completing his metabolic cycle. The man is so thoroughly integrated into the suit, one human-factors engineer says, and the suit is so nearly a part of the man, that it is almost impossible to tell where one begins and the other leaves off. To human-factors men, this is the ideal relationship between a man and his equipment. (Schmitt says he wishes he and his suit were even better integrated, for his chafes him a bit.) Tailoring space suits isn't easy. For one thing, they have twenty-eight layers, or suits within suits. The outer layers are a shield against high temperatures. They also help protect the wearer against micrometeorites—particles with the diameter of a pin that are thought to shoot through space at speeds up to thirty miles a second and that could conceivably whoosh right through a

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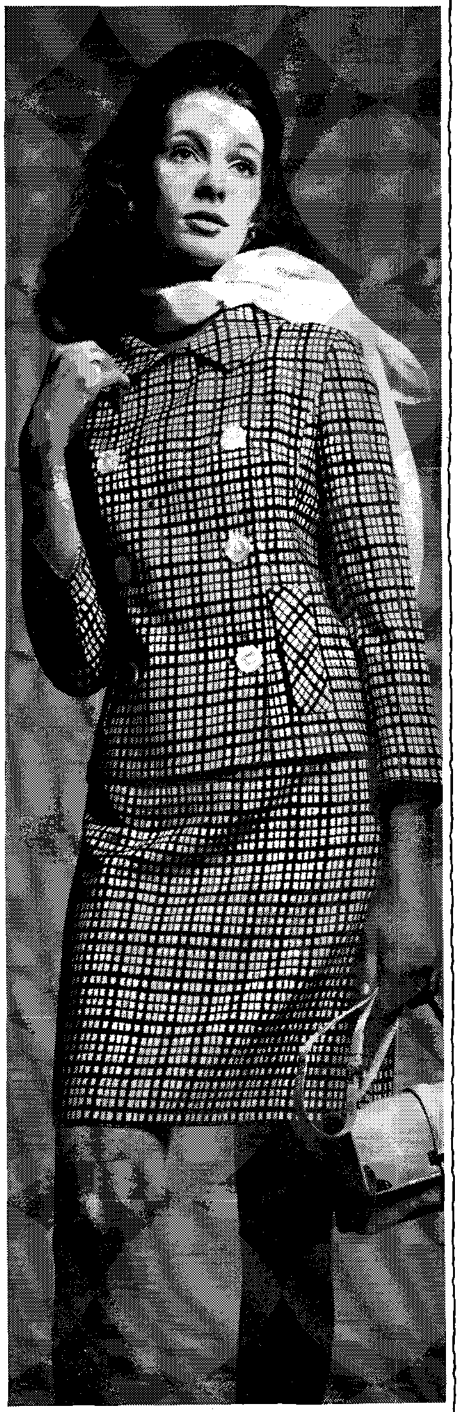

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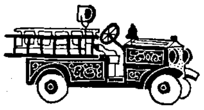
man without his feeling anything more, possibly, than the sensation of a bee-sting. (Fortunately, micrometeorites are not as prevalent as they were once thought to be.) The innermost layers are the heat-control layers, which double as the astronaut's underwear, and which keep the astronaut cool by means of a network of small pipes called Tygon tubing. These pipes circulate water through the suit and then through the backpack, where the heat is exhausted to the outside, in much the same way that a car radiator works. Between the outer shielding layers and the inner heat-control layers are the pressure layers, the rubbery part of the suit that is inflated with oxygen and that is perhaps the most indispensable part of the suit, for without it a man on the moon would be dead within a couple of minutes, because under extremely low pressure the fluids in the body start to boil.



Lind says that the hardest part of the suit to get used to is its pressure. When his suit is inflated, he feels less like a white knight than like the rotund rubber man in advertisements for Michelin tires. Because of the pressure, the astronauts may find that they are easily fatigued, even though getting around in low gravity is theoretically all but effortless. Every time the astronaut moves, he has to push against the pressure. The arms and legs of the suit are pressurized cylinders, and they have to be broken whenever the astronaut bends an elbow or a knee. This breaking reduces and shifts the volume inside the suit, which then has to be made to expand somewhere else. The current solution to the problem is a sort of bellows arrangement at the elbows, the knees, and the other joints, so that when the elbow is bent one side of the cylinder collapses and the other side expands. This makes movement easier than it would be otherwise, but it still isn't very easy. "Walking will be like shoving a crate across the moon," Schmitt says.

THE stay on the moon will be strenuous for reasons other than the difficulty of moving about in space suits. "We'll be as busy as one-armed paperhangers," says Lind. Within a few minutes after gathering the contingency sample, the first astronaut on the ground will have inspected the LM for damage and begun to take dozens of photographs of the landing site and the LM with a special Hasselblad camera. Next, he will extract from a covered niche on the outside of the descent stage a big, umbrellalike television antenna and set it up some thirty feet away, the second astronaut meanwhile joining him on the ground. (The second astronaut will have stayed inside the LM to flick a switch that will start TV transmission to earth.) By the time the second astronaut has slithered down the ladder to join the first, forty-five minutes may have elapsed. (One astronaut may go back into the LM from time to time, though presumably, if all is going well, they will both want to remain on the *mare*.) When the astronauts feel that they have their space suits, and the problems of moving around on the moon, more or less under control, they will begin gathering what is called the preliminary sample—a more thorough collection of dust, soil, and rocks than the contingency sample. Presumably, by this time most of the contingencies will have been successfully negotiated anyway. For the preliminary sample, the astronauts will have to go to a compartment at the back of the LM and pick up one of two boxes that NASA calls sample-return containers but that the astronauts call rock boxes. On subsequent landings, the other rock box will be used later during the field trip, assuming that the astronauts stay on the moon long enough to make the geological expedition. (Along with the rock boxes, the compartment contains an assortment of geological tools, including a hammer, a scoop, and a pair of tongs; a television camera with an assortment of lenses; some extra batteries for the life-support system in the backpack; a cartridge to restore the astronauts' oxygen supply; and a table that appears to be made of canvas but in fact is made of a fireproof material called Aclar. The astronauts will probably set the table up right away, so that they will have some place besides the ground to put their equipment.) The rock boxes, nineteen inches long, ten and a half inches wide, and seven and a half inches high, are made of aluminum, but instead of being put together from several sheets, as cardboard boxes are, they are chemically hollowed out of aluminum blocks, in order to make them leakproof, for the samples in them must be kept in the same vacuum in which they were packed on the moon. The astronauts will carry the first rock box at least a hundred feet from the LM, and they will toss into it as many different kinds of material as they can find, dumping them in without any attempt to sort the material, label it, or make a record of where it came from. That

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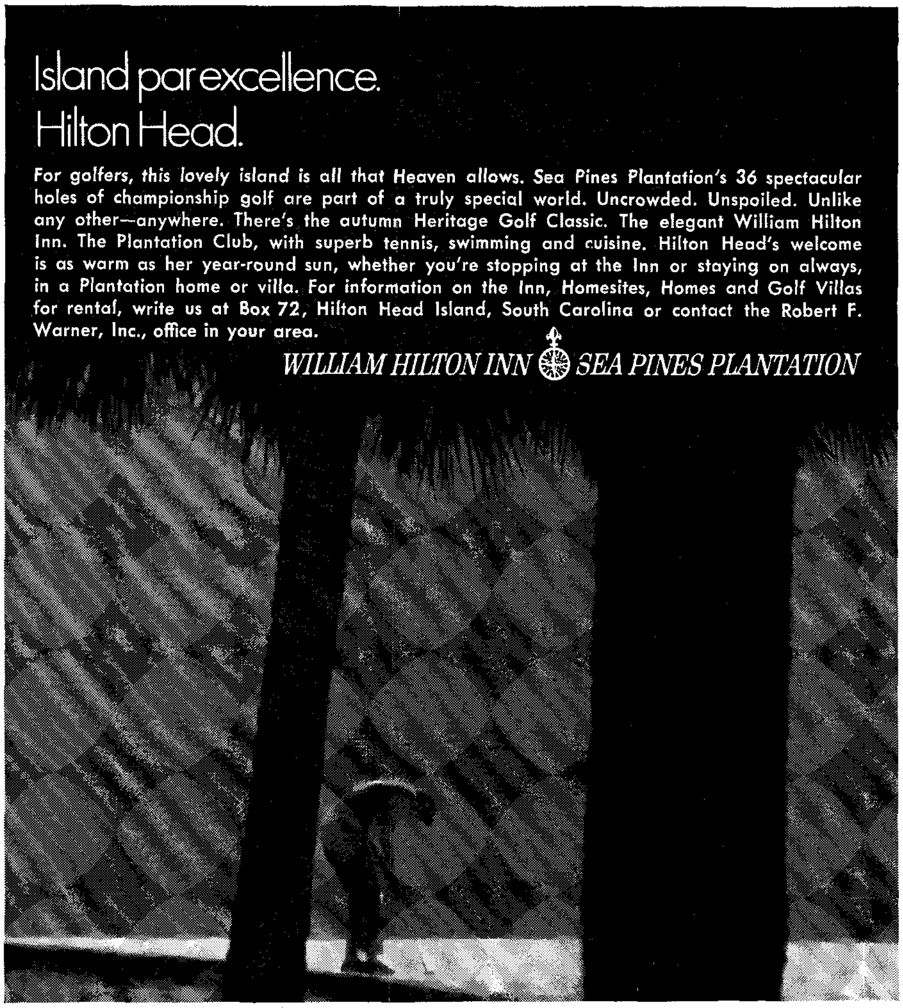

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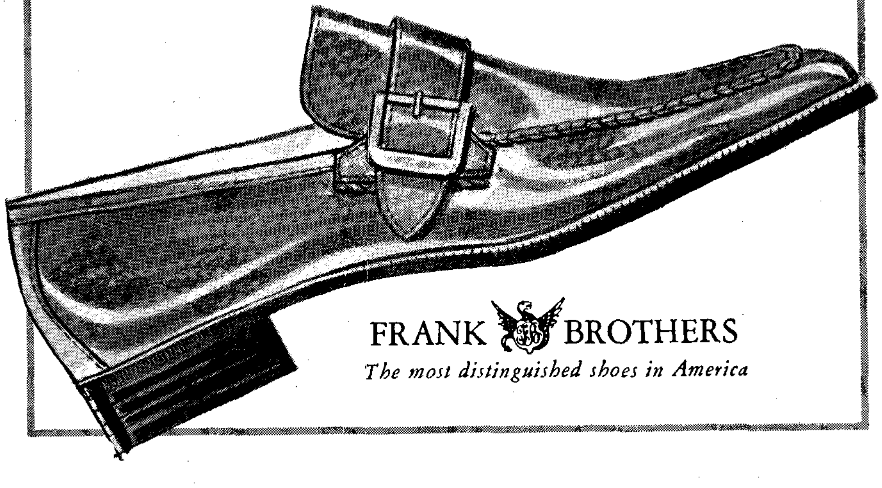

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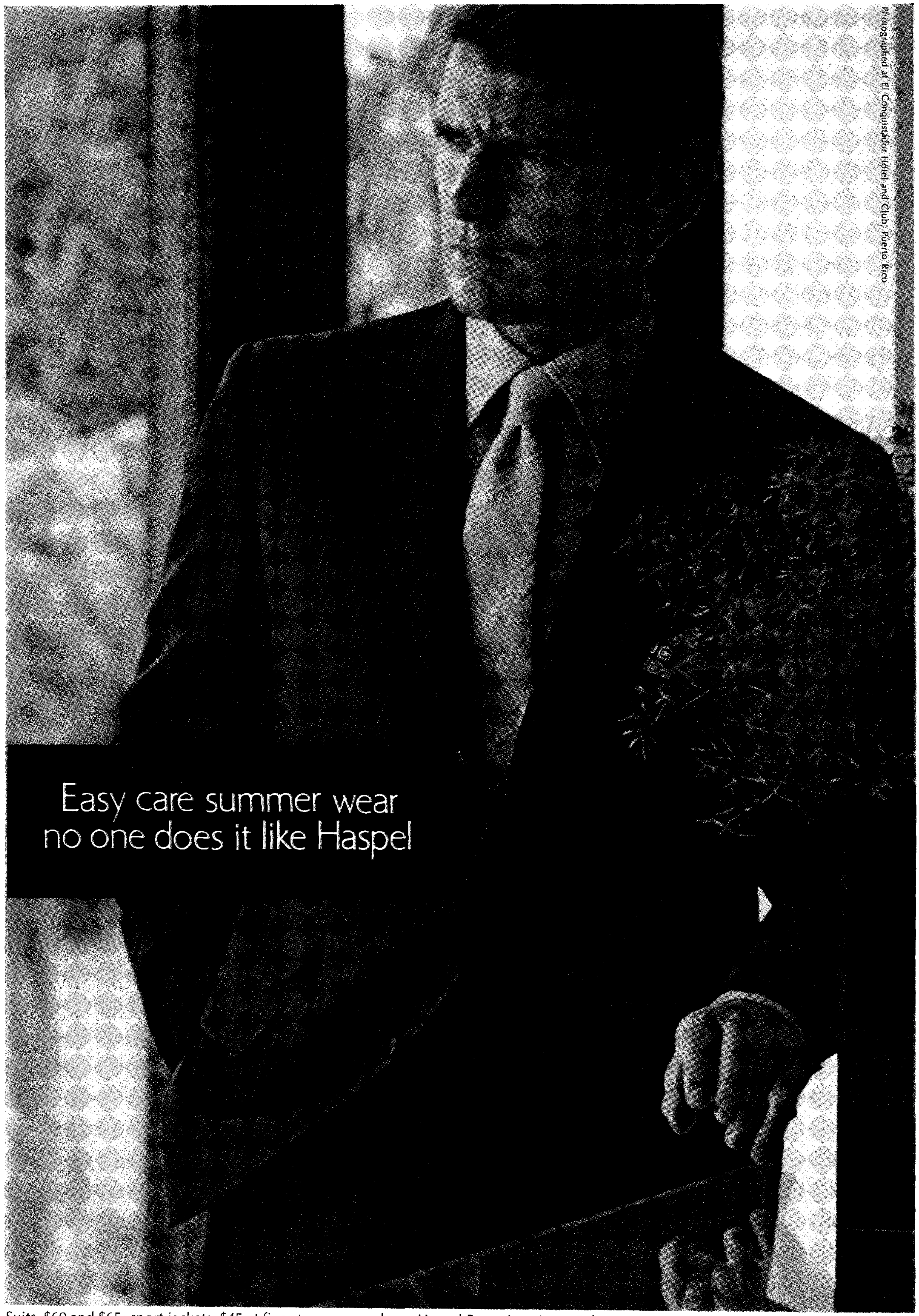
more detailed type of gathering comes later, when another pair of astronauts goes on the field trip. In the preliminary sample-grabbing, the astronauts will use the scoop, which has been designed so that the astronauts can fill the rock box with a very few scoopfuls of dust and rock if they are in a hurry. The scoop is big and businesslike, and it resembles a square-jawed steam-shovel scoop. Before he can use the scoop, an astronaut first has to attach it to a long extension handle, because he isn't able to reach closer than twenty-two inches to the ground, and he is forbidden to kneel or sit on the moon, because the ground may be too hot, and, besides, he might puncture the suit on a sharp rock—or, as NASA prefers to say, "violate" the suit. An astronaut would also have a hard time getting up again. A man in a space suit is hardly agile. He can't bend at the waist, for the bellows arrangements in the space suit, which work well enough for the smaller joints like the elbows and knees, won't do for the larger ones, like the waist; there they tend to become unstable and balloon out dangerously. Similarly, the astronauts won't be able to reach above eye level, for the big bellows joints at the shoulders have to be held in by cables. Schmitt says the astronauts will be so restricted that every move they make, even a simple one like picking up a stone with the tongs, will have to be thought out in advance.

The astronauts have to carry the rock box a hundred feet from the LM in order to avoid contamination. Both the LM and the astronauts themselves will be a serious source of pollution to the moon—an important consideration, since it involves the integrity of the samples to be brought back to earth. One of the preliminary samples that the astronauts will collect is of the moon's exceedingly sparse atmosphere, a bit of which they will gather simply by opening a container, holding it up for a couple of seconds, and then sealing it shut, in the hope that a few molecules of lunar atmosphere will be trapped inside. They may well get more than they want. They may catch fumes from the LM's cabin, for before stepping outside the LM they will have had to depressurize it by exhausting the gases inside to the outside, and even though these gases (mainly oxygen) will have passed through a complex series of filters, they will still contaminate the moon in the vicinity of the LM. Far more serious is the fact that during the LM's landing its descent rocket will have discharged five tons of fumes into the moon's atmos-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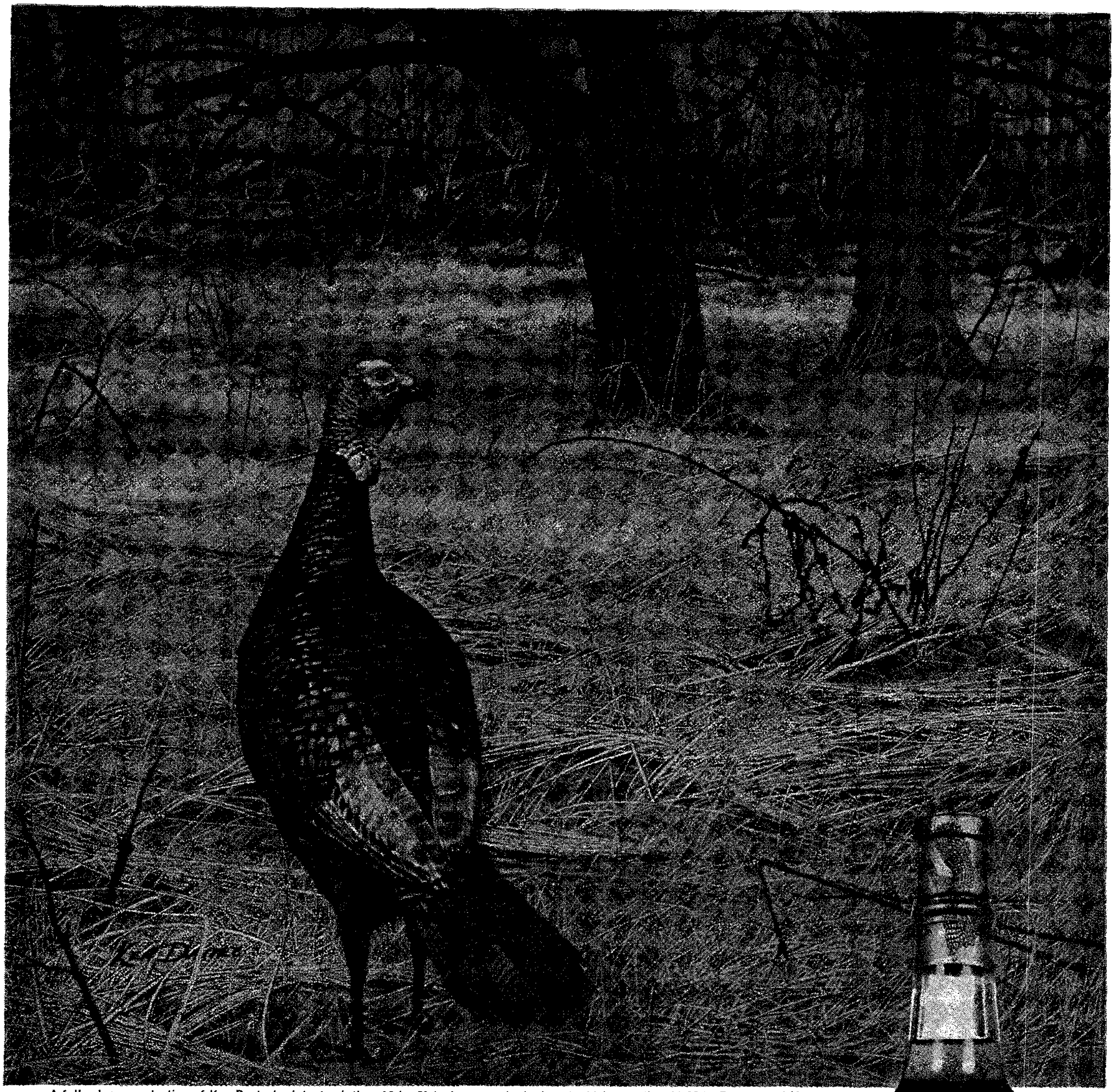

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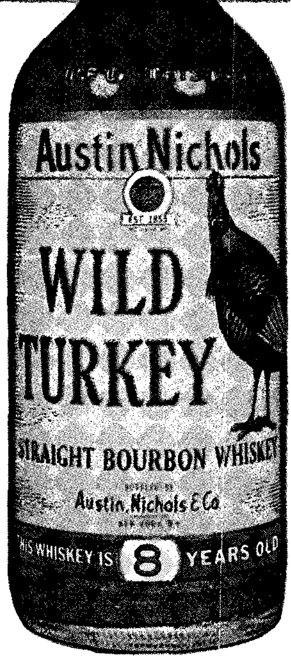
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phere. The weight of the moon's atmosphere is estimated at only a hundred tons (the earth's atmosphere weighs between five and six quadrillion tons), and the first lunar landing will pollute it to the extent of increasing it by five per cent. Undoubtedly, most of the lunar atmosphere that the astronauts catch in their jar will be rocket fumes. The descent rocket may also contribute to contamination in a far more subtle and confusing fashion, however, for the sample that the astronauts will have to gather with the greatest care is one for a group of scientists called exobiologists, who will be looking for traces of life on the moon. Exobiology, the study of extraterrestrial life, is such a new science that, as one exobiologist recently put it, apologetically, it is the only science that is, as yet, without any subject matter. When there *is* some subject matter, the exobiologists want to make sure that it is the real thing, and not a transplant from earth. This could be difficult to determine, because fumes might form organic compounds that could confuse the search for organic materials there. The exobiologists are worried about the astronauts, too, whose ability to pollute the moon one might assume to be severely curtailed by their being inside twenty-eight layers of space suit. At the space center, a geologist said, "Space-suit leakage doesn't bother us geologists very much, but it makes the exobiologists go straight up and turn left." (This is a fairly common expression among men at the space center.) From their perch at the upper left, the exobiologists have insisted that they will not come down again until what they call the astronauts' microflora—bacteria and other organisms—have all been typed and catalogued for comparison later, lest a stray organism from an astronaut be erroneously identified as a lunar organism.

In order to avoid capturing one of their own microflora or gathering any of the other man-made contaminants on the surface of the moon, the astronauts will have to take the sample for the exobiologists from underground, and it must never be exposed to the surface of the moon or to anything else. They may wait until the second landing to gather it, though it is scheduled for the first. To get this sample, the astronauts will attach a small, square box to the end of a long extension handle. The purpose of the box, which is open at the bottom, is to shield its contents from any of the astronauts' more venturesome microflora. One of the astronauts puts the box on the

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ground, and then pushes down on the handle. Taking the aseptic sample is a little like taking a blood sample, for as he begins to push down, two metal scrapers inside the box push the topmost soil outward, much as a doctor might swab a patient's skin before injecting a needle. As the astronaut continues to push down, a square tube sinks into the ground, filling up with whatever the moon is made of. When the tube is full, the astronaut pulls up on the handle, and as he does so doors close across the bottom of the tube, sealing the sample inside. Then the astronaut shucks the box from the tube, which he discards as a doctor might throw away the protective part of a syringe, removes the extension handle, and finally tosses the tube into the rock box.

THE possibility that there is life on the moon has tantalized men at least since the second century, when Lucian populated it with various mythological creatures in his "True History." More recently, in "The First Men in the Moon," Mr. Cavor, who was an eccentric scientist, saw "over the enormous disorder of rocks that formed the crater floor . . . the bristling scrub that . . . was starting into life, diversified here and there by bulging masses of cactus form, and scarlet and purple lichens that grew so fast they seemed to crawl over the rocks." NASA exobiologists don't expect anything as lush as this. In fact, the chances that there will be any form of life on the surface of the moon are very slim. There is not known to be any water on the moon, and there is an entirely inadequate atmosphere, a four-hundred-and-eighty-degree range in temperature, and ultraviolet light from the sun in quantities sufficient to kill any unprotected terrestrial organism. However, this antiseptic environment may alter considerably just a few inches underground. Not only may a few inches of lunar soil be a sufficient blanket against the temperatures and the ultraviolet light but many scientists, among them Dr. Urey, think that there may be water underground, and, given water, the chances for life just under the surface go up strongly. The type of life that the exobiologists will be looking for will not be anything like as complex as Wells' bristling scrub and cactus. The most they are hoping for is some form of micro-organism—probably no more than just a one-cell micro-organism. On earth, many of the different characteristics necessary for survival a few inches below the surface of

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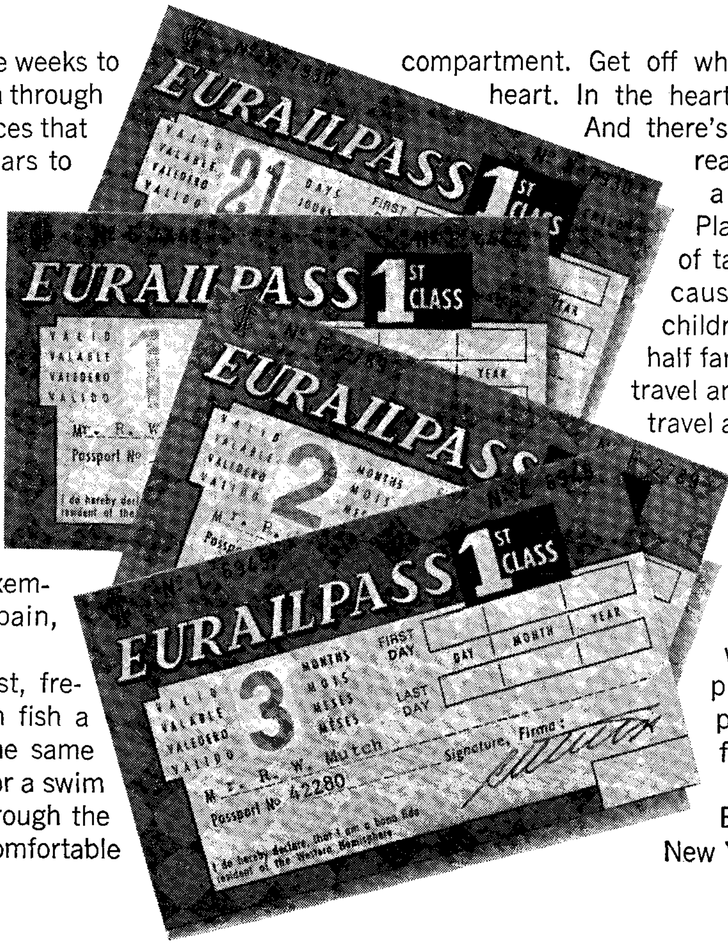
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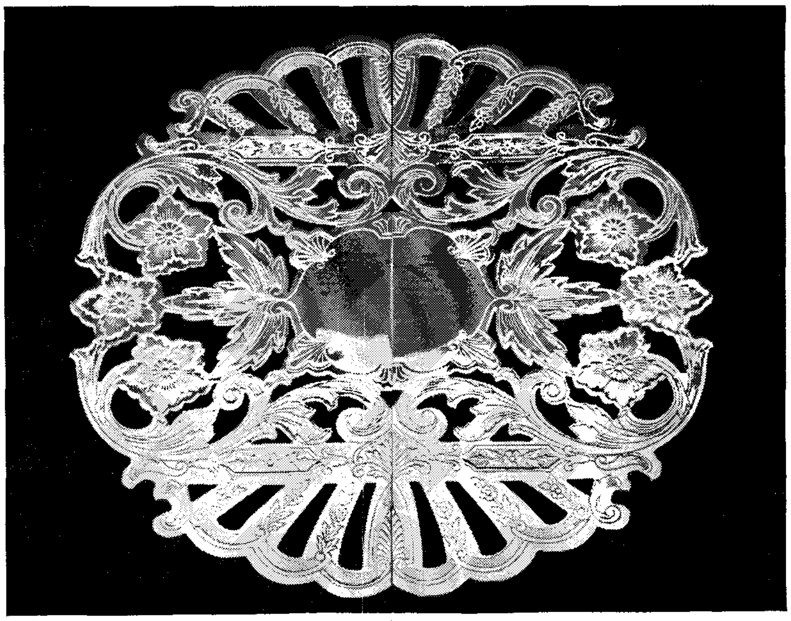
the moon are to be found in a number of different micro-organisms. (No single organism on earth has *all* the characteristics.) Like some fungi, a lunar micro-organism would have to be capable of getting along without light. Like an anaerobe, it would have to be able to do without air. Though no known organism combines these two characteristics, there is no reason that one might not be on the moon. If life exists anywhere in the subsoil of the moon, it may be that it will exist in the subsoil *everywhere*, or at least wherever there is water, for if lunar micro-organisms are anything like earthly ones they are adaptable and prolific. A sample of dirt taken from anywhere on earth, from the South Pole to the Sahara, will be crawling with microscopic forms of life. Therefore, if there is some underground life on the moon, the chances that the astronauts will catch some of it in the aseptic sample are not bad.

On the first trip to the moon, the astronauts will come home after they have collected their samples and, possibly, have laid out a few scientific instruments. (The astronauts making later trips will stay longer.) The man who will open the core sample when they get back will probably be Dr. Walter Kemmerer, a black-haired young scientist who got a medical degree from Baylor University in 1959 and is now chief of the Biomedical Specialties Branch at the M.S.C. Dr. Kemmerer says "aseptic sample" may be a misnomer, for he hopes that the sample will be teeming with mysterious forms of microscopic life. He hasn't the slightest reason to think either that it might be or that it might not be, even though he is probably the leading expert on the chances of finding life on the moon. His office is a bare-looking room in the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, which is at present the most exciting place to be at the M.S.C., since the basic assumption upon which it was built was not just that the astronauts are *going* to the moon but that they have come *back*. The L.R.L. is the building to which the astronauts, the spaceship, and the samples will be brought when the trip is over.

Not unnaturally, Dr. Kemmerer is unwilling to commit himself on the possibility that life exists on the moon, though quite clearly his job and the L.R.L. itself are predicated on the possibility that it does. Dr. Kemmerer hedges neatly, in words bristling with double negatives: "We cannot definitely say that life does *not* exist on the moon, and in consequence we must



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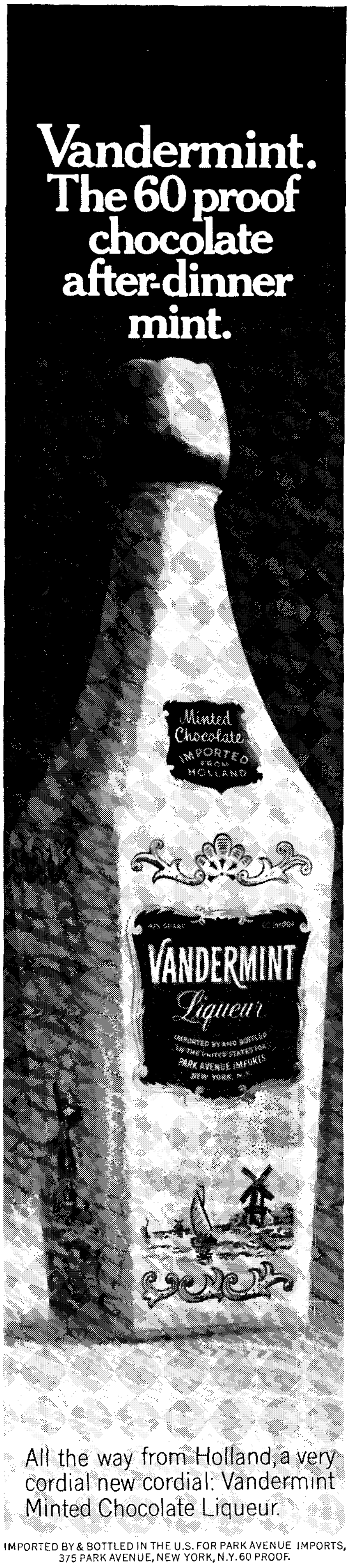
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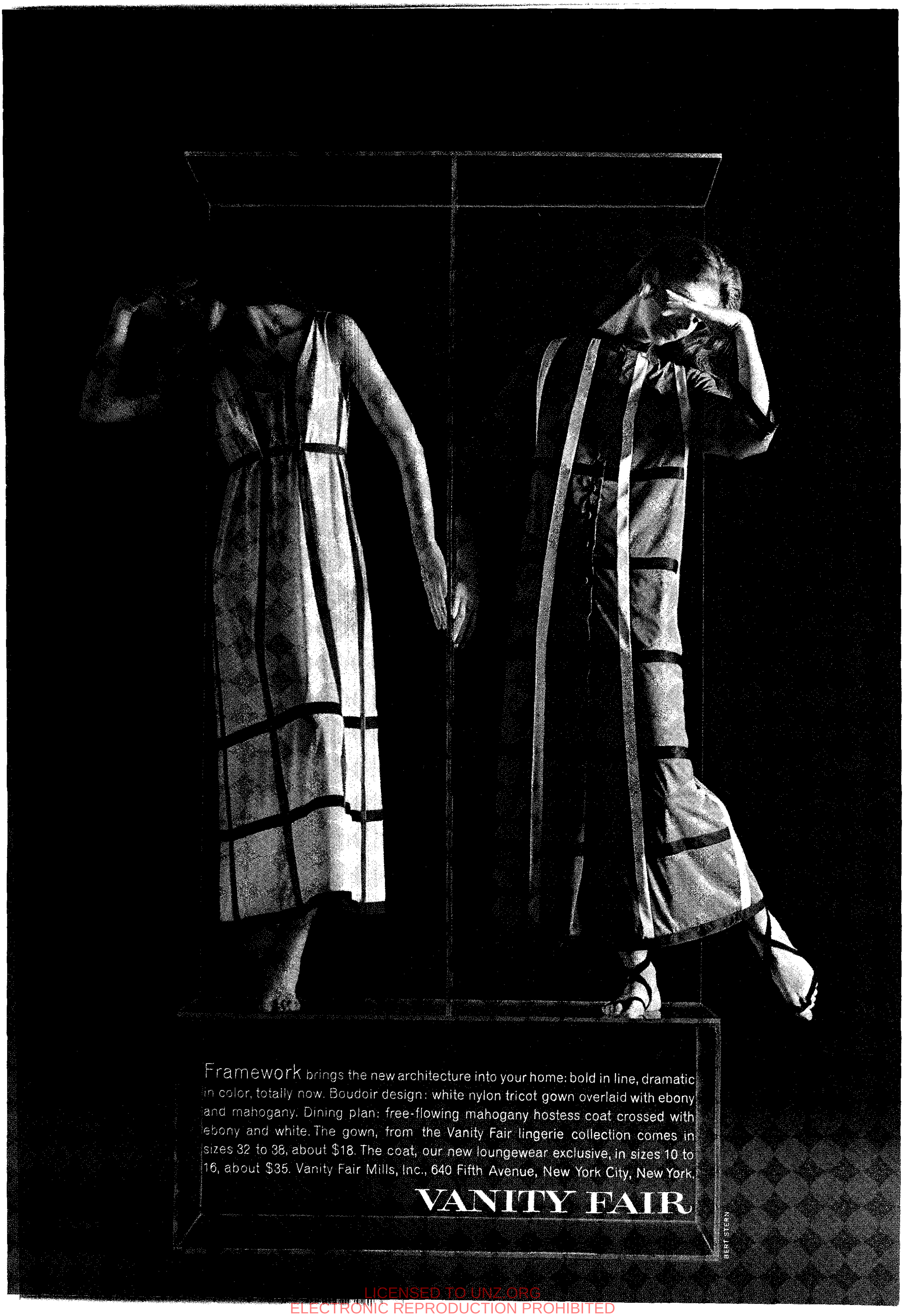
take precautions to insure that we would not subject life on earth to any deleterious effects from lunar material." The chance that this will happen is extraordinarily remote. However, once scientists admit the possibility that there are micro-organisms beneath the moon's surface, they must consider the possibility that on earth some of these might cause diseases of epidemic proportions, because life on earth would have built up no immunity to them. To cloak the embarrassment that such a possibility raises, exobiologists have invented a nice-sounding clinical term to cover the contingency that the earth will be endangered by lunar micro-organisms. The term is "back-contamination," and any exobiologist will go to extremes to escape having to talk about it. The chances that back-contamination will occur are at once exceedingly rare and dreadful to contemplate. Like much else that NASA has been concerned with, the question of whether we will all be back-contaminated out of existence by lunar germs was handed over to a committee—the Inter-Agency Committee, made up of subcommittees from the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Interior, the Public Health Service, the National Academy of Science, and NASA itself. The committee recommended the expenditure of ten million dollars on the L.R.L., where the spacecraft, the astronauts, and the samples will be examined and quarantined until Dr. Kemmerer and the Inter-Agency Committee give them a clean bill of health. Dr. Kemmerer, who appears to feel a constant need to justify the expenditure on the lab, although he himself regards it as an obvious precaution, explains, a little defensively, that the Inter-Agency Committee arrived at the sum of ten million to be spent to guard against global catastrophe by a process similar to the formula that insurance companies use in computing premiums for fire or accident policies. The formula, which could be used to compile a sort of actuarial table for the world, is $Pe \times V = SV$, in which the Pe is the chance that there will be pernicious organisms on the moon; V is the value of the property being insured, which in this case is what one NASA scientist has referred to casually as the entire biosphere; and SV is the summated value, which is the amount of insurance to be paid—in this case, the amount of money to be spent on the L.R.L. Dr. Kemmerer went on, "Pe, or the chance that dangerous organisms exist on the moon, is an almost infinitely small figure, but it isn't *quite* infinitely small, for it exists, and therefore could be expressed numerically. So could V, the value of the biosphere, which would be an enormously large figure. What the Inter-Agency Committee did to arrive at its conclusion was to multiply a very large figure by a very small one." (Congress, never known for its devotion to the biosphere, subsequently reduced the amount of money spent on the L.R.L. to $8,100,000.)

In the L.R.L., after the astronauts have returned, Dr. Kemmerer will first examine all the samples for signs of life; then he will expose the samples to a variety of terrestrial life gathered in his laboratory—like Noah's ark, a menagerie assembled for the protection of life on earth. Perhaps the most sensitive index to the existence of lunar germs will be the astronauts, who will have been exposed to the moon itself, and they will have a special place in Dr. Kemmerer's laboratory. The astronauts will be under quarantine for twenty-one days, during which time they will be treated as pariahs. The very air they exhale will be sterilized before it is allowed to pass back into the atmosphere. In their quarantine quarters, moreover, the air pressure will be kept at a lower level than that of the atmosphere outside, so that if there is a leak air will flow inward, not outward. A dozen other people will be quarantined with them, including two or three doctors, a cook, and probably a public-relations man. For twenty-one days, the astronauts may look out of a huge picture window, tinted brown against the Texas sun, at a particularly bleak section of the biosphere—an asphalt parking lot, which may make them think they are still on the moon. Just outside the window is a row of cactus-like plants, reminiscent of Wells. At a press conference recently, Dr. Kemmerer was questioned closely by a group of reporters about whether twenty-one days was a sufficient quarantine period. He explained that although not all infectious diseases were covered by the twenty-one-day period, all known diseases that caused epidemics were, and epidemics were what he was chiefly worried about. The conference went on:

QUESTION: How are you prepared to handle something completely new to you? Say you find something in the sample? What would you do then?

KEMMERER: Indeed, if— The [quaran-



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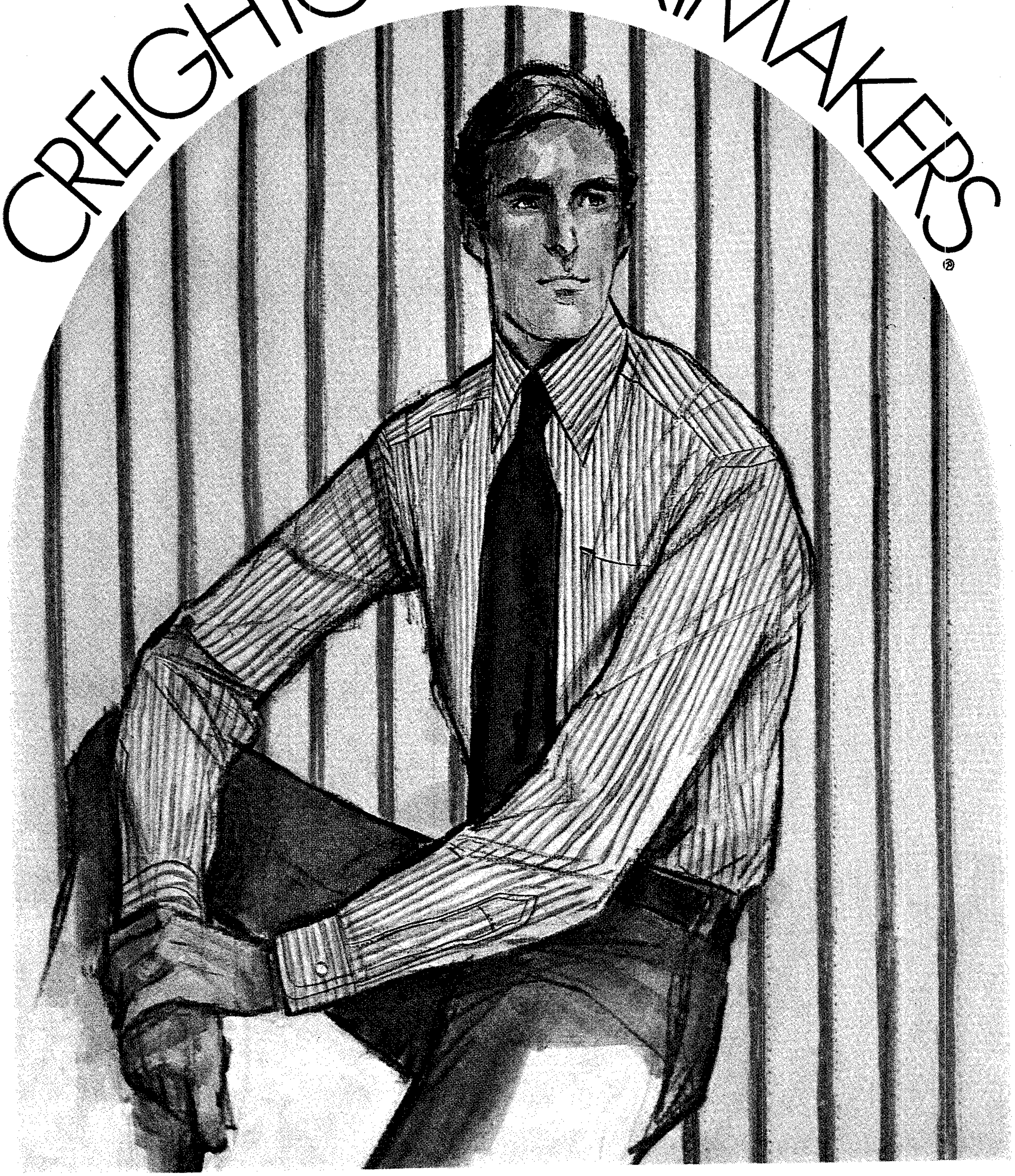

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tine] period is a first-cut, first evaluation period. If at this time we find replicating material that is not readily identifiable as terrestrial form—well, then we go into the second order of testing, which is now in its development, which would give us a better hack, a better indication of what we are dealing with. If, indeed, after these second order tests are completed, still others are indicated, using larger animals, and other forms of research—well, then there are laboratories that could support the effort from around the country. . . .

Question: What would be the procedure if . . . some type of organism was found in the sample either before the crew was released from the quarantine or after it?

Kemmerer: This depends upon what was found in the sample. Certainly . . . the crew had a very minimal exposure, they had been in a positive pressurized suit on the lunar surface. . . . So we feel this is a very minimal exposure, it's one that we must certainly take into consideration. . . .

The questions kept on coming.

WHEN the astronauts get back to the LM, they will be carrying approximately twenty-five pounds of rock and dust (weighing slightly over four pounds on the moon), including the core tube with Dr. Kemmerer's aseptic sample. They will seal the rock box, which will keep the lunar samples in a vacuum like the moon's until it is unpacked at the Lunar Receiving Laboratory. Using a rope-and-pulley system, which the first astronaut will have set up on his way down the ladder, they will hoist the rock box to the top of the descent stage of the LM. (The LM is in two parts: on top is the ascent stage, which is the spacecraft in which the astronauts will leave the moon, and below it is the descent stage, an octagonal platform, which will serve as a launching pad for their departure and will be left behind.) By hauling away on the rope from the ground, one of the astronauts will cause the box to bump eleven feet up the side of the LM's descent stage, until it disappears at last onto the platform. Next, the astronauts will set up something called the Early Apollo Scientific Experiments Payload. (It is "early" only in that it is to be deployed before the more complex Apollo Lunar Surface Experiments Package, which may be set up, at least in part, during the second Apollo landing; because no one is certain how strenuous working on the moon will be, the doctors at the M.S.C. want to see how the astronauts do with the simpler package first.) The early experiments will be made with three relatively simple scientific instruments: a seismometer; a mirror, which as-

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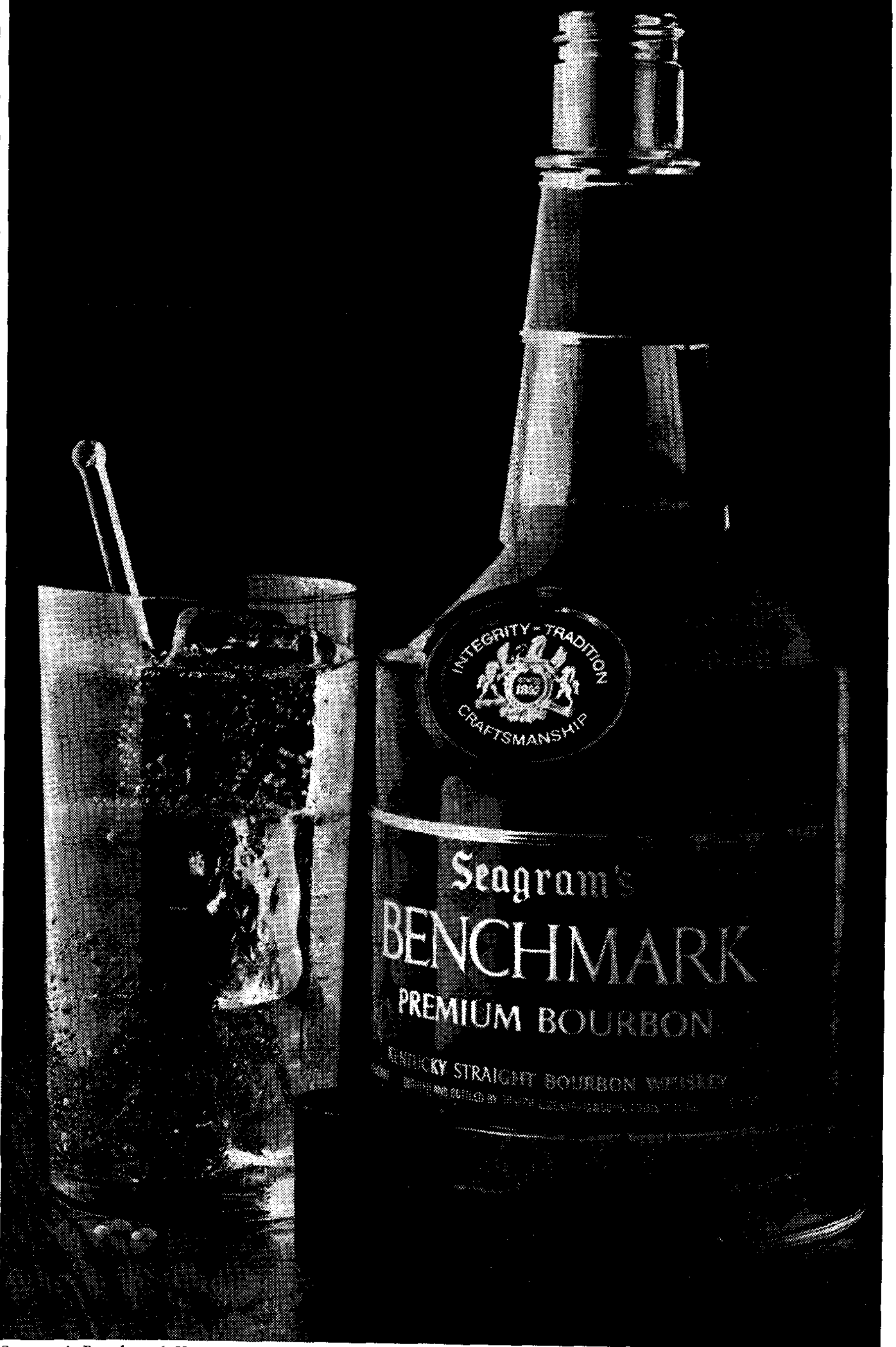
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tronomers on earth will bounce a laser beam from in order to measure the distance of the moon from the earth, which a laser can do with an accuracy of a few feet; and a large sheet of aluminum foil, which the astronauts will unfold on the *mare* and later fold up again and bring back to earth—teeming, presumably, with particles of neon, argon, and helium, which are components of the solar wind, a stream of atoms and particles that is always radiating away from the sun. Finally, if there is still time, one or both astronauts may go for a short walk (no more than a few hundred feet) to pick up more samples. After that, they will head home.

The later trips will be much like the first, except that more time will be spent setting up scientific instruments, and still more time than that will be devoted to the geological field trip, during a second three-hour excursion outside the LM. The second planned lunar landing, Apollo 12, may come next October. During this landing and subsequent ones, the astronauts will start off much as they did on the first trip; that is to say, they will gather contingency and preliminary samples, because each landing will presumably be made at a different place, and the scientists will be eager to compare samples from various parts of the moon. Then, in the hour or so remaining to them in their first period of extra-vehicular activity, or E.V.A., they will go on to deploy the ALSEP—the Apollo Lunar Surface Experiments Package.

Most of the ALSEP experiments are designed to look below the surface and into the interior of the moon. At a NASA conference held at Falmouth, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1965, where the type of scientific research that the astronauts would be asked to do was discussed, the scientists present agreed that since a fair amount would be known about the moon's surface from the Surveyor and Orbiter flights, the most constructive contribution that Apollo 12 could make would be to study the moon's interior. One of the main reasons for doing this is that if the structure of the moon proves to be similar to the earth's—that is, to have a core, a mantle, and a crust—then geologists may be able to learn a good deal about the structure of the earth, for the moon is so much smaller than the earth that the geologists' instruments can peer farther inside. This type of study is often called comparative planetology, and, indeed, more and

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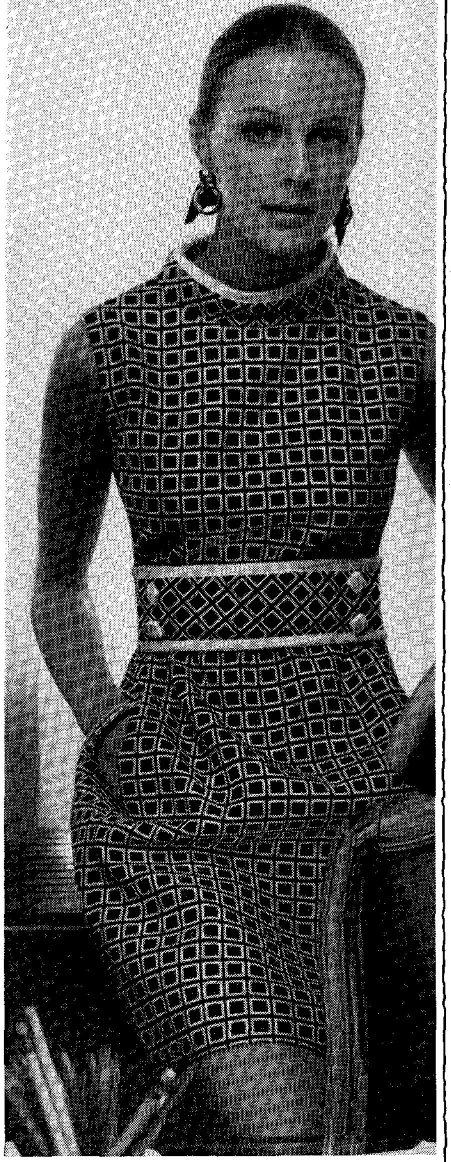

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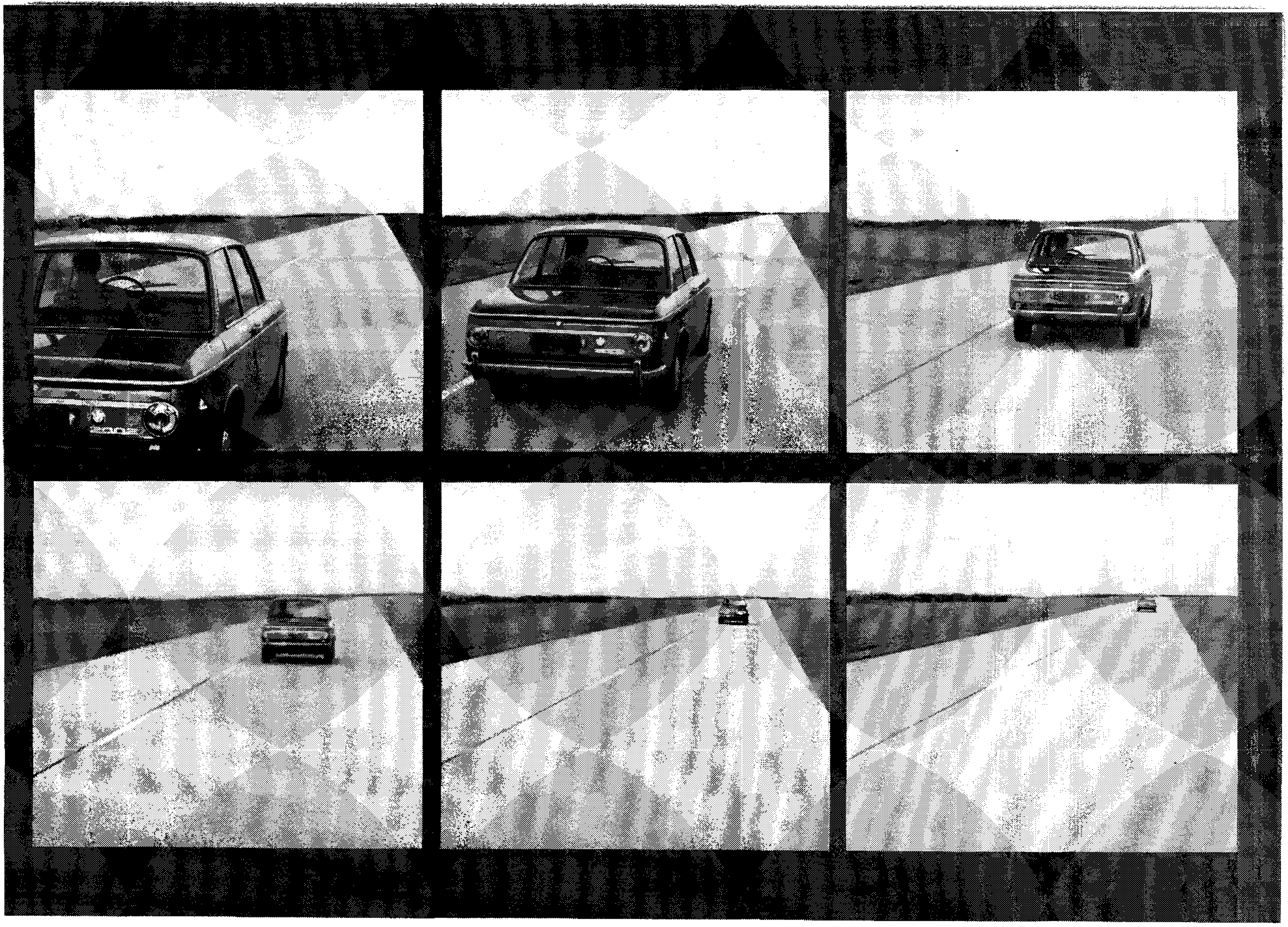
more astronomers are coming to look upon the moon less as a satellite than as a twin planet of the earth's, the earth and the moon constituting a dual planetary system. And the moon may once have *been* a planet, revolving independently around the sun. Certainly the moon is larger in relation to the earth than any other known moon is in relation to its planet. Since the moon may be a planet, the measurements to be made there are the same ones geologists and physicists have for years been making on the planet earth. NASA scientists think of the ALSEP as a complete, though very simple, unmanned scientific station of a type that the United States Geological Survey might operate here. The first ALSEP will include a passive seismic experiment, to measure moonquakes; a gauge to measure the particles of the solar wind; a magnetometer, to measure the moon's magnetic field, if any; and a machine to measure what is thought to be an ionosphere encircling the moon near the ground. Later ALSEPs will contain different experiments, including one to measure the flow of heat from the center of the moon. In each of the ALSEPs, there is, in addition to the measuring instruments, a central station to transmit the data from the experiments to earth, and a small power generator, with radioactive fuel, to keep the experiments working and the central station transmitting data for at least a year. Although the experiments are as simple and solid as they can be, deploying the ALSEP is the most intricate single chore that the astronauts will have to perform while they are on the moon, and the human-factors men have been having a field day with it.

At Ann Arbor, Michigan, where the Aerospace Systems Division of the Bendix Corporation has its headquarters, a human-factors engineer, working alone, set up the ALSEP in exactly forty-six minutes and three seconds. He says that on the moon it will take the two astronauts quite a bit longer than that. First, the astronauts will walk around to the rear of the LM, where the ALSEP is stowed in the Scientific Equipment Bay, an outside compartment behind one of the eight panels that make up the octagonal descent stage. The panel, like that on the compartment the rock boxes were stored in, opens the way some garage doors do, the doors folding together in sections horizontally, then upward, and, finally, back into the top of the compartment. Inside are what look like two white drawers, side by side, with a handle set into the front of each; the drawers are the two subpackages, as the engineers call them, that make up the ALSEP. Probably the astronauts will pull the two subpackages out by their handles and put them on the ground; however, if the LM is tilted, the handles may be out of reach of the astronauts, since they cannot raise their hands above their heads. In that event, one of the astronauts will take hold of one end of a rope inside the compartment. When he walks away from the compartment, the rope will raise a small, cranelike boom; next, as he keeps walking away, the subpackages are lifted out; and then, when he walks toward the LM again, they are lowered gently to the ground. The human-factors engineers are particularly proud of this arrangement. Together, the two cases weigh upward of two hundred pounds, or about thirty-four pounds on the moon. In Subpackage No. 1 are three of the experiments and the central station; the fourth experiment is in Subpackage No. 2, along with the small generator.

The fuel for the ALSEP's generator is a radioactive isotope that, because its temperature is fourteen hundred degrees, has to make the trip to the moon in a small metal bottle attached to the outside of the LM. The bottle—or fuel cask, as it is called—is attached by struts to the descent stage, adjacent to the compartment the ALSEP is in, and is painted black and bronze, like the descent stage itself. Because the fabric that the space suits are made of melts at a temperature considerably lower than the exterior temperature of the fuel cask—eight hundred degrees, in the sun—the astronauts have been quite concerned about the possibility of their inadvertently bumping into the cask, and Lind has been giving the human-factors engineers something of a hard time about this possibility. As a result, part of the door into the ALSEP compartment will open sidewise, instead of upward, so that it will become a shield to one side of the cask. However, Lind pointed out that the astronauts could still bump into the cask from straight ahead or from the other side, so the human-factors engineers came up with the idea of struts, to be put around the cask much like a picture frame and hold it in place; they are made of a metal that will not get too hot. One gets the impression sometimes that the entire space industry hangs on every word the astronauts utter. "We get a lot of astronaut feed-



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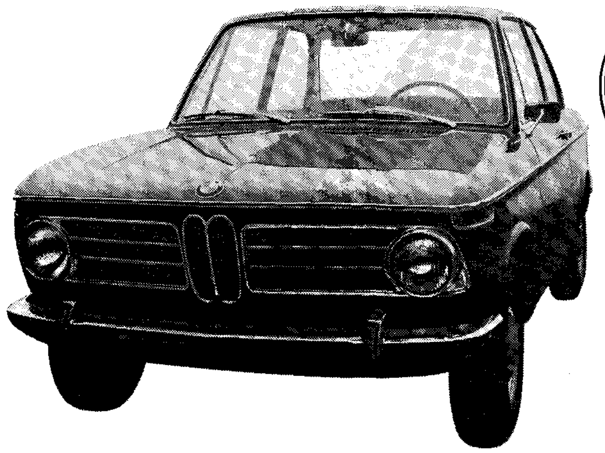

back, and we listen to what they have to say," one human-factors engineer said recently. "We find them very serious people. If you're not involved with them, you might think they were a little picky. But they're the ones that are going on this trip. So we listen to them. Every time Lind or any other astronaut opens his mouth, the entire space industry turns flip-flops."

The entire industry has been turning flip-flops trying to insure that the astronauts get the hot fuel out of the cask and into the ALSEP's generator without damaging their suits. Lind says that transferring the fuel is the most dangerous job the astronauts will have to do on the moon, short of taking off and landing. The job will be particularly dangerous on the moon, because heat travels freely through a vacuum. One astronaut will do the job alone, using two long-handled tools—one to remove a domelike lid on top of the cask, and the other to lift out the hot fuel, which is a task that Lind feels will be like feeding a lion with a teaspoon. Transferring the fuel is a complicated operation. At the Bendix Corporation, the human-factors engineer who did the time-and-motion study for laying out the ALSEP loaded the fuel into the generator and then produced a timetable for the astronauts' benefit. It contains such items as "remove Dome Removal Tool (DRT)," which takes five seconds; "Mate DRT with dome-locking mechanism," which takes ten; "Press inward on DRT and rotate dome-locking mechanism 90° counterclockwise," which takes five seconds; "Remove Fuel Transfer Tool (FTT)," which takes ten seconds; "Engage FTT fingers in fuel capsule head by rotating knob clockwise," which takes fifteen seconds; "Lower fuel capsule into Radio-isotope Thermoelectric Generator," which takes five seconds; and, finally, "Discard FTT," which takes five seconds. Despite the schedule, the astronauts have a pretty good idea of what they will be doing, and so are not likely to be confused. Nevertheless, setting up the ALSEP is hardly likely to constitute one of the joys of being on the moon.

The astronauts, possibly in a ruffled frame of mind, will next carry the ALSEP, in its two subpackages, a hundred yards from the LM, where the experiments, after they are set up, will be out of range of the blast of the LM's takeoff rocket. The human-factors engineers, who have been no less idle in the matter of transporting the ALSEP than they were in the matter of transferring the fuel, have come up

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1. In Galicia (Northwestern Spain) they play (a) the guitar, (b) the castanets, (c) the bagpipes.
2. The highest village in Europe is in (a) Austria, (b) Spain, (c) Switzerland.
3. There is first-class skiing (a) 500 miles from Madrid, (b) 200 miles, (c) 40 miles.
4. A three-bedroom suite with XVIII century brocaded baldachins on the beds, two bathrooms, XV century walls, and antique furniture in one of Spain's finest hotels costs (a) $50 per person, (b) $35, (c) $10.
5. Which of these pastimes is the most popular in Spain? (a) jai alai, (b) football, (c) bullfighting.
6. How many of these films were shot in Spain? (a) Lawrence of Arabia, (b) El Cid, (c) Camelot, (d) Doctor Zhivago.
7. Of these four airlines, which is the oldest? (a) BEA, (b) Pan-Am, (c) Iberia, (d) Swissair.
8. Which of the following is the most important Spanish export? (a) lemons, (b) olives, (c) ships, (d) wine.
9. Of these three dishes, which is the most popular in Spain? (a) roast lamb, (b) paella, (c) stuffed pimentos.
10. The best time to visit Spain is (a) spring, (b) summer, (c) autumn, (d) winter.

Answers:
1. The bagpipes. 2. Spain (Trevelez, in the province of Granada, is 5,100 feet above sea level). 3. 40 miles. 4. $10. 5. Football. 6. All four. Spain is the film capital of the world. 7. Iberia. 8. Ships. 9. Roast lamb. 10. Any time is the right time to enjoy the surprises of Spain.

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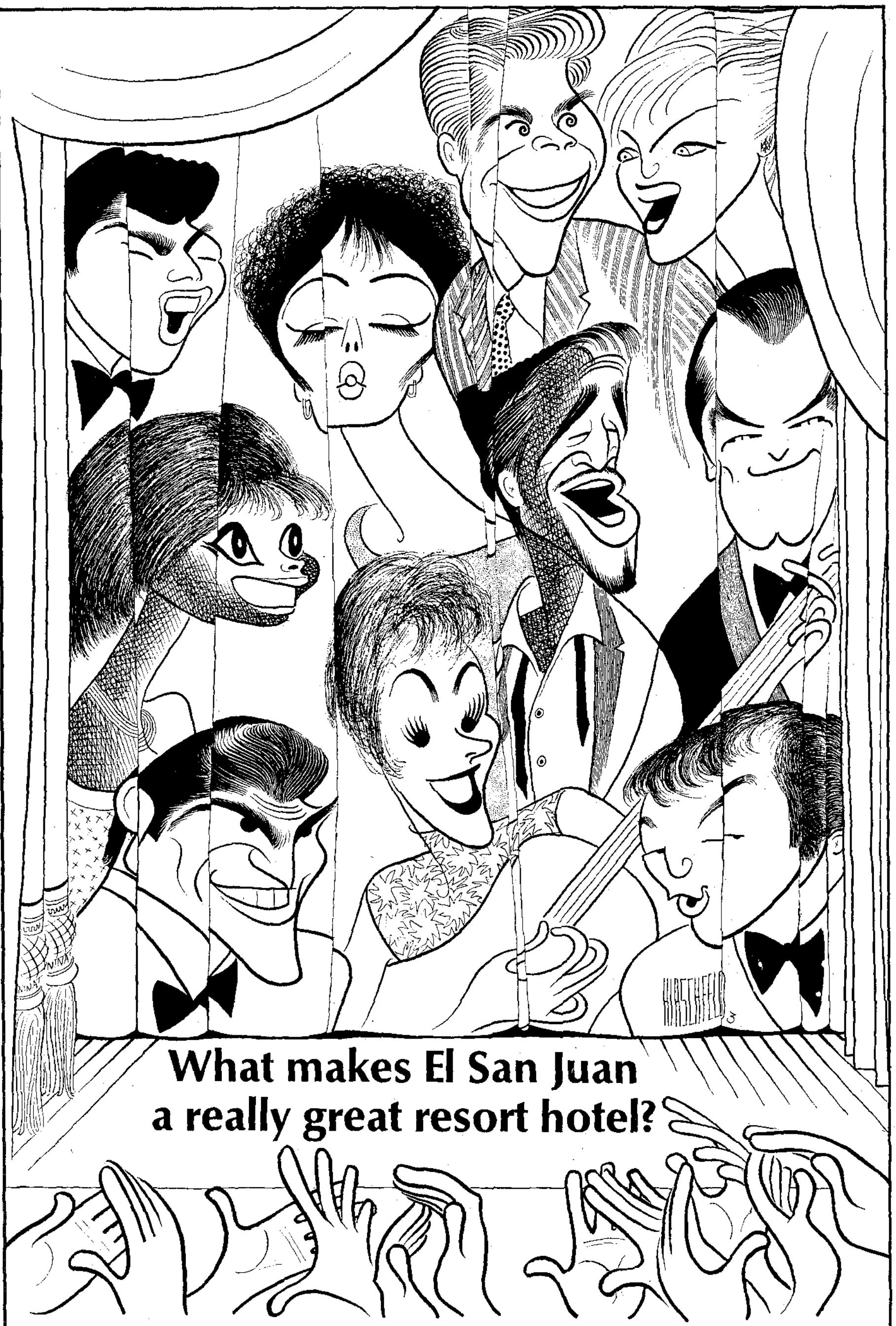
with a means of transportation they call the Barbell Carry Mode. The Barbell Carry Mode was settled on after every conceivable way of carrying two heavy packages had been looked into. The most obvious method—carrying the two packages by their handles, like suitcases—was discarded almost at once, because the packages (twenty-six inches long, twenty-four inches wide, and eighteen inches high) are too clumsy for that. Other traditional methods—that is, *modes*—of carrying two objects that were considered and discarded were hauling them on a sledge and dragging them on a travois, a primitive arrangement used by Apache Indians and consisting of two poles trailing from the shoulders with a platform slung between them. (The travois was discarded because it might run afoul of the astronaut's backpack, among other reasons.) At length, it was decided to secure the two packages to either end of a sturdy pole, so that one astronaut could carry the ALSEP at waist level, like a barbell. (The pole later converts into a radio mast for communications between the ALSEP and earth.) The barbell method, in the opinion of the human-factors engineers, has many advantages. For one, Subpackage No. 1 is heavier than Subpackage No. 2, and the astronaut can balance the load easily by positioning his hands a little closer to the heavier end of the barbell. For another, the astronaut will be able to see his feet—a prime human-factors requirement for men on the moon, lest they stumble on a rock. According to the Bendix timetable, it will take nine minutes and forty-five seconds for the astronauts to walk the one hundred yards to the site.

These may be the most strenuous nine minutes and forty-five seconds of the entire stay on the moon, at least for the astronaut saddled with the barbell. Given the extra effort it takes to move around in a space suit anyway, the astronaut with the barbell may find himself beginning to perspire. Schmitt says that the inside of a space suit can get a little like a small gymnasium during a big game. A Gemini astronaut worked up such a lather while he was floating in space outside a capsule that his helmet fogged over, temporarily blinding him. As the astronaut progresses slowly across the dark-gray *mare*, balancing his load in front of him, he may hear a small voice in his ear suggesting that he slow down and take it easy for a while. This amiable advice will come from a doctor in the Mission Control Center at the M.S.C. who is monitoring the astronaut's heartbeat, there being a direct correlation between



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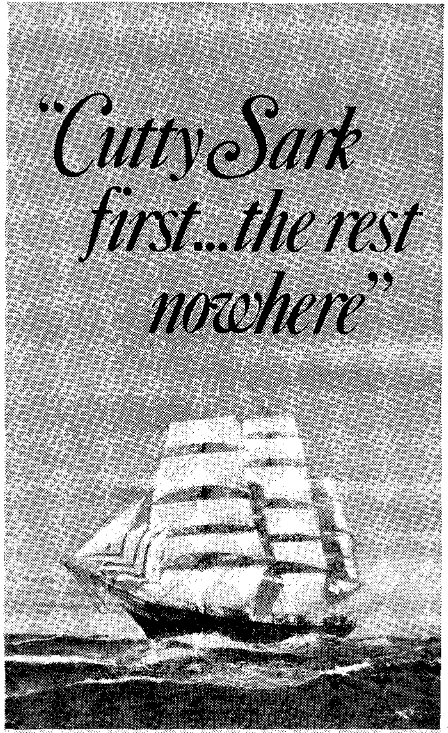
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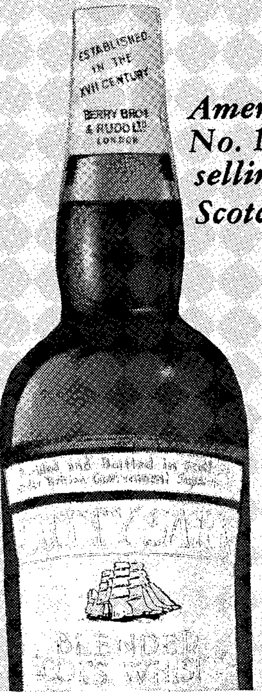

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the astronaut's pulse and his metabolic rate—the rate at which he puts out heat. Inside his space suit, the astronaut has a number of sensors that report on the state of his health, in much the same way that the instruments in the ALSEP will report on the processes that go on inside the moon. Back at the M.S.C., a team of experts—made up of engineers who know about the life-support system, physiologists who know about the functioning of the body, and even ordinary physicians—will be monitoring such things as the astronaut's respiration and pulse; they will be reporting on his condition to the flight surgeon, who from time to time may tell the astronaut to slow down. The doctors' biggest concern is that the astronaut's ability to generate heat can at times exceed the ability of the water-filled Tygon tubing threading the suit to take the heat away. Though the heartbeat is a fairly good index of metabolic rate and of the body's capacity to generate heat, it isn't infallible, for sometimes thoughts or emotions can send a man's pulse soaring. At one point during Colonel Aldrin's Gemini 12 flight, his pulse shot up dangerously and stayed up for two minutes, creating confusion and alarm among the doctors at the Mission Control Center; then they discovered that during those two minutes Aldrin, evidently a sentimental and patriotic soul, was reading an unauthorized Veterans Day message to the ground, and was a bit nervous about NASA's reaction.

The Apollo astronauts won't be reading any Veterans Day messages from the moon. Inside the two packages the astronaut is carrying, the ALSEP experiments, the generator, and the central station will be fitted together as tidily as the pans, cups, and knives in the cooking kit of a more earthly explorer. When the astronaut has set the ALSEP down on a suitably craterless and rockless area—the kind of even terrain an explorer would pitch his tent on—he and his partner will start to work unpacking the experiments. Almost all the equipment is a milky white, in order to reflect the sun's heat. First, they unpack the radio-isotope thermoelectric generator from Subpackage No. 2. This generator, which the astronauts, like everyone else who has to talk about it, call the RTG, is a cylindrical can with long metal fins radiating from it. When they have put down the RTG, which by now is almost as hot as the fuel inside it, the astronauts move the two subpackages ten feet farther on, so that they won't have to risk going near the RTG again. The only item left in Subpackage No. 2 is the magnetometer, which looks very much like a folded campstool. Next, the astronauts start to work on Subpackage No. 1, which has a good deal more in it, and which looks like a Coleman stove with three oddly shaped pots on top of it. The Coleman stove is the central station, and the three pots are the passive seismic experiment, the solar-wind experiment, and the suprathermal-ion-detector. The top of the stove is a collapsible sun shield, which has been folded down for the trip. Because the experiments are bolted to it, the astronauts will have to remove them and set them up before they can get around to setting up the central station itself. To set up the central station, they will first have to put the sun shield in place. They will do this by lifting it up on four collapsible legs. As the shield lifts, the central station will turn into a sort of pup tent, for a curtain unfolds to fill the area between the sun shield and the central station. Finally, they will place the antenna on its mast, which they were using as a carrying pole, making sure that it is aimed at the blue earth high overhead.

The human-factors engineers turned some more flip-flops in figuring out how to unfasten the experiments, carry them to their appointed place, and set them up. Every movement in deploying the ALSEP has to be made close to the ground, and since the astronauts can't bend over, this presents a problem. The human-factors engineers solved the problem by inventing a tool called the universal handling tool, which is perhaps the only strictly new tool designed for use on the moon, all the other equipment having some resemblance to objects used on earth. The tool, which is white, like the rest of the ALSEP, looks like a long, slender crank. It is L-shaped, with a shank twenty-six inches long and a handle, at right angles, six inches long. Although the tool is quite simple, it took the engineers two years to develop it, the tool taking first one form and then another, and each form being thought for a while to constitute the final version. Nearly all the Apollo equipment has undergone a similarly slow, careful evolution, because nearly all of it, though it wasn't being invented from scratch, at least had to be adapted to specialized use on the moon—a circumstance that goes a long way to explain why the Apollo Project is so expensive.

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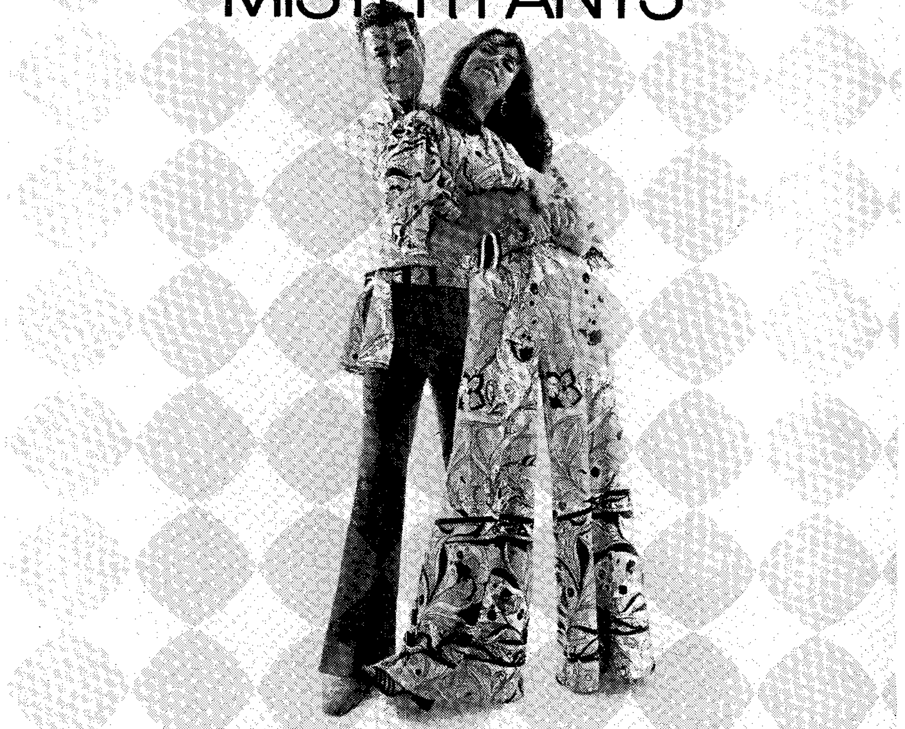

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handling tool was assigned to some engineers at the Bendix Corporation's Aerospace Systems Division, at Ann Arbor. One of them was Mr. Angelo J. Micocci, chief of the crew engineering group, who is a stocky, black-haired man in his early forties. Though a thorough, meticulous worker, the way all human-factors engineers are, Mr. Micocci is nonetheless staggered by the amount of work that went into the tool. The universal handling tool started out as two separate tools—one a sort of screwdriver, for unfastening the experiments, and the other a lifter, for picking up the experiments and carrying them. In planning the tool for unfastening the experiments, Mr. Micocci and his associates first had to look over designs for equipment on the market—equipment produced by over fifty companies. None of them would do. The Bendix engineers at last developed a sort of enlarged screwdriver, which went through several different phases of production and was almost "finalized," Mr. Micocci says, when NASA "gave it the buy-off"—that is, bought it but didn't use it. NASA felt it was harder for an astronaut to fit the tool onto the screws on the ALSEP than it ought to be. In a space suit, a man cannot twist his wrist very much, so it is difficult for him to place a screwdriver on a screw unless he is standing in exactly the right position. Back at the drawing board, Mr. Micocci and his colleagues came up with a nut-and-bolt arrangement that, because the nuts and bolts have twelve sides, can be unfastened from a great many more angles. The bolts—they are called Boyd bolts, and there are to be a total of thirty-one of them on the experiments—have to fasten the experiments down with five hundred pounds' pressure to withstand the jolt of the takeoff from Cape Kennedy, yet they have to be loosened with a minimum of turning to make things easier for the astronauts. At first, the bolts took just three-quarters of a turn to release, and Mr. Micocci and his colleagues thought that that would be acceptable to NASA. It wasn't. A man in a space suit can twist a wrench only about *one*-quarter of a turn before he has to shift his grip. At that rate, the astronaut on the moon would have to shift his grip twice in removing each Boyd bolt, and this would mean that he risked letting the tool slip through his thick-gloved hands on each of two shifts. If the tool should drop to the ground, it would be hard to pick up again, for the astronauts have no tool designed to pick up a dropped universal handling tool. The

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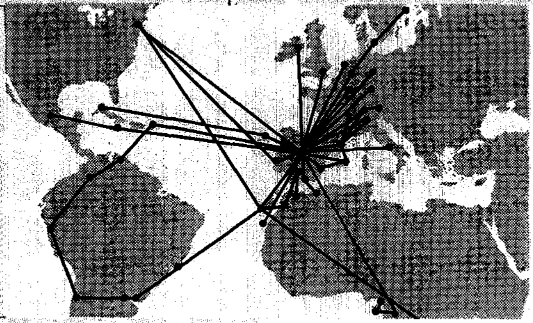

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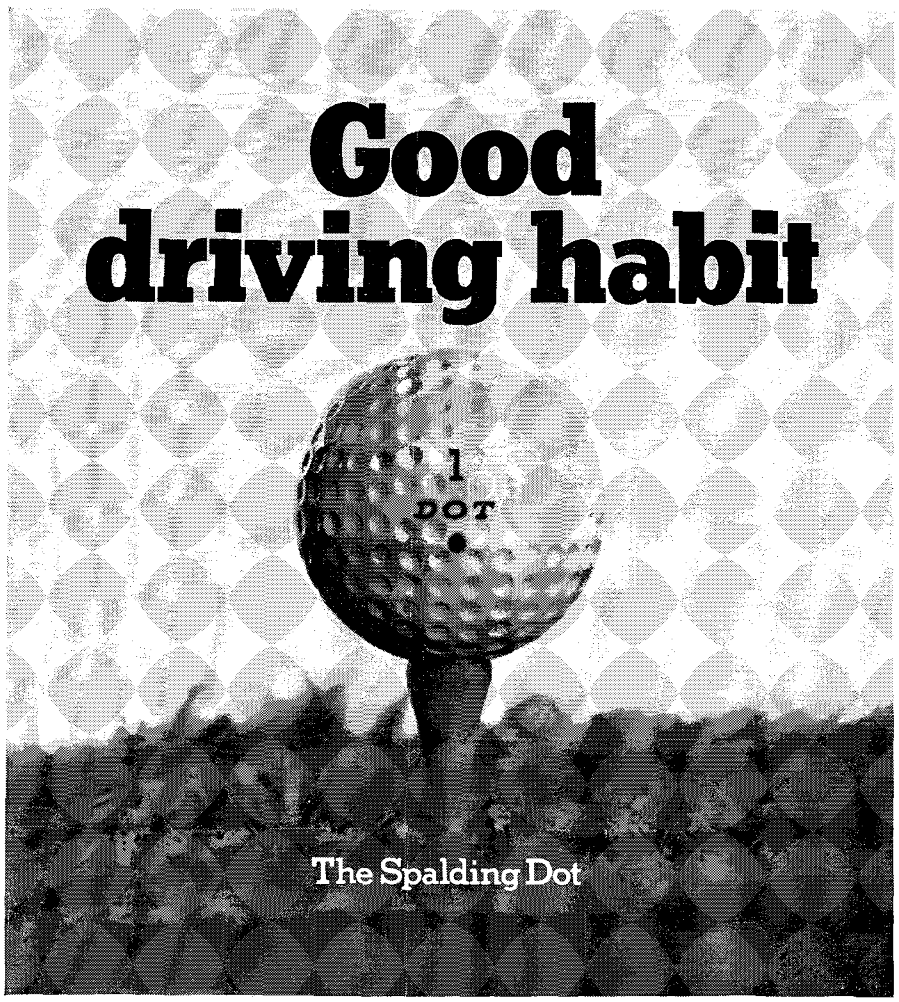

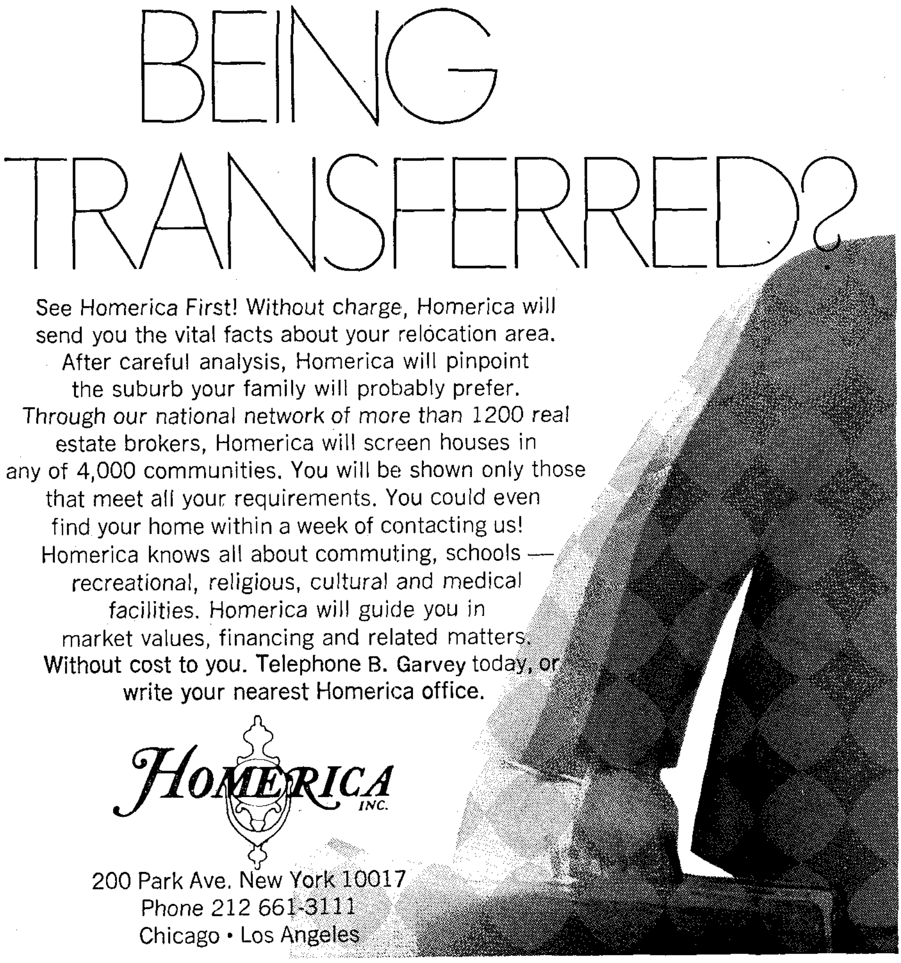
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unfastening system that the Bendix engineers finally came up with, and that NASA bought, can be undone with one-fifth of a turn.

While all this was going on, the tool for lifting and carrying the experiments was undergoing a similar metamorphosis. The carrying tool has something in common with an old-fashioned stove-lid handle, though it works in an entirely different way. The shank of the tool sticks into a hole on the top of the experiment to be carried, and then some metal balls on the shank slip neatly under the lip inside the hole, so the astronaut can lift the experiment by the tool. The balls are locked in place or released—and the shank slips in and out of the hole in the experiment—when the astronaut pulls a trigger on the handle with his index finger. Even the design for the trigger took an enormous amount of fiddling. Until very recently, the designers wanted to use a button. A trigger, which they had discarded earlier, would be hard for the astronaut to pull, because the palms of the space suit's hands have solid metal plates in them. This is to prevent the hands from ballooning out from the pressure inside the suit every time the astronaut moves his fingers, for the palms are unstable joints, like the shoulders; the metal plates act like the battens that prevent sails from billowing. With the metal plate in the middle of the astronaut's palm, the designers felt that he would have a hard time moving his fingers or doing much in the way of pulling triggers, and hence the trigger was dropped in favor of the button, which the astronaut would press by a sort of rolling motion with his thumb. Because of the rolling motion, which meant that the button had to be offset from the handle, the button mechanism turned out to be too bulky to satisfy another group of engineers, whose job it is to figure out how to pack all the equipment into the LM, and so when the space-suit designers came up with a better design, which made the astronaut's hands more agile—they made the metal plate a different shape—the hand-tool engineers reverted to the trigger. They had actually preferred the trigger all along, because an astronaut can exert more pressure on it.

The trigger pulls like a pistol's, moving about three-eighths of an inch. The trigger wasn't the only part of the hand tools that was affected by changes in the design of the space suit. The shank of each of the tools, for instance, caused Mr. Micocci as much trouble as any other part, for every

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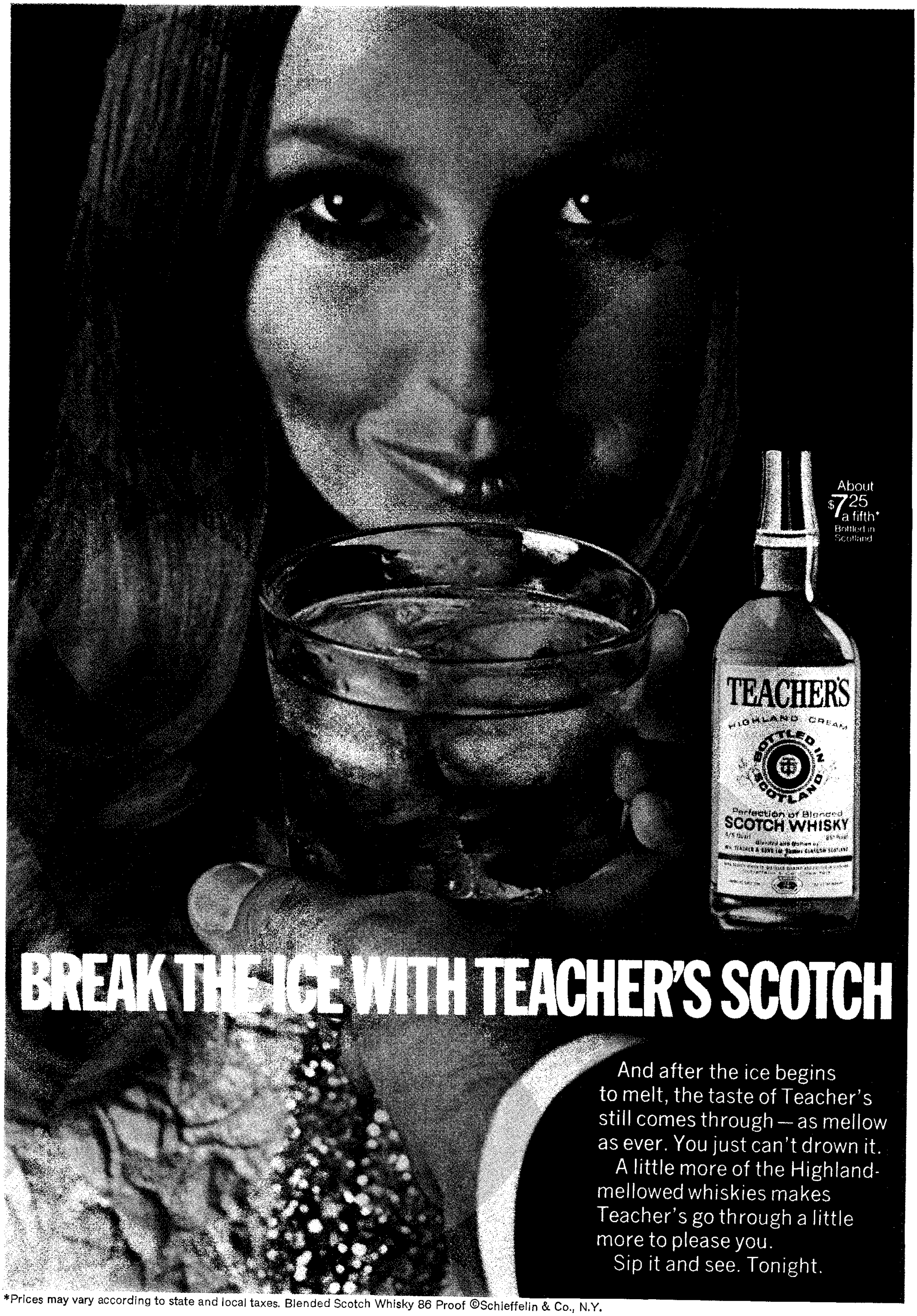
time he thought the tools were more or less in final form word would come from NASA that the shank had to be a little longer. This was because the designers of the space suit kept making the backpack bigger, and with each increase in the backpack the astronaut could lean over less and, consequently, would need longer tools to reach the ground. The tools, which started out being four inches long, grew first to eight inches, then to sixteen inches, then to twenty-two inches, and, finally, to twenty-six inches. Then, when the two separate tools really did seem to be more or less in their final form, NASA demanded that they be combined into one. "We came up with the universal handling tool," Mr. Micocci says, a little wearily. The most wearisome part of the whole project was the amount of paperwork involved, for every change involved numerous meetings between Bendix and NASA, an outfit that believes that safety lies in numbers of committee meetings. Mr. Micocci feels the effort was worth it. "We don't want to leave anything to chance," he says. "We want to iron out all the wrinkles before the astronauts get to the moon."

POSSIBLY unaware of the number of wrinkles that have been worked out of the universal handling tool, one of the astronauts will apply it to the Boyd bolts, and, after a number of brisk one-fifth turns, will be ready to begin setting up the experiments. He will have to brace himself better than he would on earth, his feet far apart and perhaps slightly dug into the gritty black *mare*, because, in the low gravity, untwisting the bolts would tend to spin the astronaut in the other direction—another reason he will be glad the bolts require only a fifth of a turn. Though the order in which the experiments are to be set up varies from one NASA meeting to another, the first one could be the passive seismic experiment, which will be recording moonquakes. It is fastened to the sun shield by four bolts. One of the astronauts will carry it, impaled on the universal handling tool, ten feet to the east of the central station, and will make sure that it is at least fifteen feet away from the RTG, because the heat of the radioactive fuel could interfere with the measurements that the experiment will be making. As the astronaut walks along, an electrical cord attaching the experiment to the central station will unreel behind him. He or the other astronaut will already have carried a small stool, which he will drop on the ground for the experiment to sit on. The stool is simply a metal ring on three legs. The experiment is a can fifteen inches high and eleven inches in diameter, its bottom rounded so that it fits into the stand much as an ancient amphora would fit on its stand. The rounded bottom will make it easier for the astronaut to swivel the experiment into exactly the right position. There are four metal tabs at the base of the experiment, and he will push against these with the handling tool in order to get the experiment perfectly level.

He can tell when the experiment is level by looking at a steel ball rolling around in a small dish set into the middle of its top. The ball in the dish is a more practical level on the moon than a carpenter's bubble in a glass, for in the low gravity an ordinary carpenter's level might blow up. Not only does the experiment have to be level but it also has to be directed toward the east. Around the top of the experiment is a numbered dial, and the astronaut has to nudge the experiment so that the "90" on the dial is pointing toward the sun. Then he has to radio back to Houston the points on the dial where a shadow cast by a bump on top of the experiment (the bump made by the levelling gauge) falls, so that the scientists back at Houston can figure out *exactly* how the experiment is set. The dial is coated with a luminous orange paint called International Orange, a psychedelic color that is glaringly visible against the milky-white experiment. Mr. Micocci, to leave absolutely nothing to chance, had to make sure that it would be equally visible on the moon. Accordingly, the experiment, dabbed with the orange paint, was put into a dark chamber simulating the moon—the walls were covered with a black honeycomb material to prevent any scattering of light, and the floor was covered with a moonlike mixture of dark-gray sand and gravel. Even so, the paint leaped out as eye-catchingly as it would from a Times Square billboard.

Next, the astronauts have to spread on the ground around the experiment a circular tarpaulin made of a plastic called Mylar. When Mylar is combined with aluminum, it is a tough, crinkly material, much like Reynolds Wrap, and it is used not only for the experiment but also as insulation in the spacecraft. (In approving materials for Apollo flights, NASA has to bear in mind so many factors, such as weight,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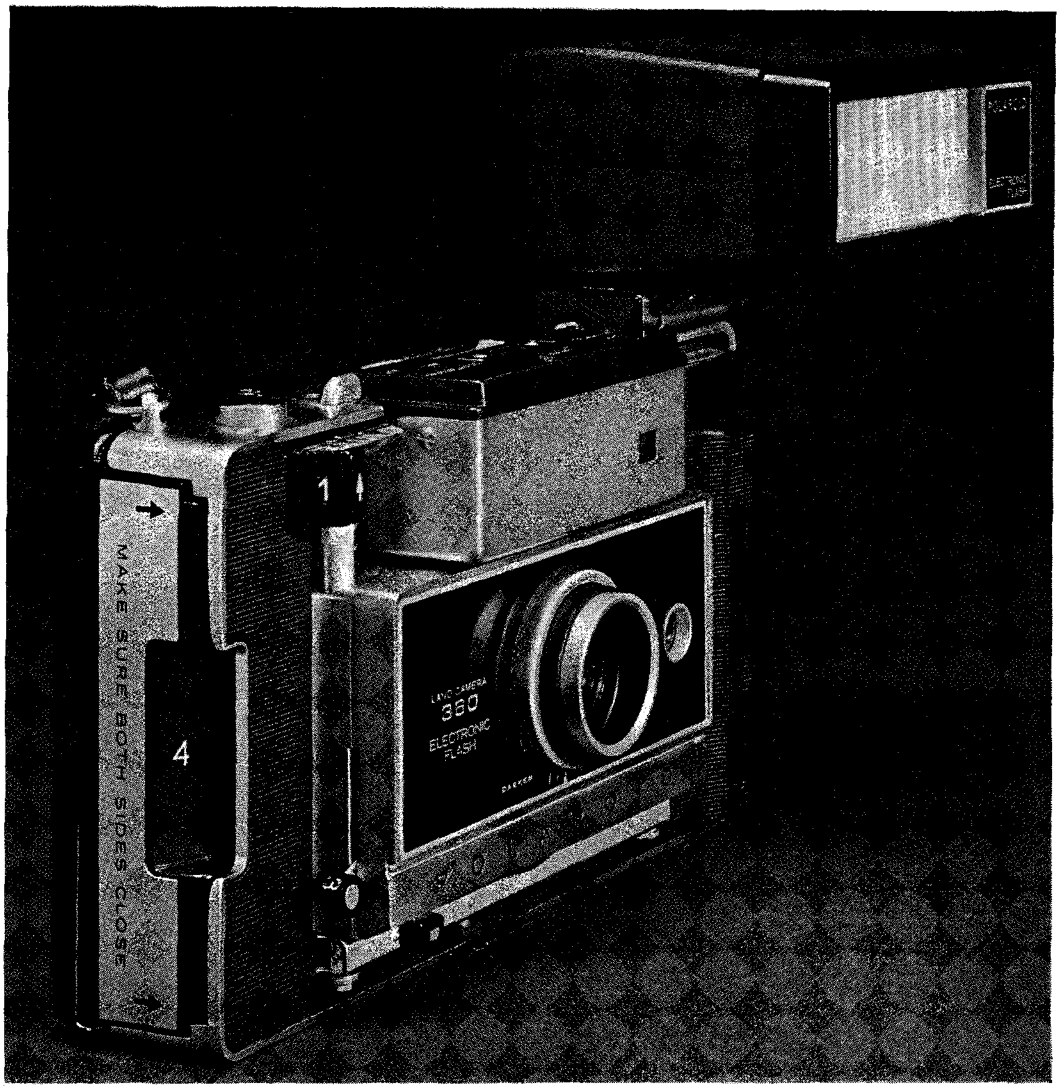

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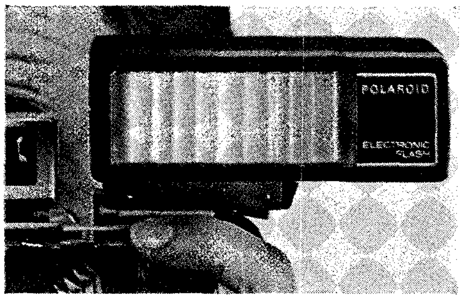

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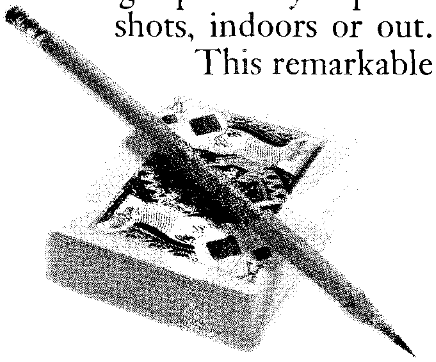

Electronic circuits reduced from the size of a pack of cards to the size of a pencil point.

You won't waste any more pictures because of poor timing. You set the timer correctly and let *it* worry.

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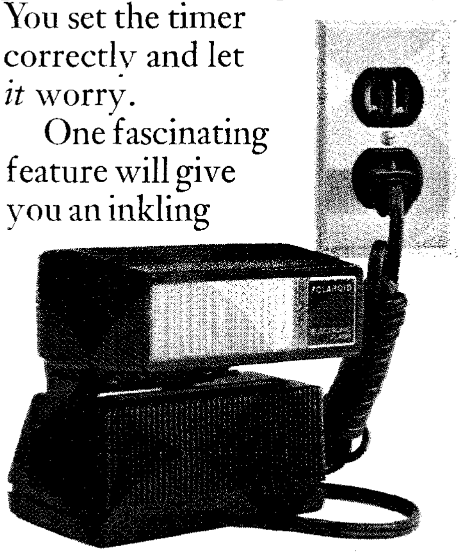

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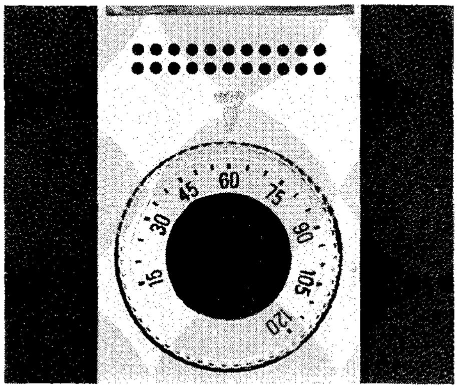

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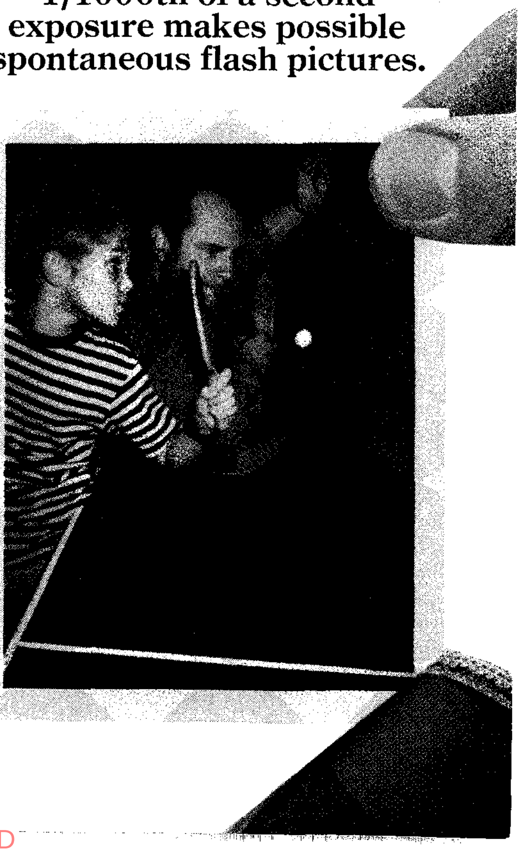

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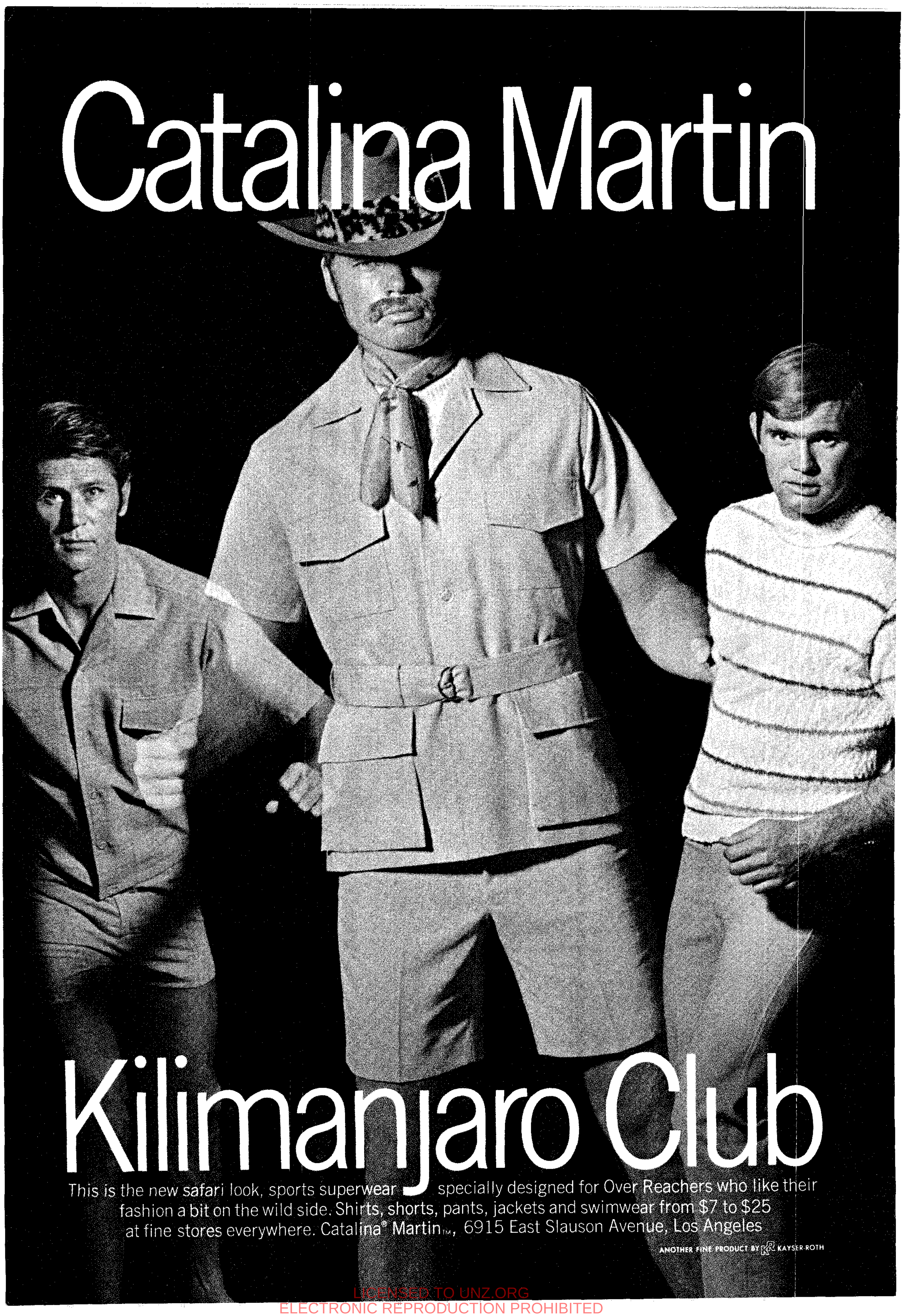

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combustibility, and toxicity, that any material that has once been approved, as Mylar has been, is likely to be used over and over again by contractors who want to avoid trouble. Another example is Teflon, which is added to the Beta cloth in the space suit, to give it durability, and also as the material for the small bags that the astronauts who go on the field trip will put their geological samples in.) The purpose of the Mylar tarpaulin, which is officially known as the thermal shroud, is to insulate the ground, which would otherwise expand or contract with the lunar heat or cold and shift the instrument out of place. The human-factors engineers had a tough time deciding exactly how the shroud should be folded around the experiment so that the astronauts could unfold it with the least possible trouble. First, the engineers pleated it around the can, but this didn't work; when a human-factors engineer in a space suit tried to unfold the shroud with the universal handling tool, the can kept falling off the trivet. Mr. Micocci explains, "The friction of the folded pleats was greater than the friction exerted by the passive seismic experiment against the stool." In order to reduce the friction of the folded pleats, the human-factors engineers decided to fold the shroud neatly around the experiment in such a way that before it is unfolded it will look like a budding tulip. On the trip, the folds will be held in place by a wrapping, which one of the astronauts will have to remove. Using the universal handling tool, the astronaut will flip (but will not pull) the folds one by one onto the ground, until the experiment is sitting in the center of a five-sided Mylar skirt. The astronaut will have to unfold this pentagon until it makes a circle, which will spread five feet across the black *mare*. It is so bright that the astronauts' ability to see in the dark may be temporarily impaired, so the human-factors engineers have to make sure that the next few chores the astronauts perform are in full sunlight. Actually, the astronauts are apt not to follow any schedules once they get to the moon, for they like to think they are running their own show. They appreciate the meticulous arrangements that the human-factors engineers are trying to make ahead of time, but they get irritated by them, too. Recently, one astronaut reminded a human-factors expert, "When I first set foot on the moon, *I* will be the leading expert on lunar human factors."

One lunar human factor that the astronauts are consulting human-factors

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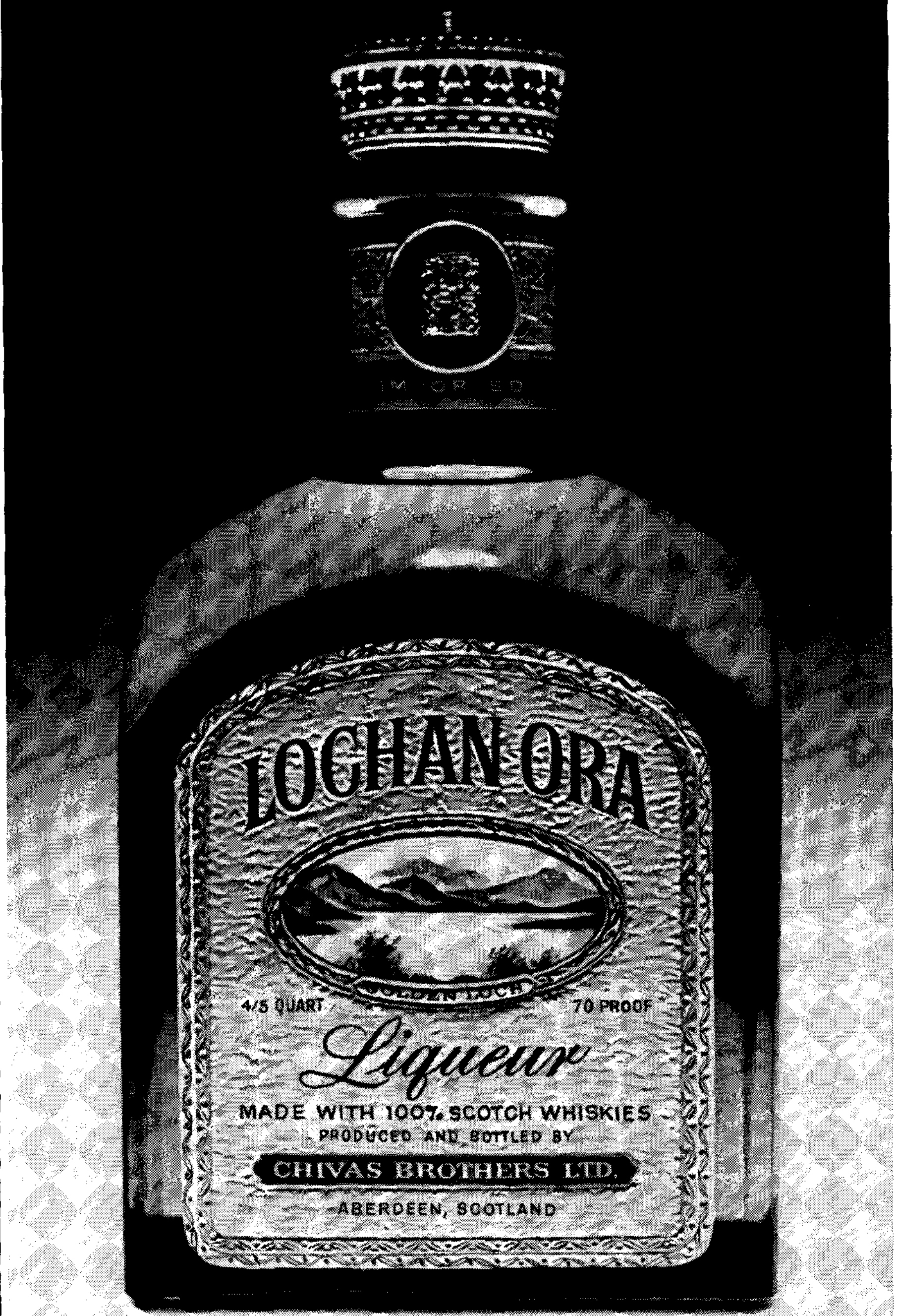

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engineers about here on earth is the possibility that, as they lay out more of the experiments, they will become increasingly apt to trip over the wires connecting the experiments to the central station. Before the astronauts are done, the ALSEP will look like a spider web, with trails of wire radiating in all directions. Lind says, "One of the things we fear most is getting tangled in a cord and taking a header on top of an experiment." The human-factors engineers have tried to arrange matters so that the astronauts need never walk over a cord once it is laid down. Also, the cords, which have up to thirty-two individual wires in them, will be ribbons that lie flat on the ground, making it harder to trip over them. The cords are easier to stow that way, too.

With the passive seismic experiment in place, the astronauts have three to go. The next experiment to be unbolted and set in place—with a trail of white ribbon unwinding behind it across the blackish *mare*—may be the solar-wind experiment, which is a rectangular box eleven inches long, nine inches wide, and thirteen inches high. It looks like a small carton with an explorer's pith helmet tossed on top of it. An astronaut will lug it fourteen feet south of the central station—away from the RTG, which could interfere with it—and then open up the four collapsible legs it is to stand on. Setting up this experiment took a minute and thirty-four seconds when some human-factors engineers tried it at Bendix, but it will doubtless take longer than that on the moon.

Next may come the magnetometer, which is a box with three arms protruding upward from it, and which an astronaut will have to carry fifty feet from the central station, in the direction away from the LM. If it were set up closer, the blast when the LM takes off could jar the arms out of alignment. At the end of the three arms, each of which is about two feet long, there is a delicate sensor for measuring the moon's magnetic field. The sensors may also pick up the magnetic fields of the sun and the earth, for these fields flow through and about the moon. The astronauts will have to make sure that one of the arms points due east, toward the sun; the leg below that arm will be striped with International Orange and, lest the astronaut be forgetful, the top of the instrument will be emblazoned with an arrow and the letter "E," for east. (The astronaut has to remove the "E" and the arrow because International Orange, Mr. Micocci

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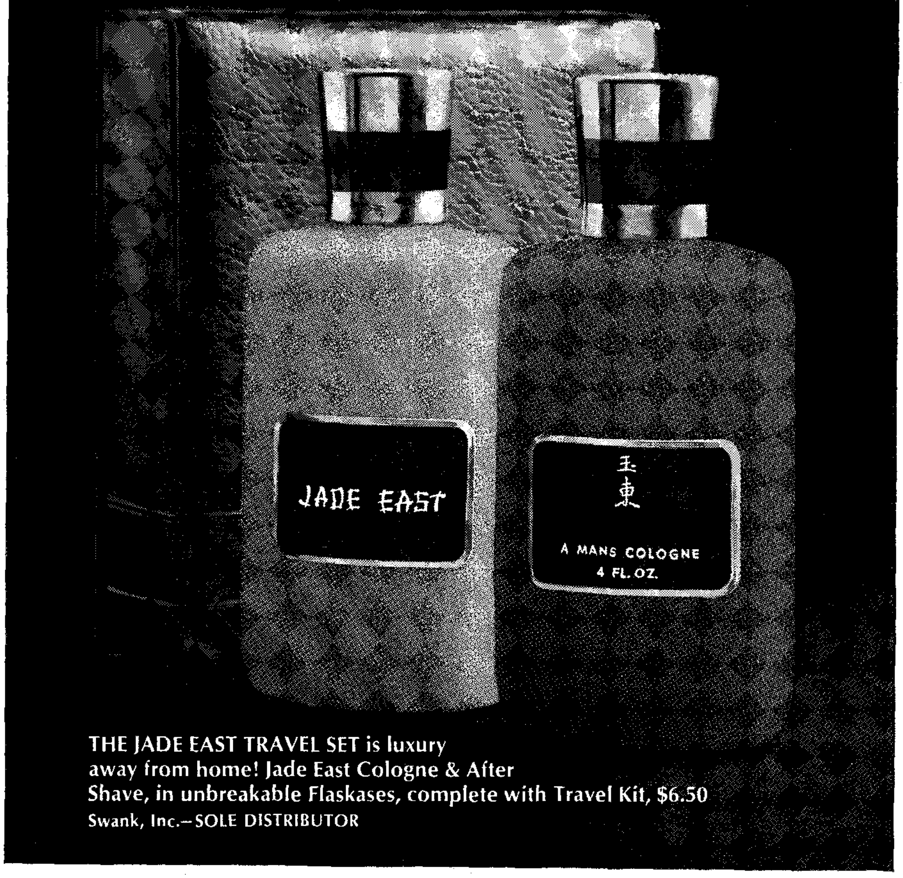

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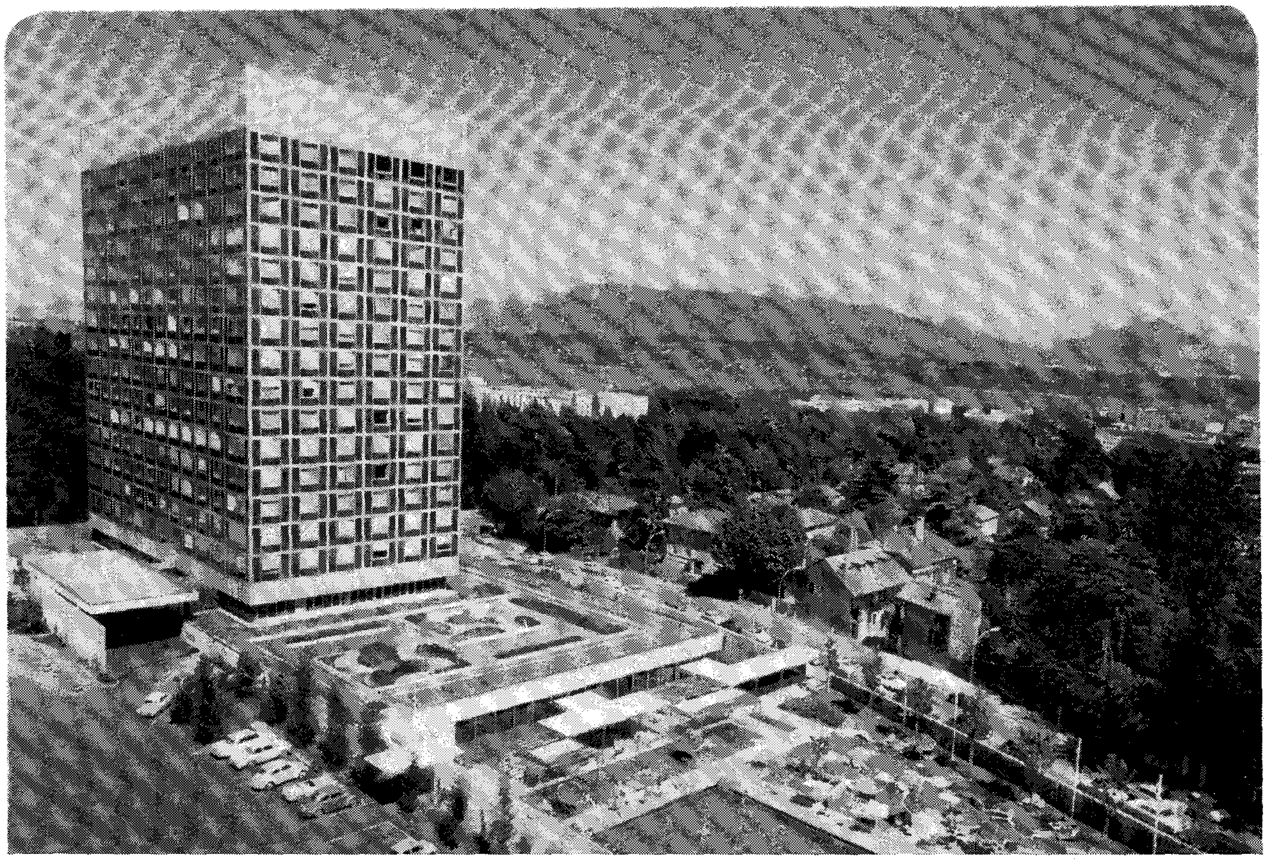

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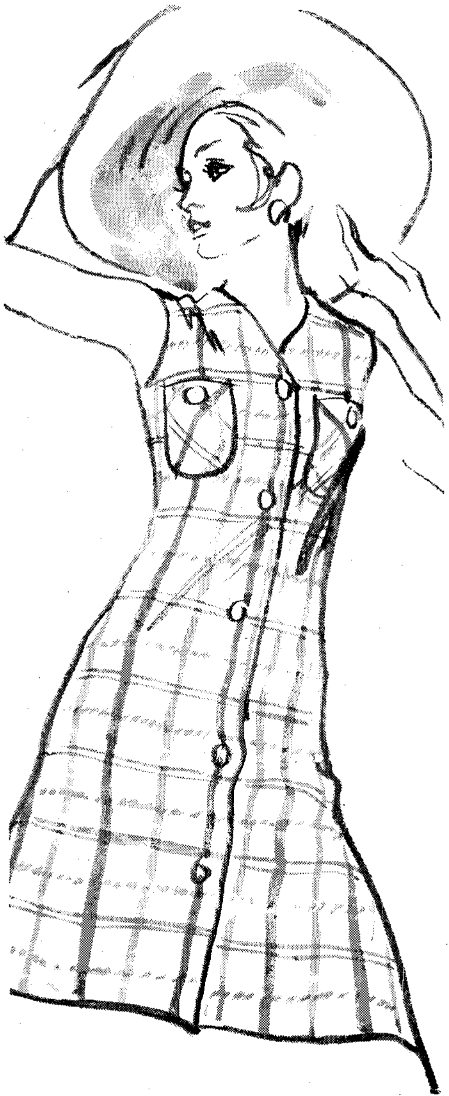

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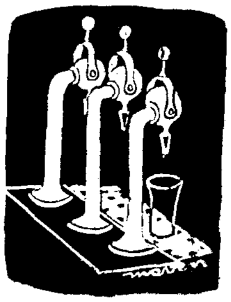
found, absorbs heat.) The arms wave in the air like the legs of a campstool upside down. The final experiment, the suprathermal-ion-detector experiment—its acronym is SIDE—is a box standing eight inches high and weighing twelve pounds. The astronauts carry it fifty-five feet from the central station, making sure that it is at least eighty feet from the magnetometer, because SIDE has in it a big magnet, which might interfere with the magnetometer. (One of the principal difficulties of laying out the ALSEP is that each experiment has to be in a special position in relation to the others.) Indeed, SIDE is so delicate that the astronauts must first lay down a mat of wire mesh for it to stand on. This is to overcome any magnetic or electric field emanating from the moon, for the purpose of the experiment is to measure ions that are believed to compose a low-lying ionosphere just above the surface. The astronauts have to align a slit at the top of the instrument with the ecliptic—the path of the sun—for in that position the instrument's delicate sensors will be least exposed to the sun's heat. While the astronauts are setting up SIDE, they will also set up a sort of satellite of SIDE, a tiny experiment the size of a kitchen matchbox, called the cold-cathode-gauge experiment, which will measure the density of the lunar atmosphere. This instrument, which has no acronym but which the astronauts sometimes call the sidekick, will be put down about four feet from SIDE, to which it is connected by a round cable. This experiment is the most temperamental of all, in that the astronaut cannot face it toward SIDE, or toward any of the other experiments, or toward the LM, or even toward the earth or the sun.



Almost any experiment can be designed to plug into the central station, so different Apollo flights to the moon will involve different ALSEPs. On the third or fourth flight, the ALSEP will include an instrument for measuring the heat that escapes from the surface of the moon. To put this in place, an astronaut will have to drill two holes ten feet deep into the black soil of the *mare*. Then he will drop a forty-five-inch heat probe—a sort of thermometer—down each hole. The moon is small enough so that if it has a hot, liquid core radiating heat there should be a slight difference in the temperature at the two ends of each probe.

Drilling the holes is the most complicated job that the astronauts will have to perform in connection with laying out the ALSEP. The astronauts on the moon will have the final say about whether or not an experiment is done, and Dr. Langseth, of the Lamont-Doherty Geological Laboratory, who designed the drill, is afraid that they might decide at the last minute not to do the drilling and to go on to some less time-consuming task instead. One astronaut will carry the drill and the heat probes to a smooth, craterless area. (Craters create all sorts of underground temperature anomalies that could throw off the measurements.) The drill rod is in sections, and the astronaut will have to start by putting two of the drill sections together. The lower end of each section tapers just enough to slip tightly into the top of the section below it, so that as the drill, which is a percussive one, jounces up and down the fit between the sections gets steadily tighter. As each section of the drill disappears into the ground, the astronaut will have to unscrew the motor from the top section and attach the next section, finally replacing the motor at the top. Dr. Langseth says that the astronauts should be careful not to get a finger stuck inside the hollow drill, which is an inch in diameter at the top of each section. He once watched Lind practice with the drill and was impressed by the ease with which Lind maneuvered in his cumbersome space suit. "Watching Lind with the drill was like watching a very graceful elephant doing a dance," he says. "An elephant can't afford any false moves, and neither can an astronaut in a space suit." (Lind said later that he felt more like a clumsy deep-sea diver trying to repair a watch.) When the holes are finished, the astronaut will simply drop the heat probes down inside the drill sections, which are made of a material that will not interfere with the heat-flow measurements. The probes are connected by cables to the central station, so the data they register will be transmitted to earth.

WHILE the astronauts are laying out the ALSEP, the scientists who designed the experiments, and who will have the first crack at analyzing the data the astronauts return—NASA calls them principal investigators—will be waiting in darkened rooms called Science-Support Rooms at the Mission

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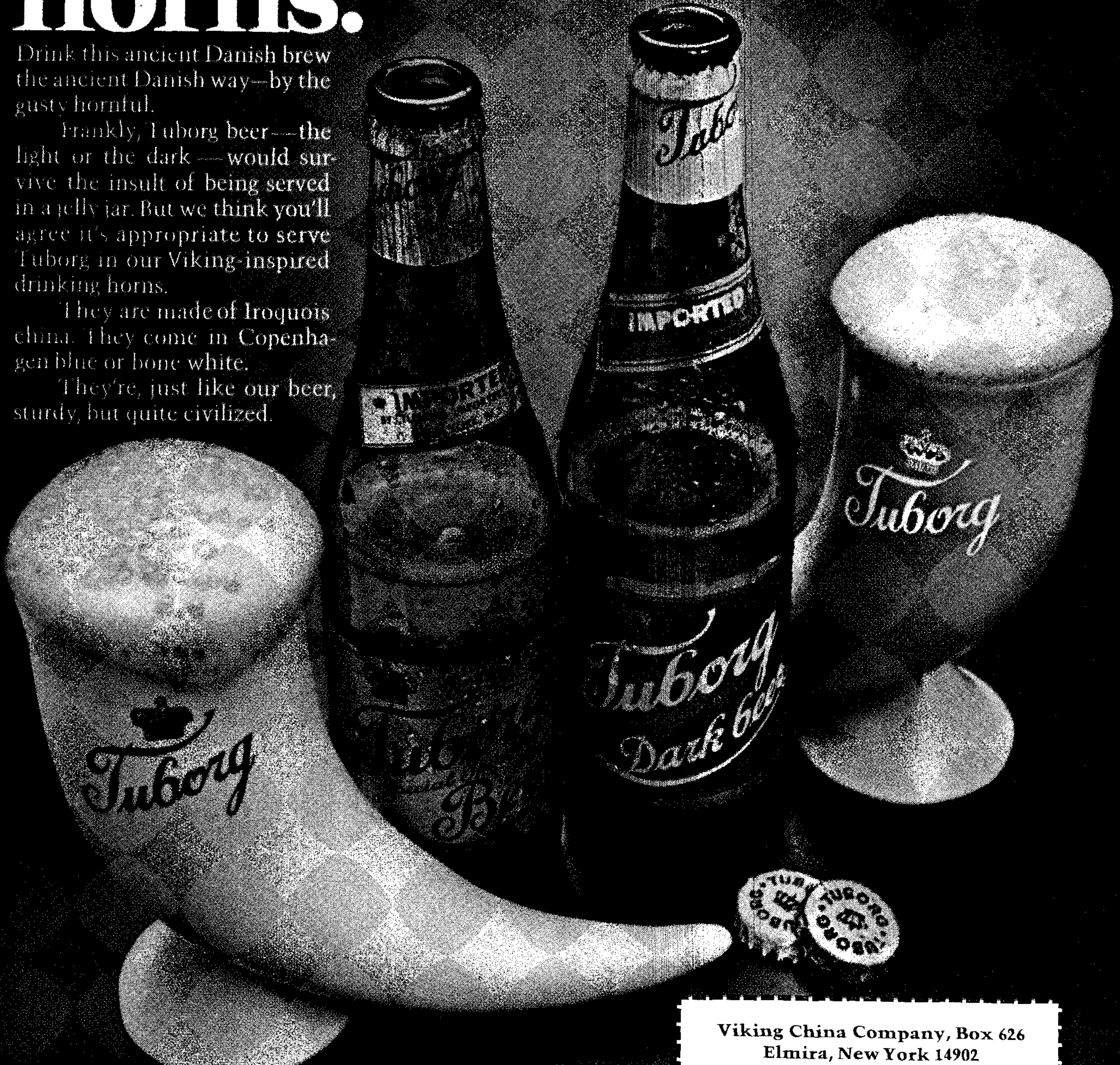

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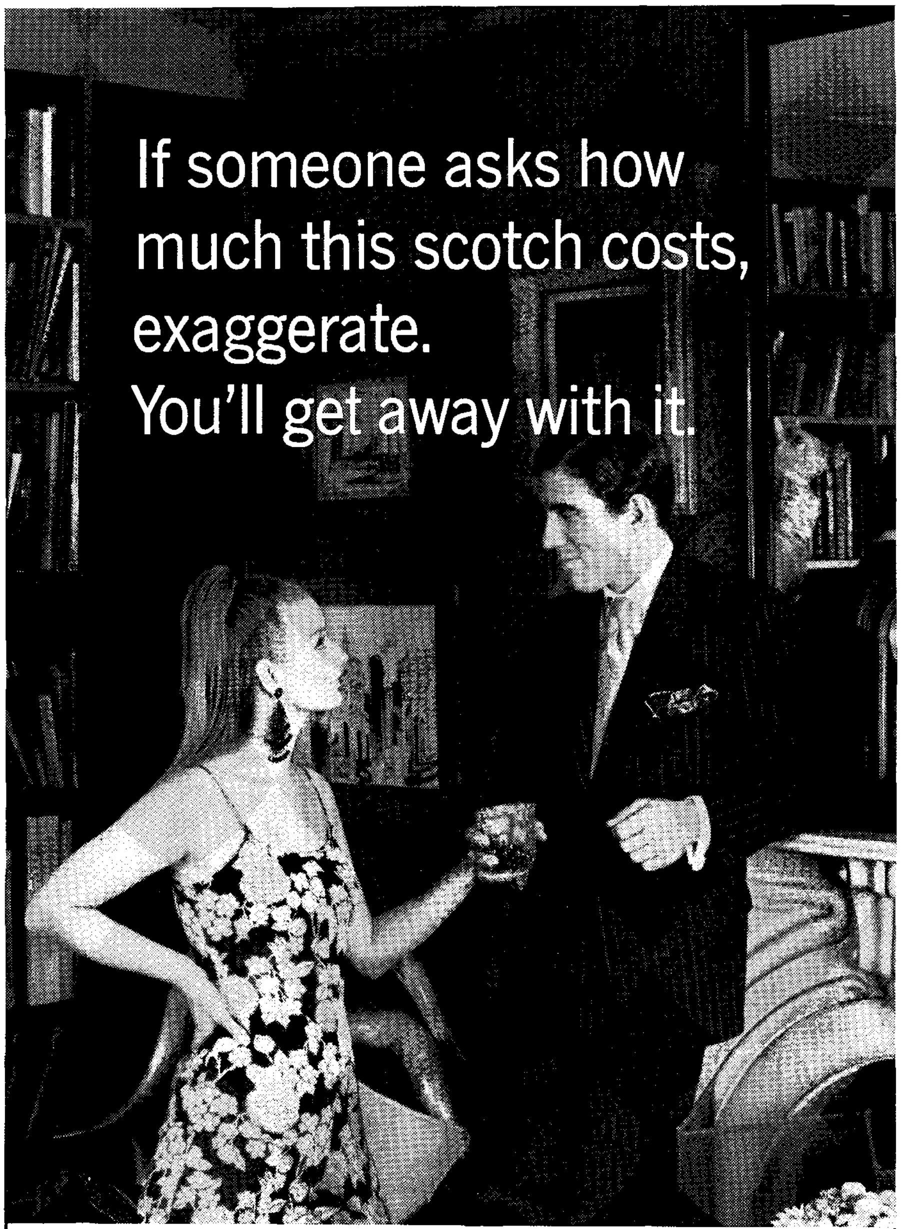
Control Center watching the television screens and listening to every word the astronauts have to say about the positioning of their experiments, and ready to offer their advice if the need should arise. Dr. Langseth will be there, in case anything goes wrong with the drill. Another scientist who will be there is a dark-haired, wiry young geologist named Dr. Garry Latham, also of Lamont-Doherty, who is the principal investigator for the passive seismic experiment; he will be paying close attention as the astronauts report the emplacement of the canister on its stool, the levelling of the experiment, and the careful unfolding of the Mylar shroud on the ground around it. The precise position of the experiment and the exact point on the dial at the top where the shadow falls are important to Dr. Latham, because one of the things he hopes to measure is any movement of the experiment caused by the tilt in the surface of the moon, which is the result of the pull of the earth and the sun. The tidal bulges that the earth and the moon cause on one another pass not only through the oceans of the earth but also through the rocky crusts of both bodies, and Dr. Latham is expecting to find that the passive seismometer moves back and forth one or two seconds of arc as the earth moves back and forth overhead—a prediction based on a hypothetical model of the moon that Dr. Latham believes is accurate.

The main purpose of the seismometer is the detection not of tilts but of moonquakes and meteor impacts. It is not certain that there are any moonquakes, though Dr. Latham says he will miss his guess if the passive seismic experiment records none. The possibility of moonquakes—natural ones, that is—is tied up with the whole question of vulcanism and whether the moon possesses a hot, liquid core. There is thought to be *some* vulcanism on the moon, and where there is vulcanism there may also be quakes. There seems to be evidence of faulting—fracturing and slipping of the underlying rock—on the moon. At the moment, however, so little is known about the moon that Dr. Latham's preconceived model of it leaves up in the air the question of whether there is a hot, liquid core at all. Many selenologists, including Dr. Latham, incline to the view that there may be at least a very small one. (Dr. Urey has raised the possibility that there may be several separate cores—which he calls mass concentrations, or mascons—scattered through the moon like raisins through a cake, a suggestion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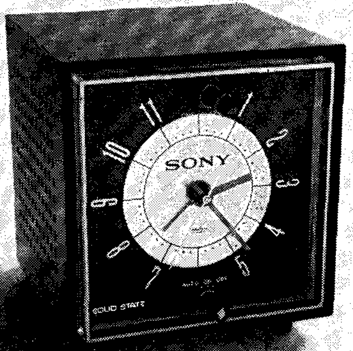

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that was given some weight in December, when aberrations in the orbit of Apollo 8 indicated that the interior of the moon might be lumpy.) Recording seismic waves is one of the best means of finding out, for the manner in which waves come through the moon from its far side can tell not only whether there is a core or not but also how big the core is. If enough waves from enough different parts of the moon are recorded, the core (or cores) will cast a sort of shadow—a pattern that can be plotted on a seismograph. However, in order to plot a seismograph shadow, it is essential to know exactly where moonquakes occur—knowledge that can be had with accuracy only by comparing the readings of two or more seismometers. Dr. Latham hopes to have a network of passive seismic experiments distributed widely on the moon, and his experiments will be carried in all the ALSEPs. Since NASA wants to have three landings a year for the next three or four years, until all the LMs are used up, and since the life of each ALSEP is about a year, Dr. Latham hopes to have three of his experiments in working condition at least part of the time during that period. "Ideally, I would like to find seismic events on the moon, and find them occurring in such large numbers and at such high intensity that we'll be able to plot the structure of the moon right away," Dr. Latham said recently, upon being asked what was the most that could be expected from the first crop of passive seismic experiments. Such a wealth of waves is unlikely, at best. Precise knowledge of the core of the moon (if one exists) will require many seismic readings over a long period, and much of the data they yield can be interpreted only by being run through computers. As the information comes in, Dr. Latham will have to keep adjusting his model of the moon to fit the new facts.

Selenologists work with mathematical models in the same way that chemists, physicists, and biologists do, refining them further as information comes in to narrow the possibilities. As all the data from the various ALSEP experiments are interrelated, and ultimately have to fit into the same model, the scientists' work becomes a little like doing a cryptogram; that is, as one set of facts becomes known, it limits the number of possible answers to the remaining questions. For example, if the passive seismic experiment should reveal the existence of a core, and if the magnetometer should show that the moon has a magnetic field, this combination of results would indicate that the core probably consisted in large part of iron—knowledge that might put a limit on what other metals were there. The magnetometer would also be measuring a magnetic field brought from the vicinity of the sun to the moon by the solar wind—the stream of particles from the sun—and, depending upon how this magnetic field flowed through or around the moon, the scientists might get a further line on the core. A molten core would distort the sun's magnetic field, possibly preventing it from passing through the moon at all, but if there were no core the field would pass freely through it—information that the scientists could obtain by comparing magnetometer readings at noon with those at the lunar midnight, when the instrument would be in a position to measure the sun's magnetic field coming *out* of the moon. The solar-wind experiment would have a bearing on the core, for if the magnetometer measured no solar wind at all that could mean that the moon's core is sufficiently large and molten to set up a magnetic field of its own high above the moon, shielding the surface from the solar wind—as is the case on earth. "By comparing the information from all the experiments, we can probably infer a lot of things," Dr. Langseth says. The information on tidal tilt furnished by the passive seismic experiment is equally relevant, for the manner in which the moon bulges under the gravitational pull of the earth ultimately depends on what the moon is made of and how it is put together. Among the more important experiments affecting the model are Dr. Langseth's heat probes. Dr. Langseth may find the temperature slightly higher at the bottom of the probes than at the top, and such a finding would indicate that heat was radiating away from the hypothetical core. If this proves to be the case, Dr. Langseth says, the precise curve of the change of temperature along the probe will give further definition to the size, the structure, and the composition of the hypothetical core. The heat-flow curve (if there is one) is an accurate index key to the interior of the moon, for not many sets of circumstances can lead to exactly that result. If Dr. Langseth's estimate of the core, based on heat flow, doesn't initially coincide with Dr. Latham's, based on seismic waves, the reason they don't will be of interest to both men. Local variations, such as an underground rock layer, could throw both experiments off. However, so little is known about the moon that

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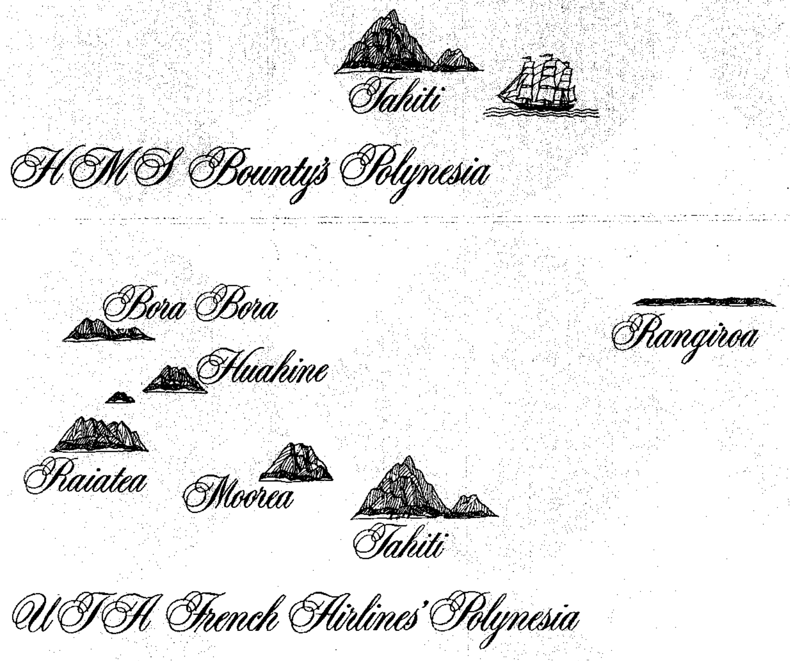

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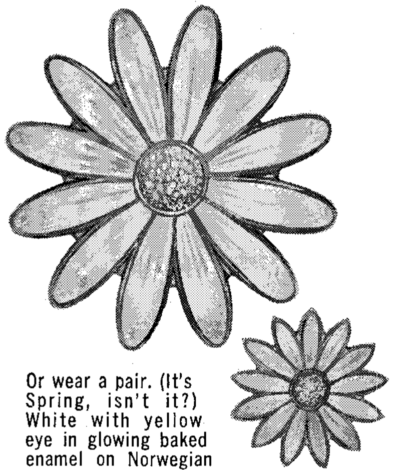

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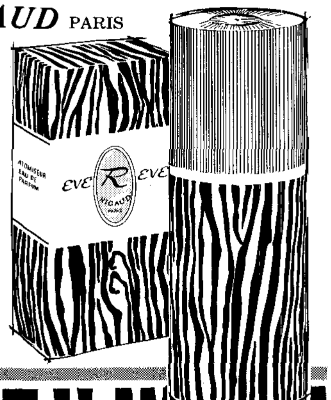

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either scientist might be quite content to discover even an underground layer of rock. In any event, both of them are certain that our knowledge of the moon will catch up relatively quickly with our knowledge of the earth, because the instruments that are available to selenologists today are far more precise than any that geologists had until recently; Dr. Langseth says that, given the smaller size of the moon, it is altogether possible that we will eventually know *more* about its interior than we do about the earth's. It will take some years to process the information, however. To the principal investigators, the most useful instruments will be some that are deployed not on the moon but in various basements on earth. The ALSEP will be pumping back so many bits of data per second that Dr. Latham says he will be spending most of his time at a computer after the astronauts have put his first passive seismic experiment in place. Some of the computers are so sophisticated that they can take the data from the ALSEP and project upon a television screen a picture of what the moon is actually like.

AFTER the astronauts have deployed the ALSEP, but before Dr. Latham can get cracking with his computer, someone at the Mission Control Center in Houston will flip a switch, turning the ALSEP generator on and starting the experiments. If the switch in Houston doesn't work, the astronauts can flip it on themselves. The astronauts may feel like men who have spent a long time decorating a particularly challenging Christmas tree at the moment that the lights are turned on. Turning on the ALSEP, however, will not be nearly as dramatic, for nothing lights up and nothing moves, except for the sensors of the magnetometer, which rotate at precise intervals. If anything is wrong with the equipment, there isn't much that the astronauts, with their thick gloves, will be able to do about it—though there have been times when even a thickly padded helping hand could have made the difference between success and failure of the equipment in some of our satellites. The most sophisticated electronic equipment can sometimes benefit from a thump in the right place—a fundamental human factor that the experimenters on earth might be glad to avail themselves of while the astronauts are still on the moon. The astronauts could certainly tighten any loose connections where the flat white wires plug into the central station. After the passive seismic experiment is operating, Dr. Latham

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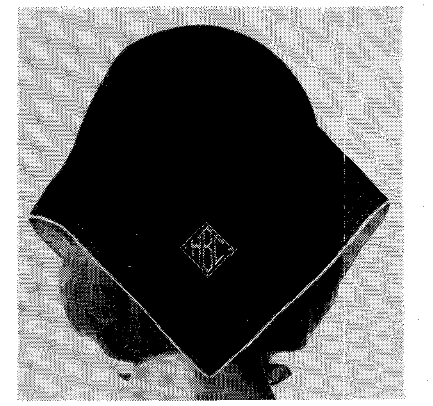

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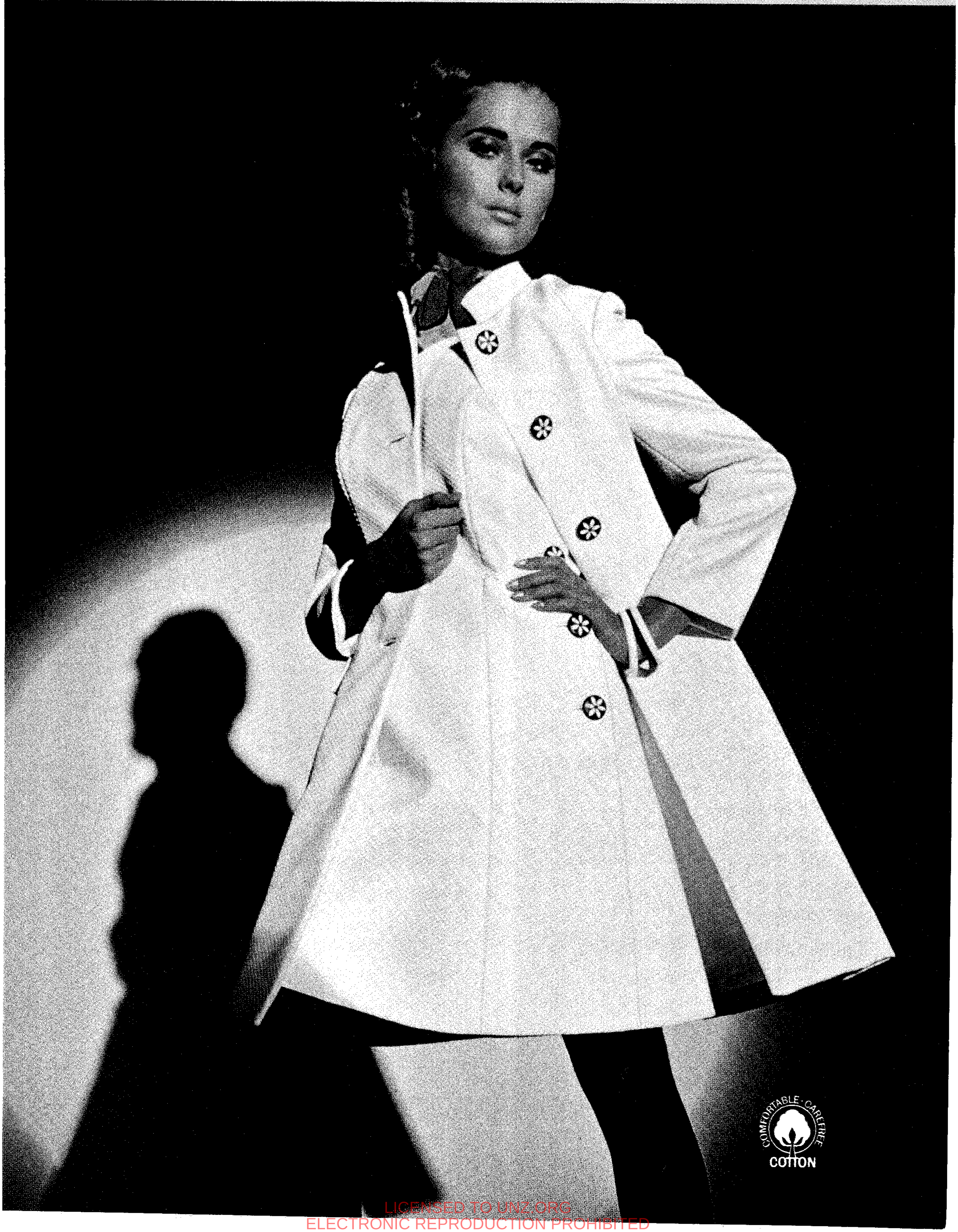

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BAHAMA ISLANDS TOURIST OFFICE, 100 SOUTH BISCAYNE BOULEVARD, MIAMI, FLORIDA may want a little fine adjustment of its position. Then the astronauts will start back to the LM—first tossing the universal handling tool, which they won't need anymore, across the black *mare*, where it may skitter to rest inside a small crater.

The LM will be a spidery black-and-silver tower a hundred yards away from the weblike ALSEP—about a third of the distance to the skyline. As the astronauts walk toward it, their feet may drag a bit, for Schmitt and Lind agree that the pair of astronauts who have set up the ALSEP will be utterly exhausted. Inside the LM, though, they will have a lot to do before they can knock off and rest. First, they will have to close the hatch and build up the oxygen pressure in the cabin, so that they can take off their Lexan bubble helmets. The helmets will go into two bags, made of Beta cloth, that look like bags for bowling balls; the astronauts' gloves go in the bag with the helmets. The men will not take off their suits while they are on the moon, but, with the helmets off, the pressure inside will be released and they will also be able to move more freely. They will be able to talk to each other without radios, though their voices will be higher-pitched than on earth; because the atmospheric pressure in the LM is about a third what it is on earth, sound waves will be shortened. Next, the astronauts will have to check out the LM and report its condition to Houston. For any number of reasons, they may feel they've had enough, and decide to head for home at this point, leaving the geological field trip for other astronauts. However, if they stay on, they will have their dinner and then they will try to get some sleep. According to one schedule, six hours and seven minutes have been allotted to "sleep and rest." Lind says, "My bet is we'll conk right out. Three hours in a pressure suit is a day's work for anyone." It may not be so easy to fall asleep. A number of things may stand between the astronauts and their sleep. To begin with, the LM isn't very comfortable; neither man will be able to stretch out. One astronaut will prop himself near the forward hatch, beneath the main dashboard, and the other will curl up on top of the ascent-stage engine, which protrudes through the floor in the rear of the cabin. However, Schmitt, who is short and supple, doesn't believe that all this will interfere with sleeping, on the theory that sitting in the moon's one-sixth gravity is the equivalent of lying down on earth, in that it will take next to no

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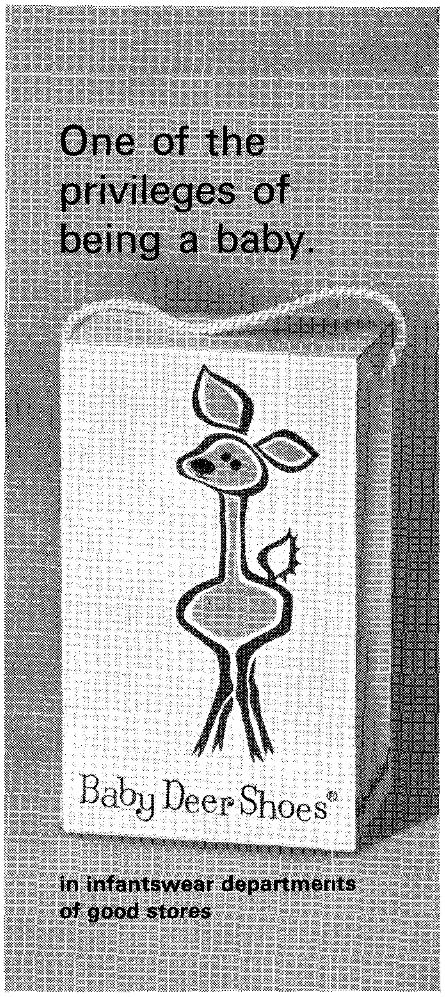
effort. Yet even assuming that the astronauts can make themselves comfortable enough to sleep, there is no assurance that they will actually be able to do so. Anxiety has plagued many an astronaut in science fiction. Among insomniac astronauts is Mr. Bedford, in "The First Men in the Moon," who, shortly before he takes off for the moon from the marshy downs around Lympne, in Kent, spends a sleepless night. "I don't think I ever had such a night," he writes:

> I was suddenly in the most enormous funk of the thing we were going to do. I do not remember before that night thinking at all of the risks we were running. Now they came like that array of spectres that once beleagured Prague, and camped around me. The strangeness of what we were [doing], the unearthliness of it, overwhelmed me. I was like a man awakened out of pleasant dreams to the most horrible surroundings. I lay, eyes wide open; and the [spaceship] seemed to get more flimsy and feeble . . . and the whole enterprise madder and madder, every moment.

The No. 1 funk-making question for the Apollo astronauts will be whether the LM will get off the moon. If the ignition system, for example, doesn't work, and the astronauts are unable to fix it, nothing could be done for them. There are no plans to send spare parts to the moon—to have Surveyors, for instance, perched on launching pads to act as unmanned trouble wagons delivering new batteries to the astronauts, or a special wrench they might need. Such a Surveyor couldn't reach the moon before the LM's forty-eight-hour supply of oxygen ran out. (The astronauts will have no provision for suicide, such as the U-2 pilots had, but an astronaut stranded on the moon could forestall a lingering death by stepping outside the LM and removing his helmet.) Nonetheless, the astronauts would regard Bedford, with his spectres of Prague, as unnecessarily nervous. A young engineer at the M.S.C. recently said admiringly, "The astronauts don't blow their cool. They're very calm. Very practical. They're just cool customers, boy!" (The astronauts do their best to keep this super-cool image going, and possibly the coolest thing an astronaut ever did was Gordon Cooper's feat of going to sleep on the launching pad during a hold in a countdown at Cape Kennedy.) To Schmitt it is virtually unthinkable that the fragile, spidery LM won't get off the moon. He is sure of his sleep because "after landing we check the LM right off the bat, so there is a confidence factor going for us," he says, adding, "You see, we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never initiate a phase until we know we can complete it." To a lesser mortal, a confidence factor such as this might seem a bit less than substantial. When it is suggested to Schmitt that some crucial part on the LM might blow after the next phase had been initiated and the astronauts were irretrievably on the moon, he says simply, "Well, we are trained to carry out this kind of job under stress." Lind, who is every bit as unflappable as Schmitt, greets with incredulity the suggestion that an astronaut might worry himself into a sleepless night. His reasoning is somewhat a posteriori. "Sleeping is one of the important things we'll have to do," he says. "It's essential for longer missions. You can't stay keyed up for ten days." He adds conclusively, "Sleeping time is programmed into the schedule. When the astronauts settle down to it, they will sleep." Neither Schmitt nor Lind can conceive of anything else. If an astronaut wishes to stretch his legs during the time allotted for sleeping, about the best he can do will be to stand up, raise the Aclar blind over the window, and look out at the ALSEP, littering the ground in the middle distance like an abandoned campsite—SIDE a rectangular charcoal grill with the cold-cathode gauge a matchbox nearby, and the passive seismic experiment sitting on its round skirt like an overturned carton of ice cream from which a melting puddle is creeping outward. The experiments will stand out white against the black *mare*, and the *mare* itself will be starting to blanch as the blazing sun moves slowly toward the zenith, which it will reach some six days later—a couple of days, the restless astronaut may reflect, after he gets home. "Home" will be hovering tantalizingly overhead, like a blue balloon suspended in the sky.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(*This is the first of two articles on the Apollo lunar landings.*)

•

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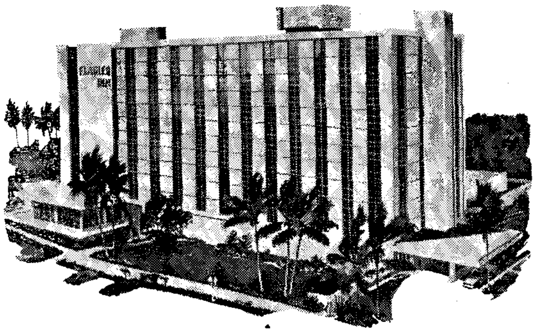
[*From the Canterbury Kentish Observer*]

M. E. White's first novel, In the Balance (Weidenfeld, 25/-), was written in a bar on the north side of Columbus, Ohio, when the author was a graduate student there. Its heroine, Baylor Irish, is also a college student, "beautiful, blonde, brilliant, bizarre," and twenty years old. She is caught up in a whirl of sex, wild parties and ton-up automobile rides. Her progress through the seedier side of Californian life is as educative, in its way, as her progress through college; and as different as can be from the life of "our dear Queen"! An interesting story . . .



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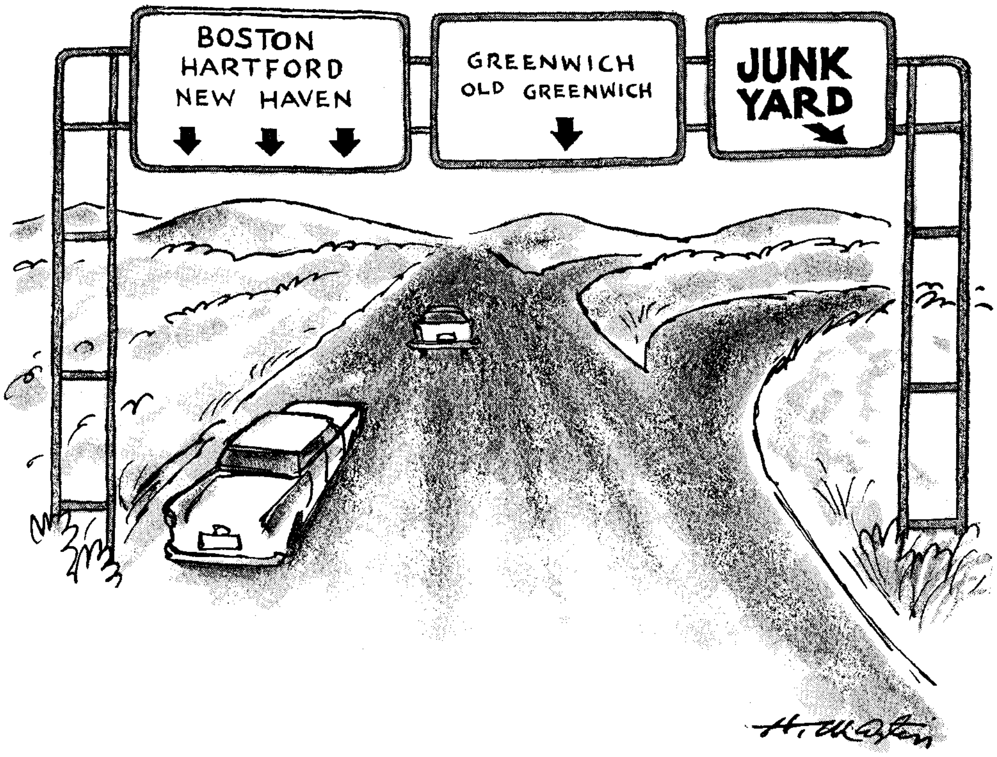
OFF BROADWAY

"An Evening of One Acts," the third production this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, at the St. Marks, opens with the best of them—Alice Childress's "String." The action takes place at a picnic given by "the Neighborhood Association" somewhere near this city. An old man—a shabby creature with a reputation for miserliness—has been allowed to come along free. When a wallet is missed, one of the picnickers remembers having seen him pick up something and put it in his pocket. He claims, with shame and embarrassment, that the something was a piece of string, but he gets nowhere, and when the wallet is finally found behind a tree stump everyone assumes that he must have planted it there and, graciously or contemptuously, agrees to forget the incident. His dismayed protests of innocence make not the slightest dent in their crass magnanimity, and he is left alone as the other picnickers go on to a new grassy spot. The ending is more than pathetic—it is a nightmare—because the old man is more than a pathetic figure. For all that he is fumbling and ridiculous, he is, as Arthur French makes beautifully clear in the role, a gentleman of honor forced by circumstance to consort with vulgarians, and his honor is permanently damaged. A sad story, but there is a lot of fun in the writing and in the performance, under Edmund Cambridge's direction. I particularly enjoyed the comic byplay—hurt feelings and hasty amends and bitchery lightly overlaid with daintiness—of two respectable matrons at the picnic, played by Clarice Taylor and Esther Rolle. Frances Foster does quite well as the chairwoman of the outing, and Julius W. Harris is equally good as the crooked, swaggering owner of the wallet. In a program note, Miss Childress acknowledges a debt to de Maupassant for the idea.

Ted Shine's "Contribution" almost amounts to a solo flight for Miss Taylor. The setting is a Southern town, and she appears as a grandmother who has spent her life there doing menial work for the whites. The action takes place in her kitchen on the day that her grandson, a young man down from the North, is to take part in a sit-in at the counter of a local drugstore. He is beside himself with nerves, as is a friend of the grandmother's who has dropped by. Miss Taylor's own equanimity is unruffled, for reasons that I cannot divulge, and her non-stop conversation as she irons and putters around is both funny and hokey. The secret joke, once revealed, brought down the house, but I must confess that it gave me pause. In fact, to come right out as a spoilsport, I have to say that I have a number of reservations about "Contribution," with its abrupt switches from comedy to wishful fakery, on artistic and other grounds. Nevertheless, I did laugh and have a good time watching Miss Taylor have a good time. Douglas Turner Ward directed.

The mysterious "Malcochon," which is set on an island in the West Indies and is done in ritualistic style—music, choreographed movement, bongo drumming, and calypso singing—may well be the most sophisticated play of the three. It is surely the longest, and I might have found it less remote and more gripping if it had come at the beginning instead of at the end of the evening. Six islanders, all of them troubled for one reason or another, take refuge from a tropical storm in a copra shed and discover, first, that one of their number is a wild woodcutter from the hills who has become a terrifying legend, and, second, that the corpse they see in a tumbling river is that of the hated owner of a coconut estate. "Malcochon" is not the kind of play that I take to, whatever its merits, but the requisite spooky atmosphere, which is maintained from start to finish, is impressive. This time, Mr. French, who may be the most versatile as well as one of the best actors in the troupe, plays the half-savage woodcutter; Graham Brown plays an unhappy old man; Samual Blue, Jr., his smoldering, suspicious nephew; Norman Bush, a jealous husband; Frances Foster, his wife, who gives him cause for jealousy; and Allie Woods, a deaf mute. Mr. Cambridge directed. Edward Burbridge's settings, in three different styles for the three plays, and the music by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson are, as usual, extremely effective.

There is so much life on the stage of the Pocket, where "Someone's Comin' Hungry" opened last week, that it is too bad that the play is not more successful than it is. It deals with a crisis in the marriage of a young Negro veteran and a blonde from Teaneck, New Jersey, and what works is the small incidental scenes and the comedy—the edged, bitter humor and the relaxed, throwaway humor—of all concerned. So many dramatists fail because they try to be funny and aren't; McCrea Imbrie and Neil Selden, whose first produced play this is, falter because their attempts



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at seriousness seldom seemed (to me, that is) anything but second-hand. The characters—especially as played by Cleavon Little and Blythe Danner as the young couple, and by W. Benson Terry, Jane Hoffman, and Jonelle Allen as his father, her Jewish mother, and a girl from upstairs, respectively—are all interesting, one-of-a-kind people, bucking the playwrights, who seem to be trying to make them into stereotypes, and certainly giving them a much harder time than they had to. The racial question, the Vietnam war, everybody's unhappy childhood or, in the case of each of the parents, unhappy marriage (set forth, of course, in the standard consulting-room autobiographical monologues) seem forced upon the story. As for the couple, their difficulties have more to do with their private temperaments and needs than with any of those up-to-date public issues. But their damaged love for each other is as fiery and believable as two able actors could make it, and it is that which holds them and, to a certain extent, the play together. By the way, if the Jewish mother was married to an Irishman, as she claims, why is she called Mrs. Gershon?

LAST Wednesday evening, Café La Mama, the Off Off Broadway theatre, opened its new headquarters on East Fourth Street (damp plaster, flashbulbs, and smiles and cheers all around). The star of the occasion, as she has been of so many other La Mama occasions, was, of course, Ellen Stewart, producer, greeter, and hat-passer. Unfortunately, the show was a fatuous musical takeoff or put-on (or whatever they call those things), with a meagre sprinkling of funny lines and songs, which ran for a stupefying two and a quarter hours without an intermission break. It was called "Caution: A Love Story," and it dealt, sporadically and tangentially, with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. By the time this review appears, it will have been replaced by some other play, which is bound to be better (or shorter).

A COMEDY called "World War 2½," which came and went a couple of weeks ago, turned out to be as disheartening as its title. On the other hand, the setting by Eugene Lee, the lighting by Roger Morgan, and the incidental music, which was composed and performed by a trio—Robert Dennis, Peter Schickele, and Stanley Walden—who call themselves The Open Window, were exceptionally good. —EDITH OLIVER

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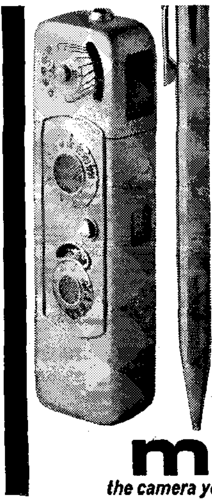
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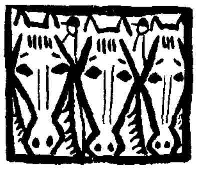
THE RACE TRACK

Stunner

AQUEDUCT was in the doldrums the first half of last week. Then things picked up on Thursday with the Prioress Stakes, which was followed by a mild surprise in the Toboggan Handicap next day, and the week ended with a stunner in the Gotham Mile on Saturday. That, of course, was the defeat of Reviewer by Dike; the margin was only a neck, but Dike's victory was fair and square. Reviewer and Rooney's Shield wound up in a dead heat for second place. Nine three-year-old colts went to the post, and Reviewer was the pick on looks, as he had been before he won the Swift and the Bay Shore. He was away well, too, and led until the turn for home, with Rooney's Shield close. As they swung into the straight, Dike, who had been far back, came up fast, and the three ran the last furlong bunched together so closely that you could only guess the winner. While the placing judges studied the photograph, the crowd became restive; after all, Reviewer was 3–10 in the betting, and 3–10 shots are not supposed to get beat. The easy thing to say about Reviewer is that he is by Bold Ruler, and the sons of Bold Ruler are usually better at seven furlongs than at a mile. Dike, a well-made chestnut colt by Herbager out of Delta (she's by Nasrullah), is from the Claiborne Farm of A. B. Hancock. Since Drone dropped out of the picture, he has been the stable's hope—now far from a forlorn one—for the spring classics.



There were four starters in the Toboggan Handicap, which used to bring out lots of sprinters. (Where are all the good horses, anyway?) Beaukins, carrying 111 pounds, wore down Pappa Steve, who had 128, and went on to win from Gaylord's Feather. Ta Wee will never be the runner her half brother Dr. Fager was, but in the Prioress she showed that she can step a bit. She beat eight other three-year-old fillies, dashing off the six furlongs in 1:09⅖—two ticks faster than the Toboggan was run the next day.

WHEN the King Ranch's Heartland won at Aqueduct last week, she was Max Hirsch's first winner this season. She was also his last. He died next day. The doyen of American horsemen, he would have been eighty-nine on July 30th. He was an exercise boy at ten, a jockey at fifteen, and a trainer at twenty. Nobody knows how many horses he handled, but from 1909 on he saddled 1,934 winners of $12,213,020. He won the Belmont Stakes four times, the Kentucky Derby three times, the Preakness twice, and most of our important stakes at least once. He often said that King Ranch's Assault was his best horse. He thought Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's Sarazen was almost as good but was also the hardest to train. Hirsch wasn't an easy taskmaster—my nickname for him was Grumpy—but I've never known a kindlier person. In the years before he took over the King Ranch horses of Robert Kleberg, Jr., he had a public stable, and his many patrons included George W. Loft, Sam Harris, Morton and Charley Schwartz, Bernard M. Baruch, Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, A. H. Cosden, Arnold Hanger, Edward Lasker, Elizabeth Sturgis, Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark, and Mrs. Parker Corning. I daresay Buddy Hirsch, who has been quite successful in California, will succeed his father with King Ranch.

THE Argentine racer Niarkos, who won the San Juan Capistrano Handicap at Santa Anita in 1967 and 1968, wasn't among the first three in last weekend's renewal of the race. The gallop of a mile and three-quarters over the Camino Real turf course went to Petrone, a French-bred five-year-old. Fort Marcy, who had been flown in from New York the day before, was second, and Rivet was third. Recently, Hastings Harcourt, who owns The Flag Is Up Farm, bought a half interest in Petrone from Eddie Constantine, who sent him over here. It would be interesting if Petrone came to Belmont in the autumn for the stakes there.

THE casualty list of three-year-olds grows. At Keeneland last Saturday, Viceregal, unbeaten in his eight starts in Canada last season, pulled up lame in his first appearance this year.

WELL, Dark Mirage has been retired. Presently, she will be sent to Florida, where she will be bred to Dr. Fager. What price her first foal at the yearling sales?

—AUDAX MINOR

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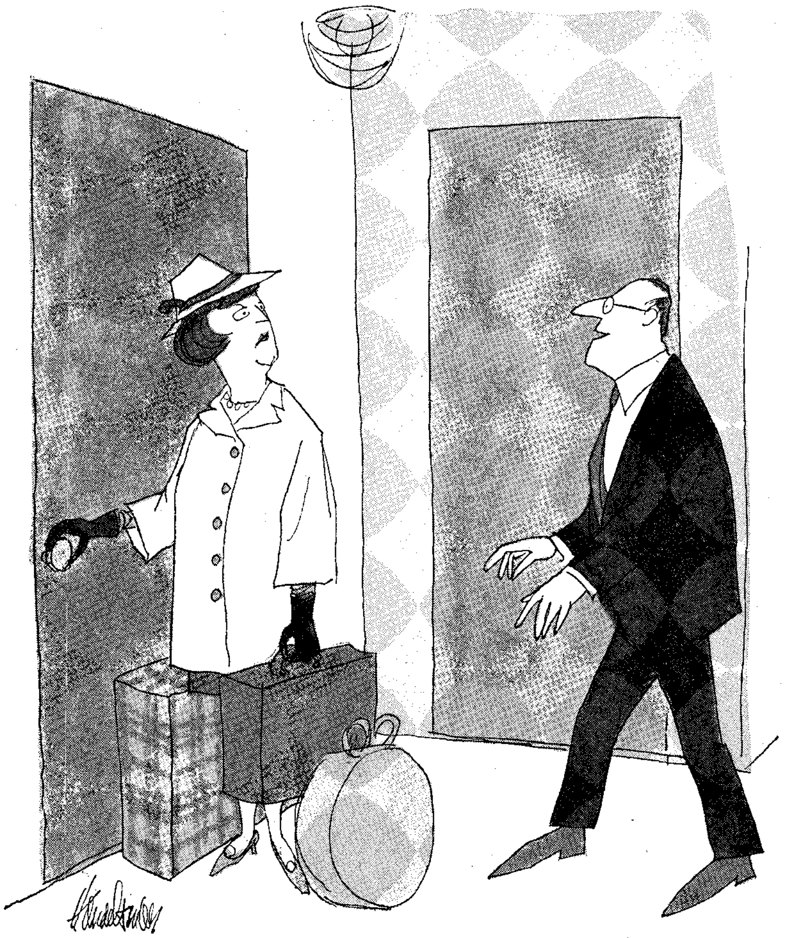
LETTER FROM SOUTH VIETNAM

MARCH 31

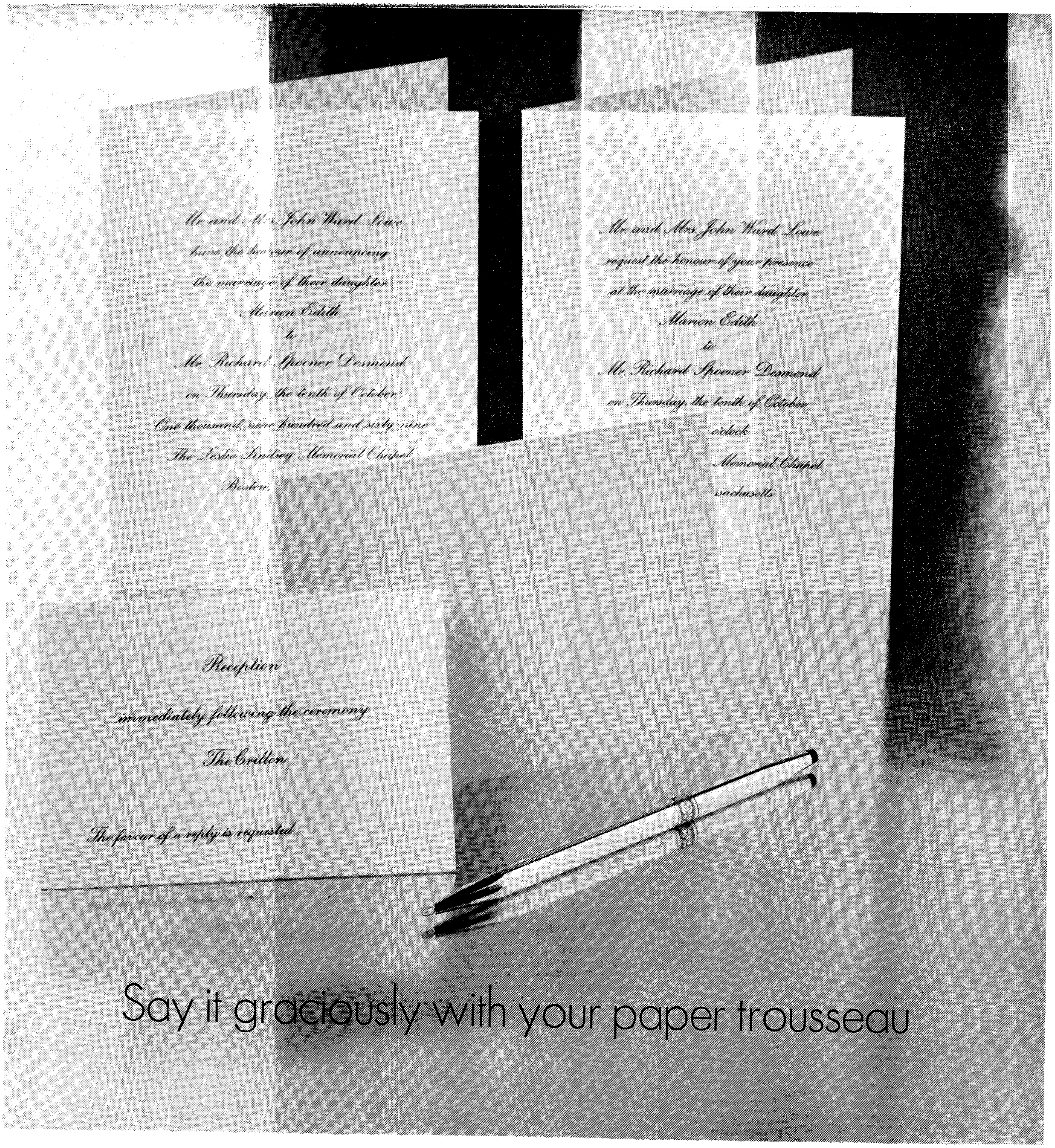
IN these past two months, the war in Vietnam has entered a new and extremely complex military and political phase, which in all probability will go on, with increasing complexity and increasing cost in lives, for the rest of this year. This phase, bloody as it may continue to be, is nonetheless a prelude to peace—or at least to a *period* of peace in the Communists' enduring struggle to take over South Vietnam and reunify it with the North. For the Saigon government, this stage brings a final opportunity to strengthen and consolidate itself to the point where, even with reduced American help, it can contain and assimilate the Southern Communists so that Communist ambitions to reunify the two halves of Vietnam can be indefinitely delayed, as has happened in Korea and Germany. In the current period of what the Communists aptly describe as "fight-fight, talk-talk," regardless of who is saying exactly what to whom, they remain determined to complete their own tentative plans for the sort of accommodation and coalition they are now willing to accept as the first step to power. Historically, it makes small difference whether, in recent weeks, the Americans and the Saigon government "re-escalated" the war first, as the Communists charge and as some Americans acknowledge, or whether the Communists, by their troop movements threatening Saigon and their maneuvers in and around the Demilitarized Zone and elsewhere, provoked both the increase in American bombing attacks and our more violent response on the ground. What has become clear by now—and was apparent earlier, though no one liked to admit it—is that tacit "understandings" reached in Paris last fall, leading to the halt in the bombing of North Vietnam on November 1st, were little more than semantic rationalizations that enabled both sides to claim concessions while keeping all of their choices intact. If there was some "agreement" regarding the supposed circumstances whereby a decrease in activity by the North Vietnamese around the D.M.Z. would bring about an end to the bombing and facilitate the participation of the National Liberation Front at the Paris talks, it was, at best, fuzzy on the question of Communist attacks on South Vietnamese cities. This is attested by the now admitted differences of opinion among high-ranking Americans of both the outgoing Johnson and the incoming Nixon Administrations as to what cities were to be included in the moratorium, and also as to what really constituted an attack—rockets, sapper action and other forms of terror, or ground assaults.



"You're determined to leave? Pleas, cajolery, threats, prayers—all useless? Then let me give you a hand with those bags."

Only immense good will on both sides immediately after the tenuous October talks could have prevented the resumption of serious fighting, and such good will was obviously not forthcoming; given the amount of mutual suspicion, no one could justifiably have expected it. Not only were Saigon and Washington at odds about the concessions made, and especially about the participation of the Front, but once that Allied quarrel was damped down, the long bickering between Hanoi and Washington about the shape of the conference table was an obvious and unavoidable prologue to any substantive deliberations. It was equally apparent that a protracted propaganda battle would precede any discussions of consequence, particularly since a new Administration was taking over in Washington. In this strained atmosphere, the Communists, to test their capacity and the Allied response—above all, President Nixon's response—were bound to try another offensive some time around this year's Tet holiday, or virtually admit their defeat to their own people and to the world. When the attacks finally began, on the night of February 22nd-23rd, after more than two months of jockeying for position by both sides, they were less intense than had been anticipated. Nevertheless, the Communists, by mounting repeated rocket and mortar barrages on more than a hundred towns, cities, and American installations, and by launching ground forays from the D.M.Z. to the Mekong Delta—including some battalion-size assaults, but mostly daring one-shot thrusts and ambushes accompanied by widespread terrorist attacks—have shown a flexibility that they lacked during the now historic offensives of 1968.

What they have been doing, among other things, with the help of new and advanced Soviet weapons, including tanks and rockets, is playing what could almost be called Russian roulette: they are risking, or conceivably inviting, a resumption of the bombing of North Vietnam, knowing that President Nixon is loath to order this for many reasons, the most compelling being that he knows he would be widely criticized around the world if he did. The fact that Communist rockets have killed some fifty Vietnamese civilians in Saigon alone, including



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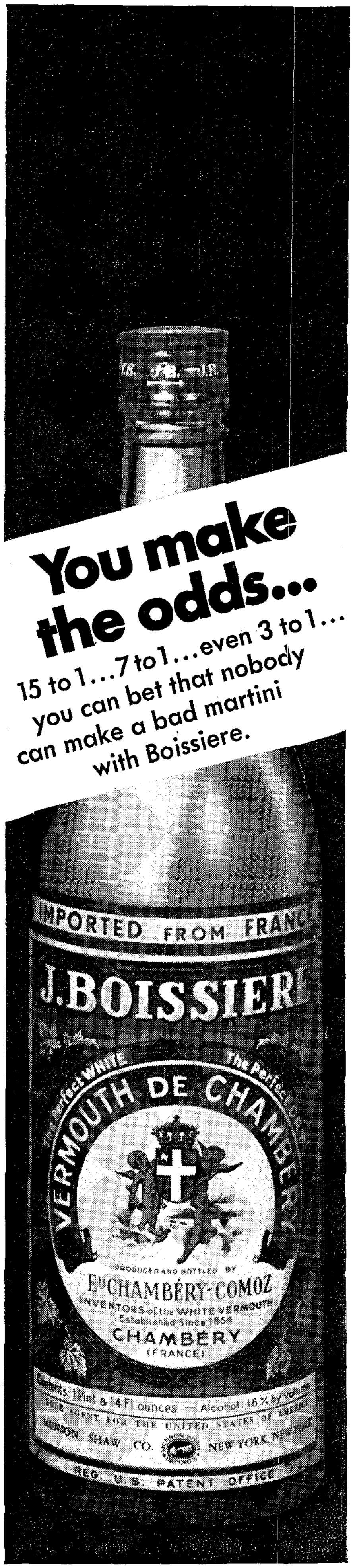
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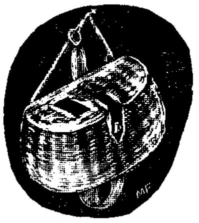
more than a dozen children, indicates that the terrorist tactics are primarily designed to frighten the Vietnamese population into supporting the Communists. To be sure, it is all but impossible to hit specific targets from the distance at which the rockets are launched—two to eight miles—and there is evidence to indicate that some rockets have been aimed at the American Embassy and at American billets in downtown Saigon.

Whatever the strategy of the rocket assaults, the Communists are making it clear that they intend to go on fighting on the ground, in the belief that they can still reduce American resistance in Vietnam by increasing resistance to the war in the United States. In this sense, the start of their general spring offensive was certainly calculated to let President Nixon know that there was a strict time limit on his immunity from criticism over Vietnam. Even though the Communists have been unable to prosecute the offensive as rapidly as they had hoped—particularly around Saigon, where an effective Allied response has upset their timetable badly—they have reaped important gains. In the first four days of the February attack, some four hundred Americans (about a hundred more than was immediately conceded) and about six hundred South Vietnamese were killed, while the Communists lost six thousand men, mostly North Vietnamese. From the Communists' viewpoint, this ratio, which has since been fairly well maintained, is, although costly, much less so than that in last year's attacks. To put the figures in a different context, the new offensive has doubled the Communists' casualty rate of the previous several months but quadrupled the Allies'. Hanoi is still infiltrating some eight to ten thousand men a month into the South—less than half the average number they sent during the first months of 1968, but enough to compensate for losses and to sustain new hit-and-run offensives in the face of heavy Allied defensive pressure and, especially, truly devastating B-52 bombings. Some of the Communist troop replacements, such as those who have been engaged in the A Shau Valley, in the I Corps area near Laos and west of Danang, are tough, aggressive eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds who apparently have had at least three or four months' training, instead of the one or two that was usually the case a year ago. An Allied general told me, “These youngsters, many of them city boys off the streets of Hanoi and Haiphong, may never learn how to hide in canals and breathe through reeds, the way the old Vietcong guerrillas did, but they will fight until they drop.”



ANOTHER development that has aroused a great deal of interest here is the Communists' dispatching, during the last few months, of boys in two separate age groups, from ten to fourteen and from fifteen to seventeen, from the South to the North. These youths, sons of veteran Southern Communist cadre members, many of whom went North after the partitioning of Vietnam, in 1954, are receiving elementary indoctrination and training and, in the case of the older ones, specialized cadre training somewhere in North Vietnam. The eighty thousand so-called “re-groupees” who went North in 1954 became the nucleus of the supporting elements sent back South after 1959 to help the “stay-behind” guerrillas launch the present struggle. No one knows how many youths have now gone North to emulate their fathers, and it is not known whether Hanoi plans to train the older ones for fighting at once and use the younger ones to alleviate manpower shortages in the North, or whether the object is to prepare all of them for a new phase of the war to begin five or so years hence. The development, however, is especially significant in view of increasing internal troubles the North Vietnamese are experiencing. The evidence for this over the past few months includes—in addition to some remarkable admissions by the North Vietnamese themselves of mounting economic and political difficulties—the testimony of two recent prisoners, a journalist and a military political officer, to the effect that between two and three hundred prominent members of the Laodong, or Workers', Party (North Vietnam's Communist Party) have been purged in the last year and a half for favoring the pro-Russian line of modified military effort and more emphasis on a continuing political struggle in the South. South Vietnamese security agents, who are still interrogating the two prisoners, have as yet revealed few additional details of the purge, aside from the fact that it was extensive, that it continued throughout the first half of 1968, and that it may still be going on. Such information would be treated skeptically were it not for a recent flood of broadcasts from North Vietnam de-

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crying the counter-revolutionary sins of lax Party cadres. The alleged errors run the customary Communist gamut from "individualism" and "bureaucracy and commandism" to "corruption and decadence" and "lack of Party discipline." To all appearances, the broadcasts and other internal declarations represent far more than the normal amount of complaint and exhortation, and indicate that, in the wake of serious economic and social troubles, a "rectification campaign" comparable to that carried on in China in 1953 is currently under way in North Vietnam. "Radio Hanoi sounds just the way Radio Peking used to," one expert says.

The confusion of purpose that has marked the Laodong Party's leadership recently, in sharp contrast to its previous long years of unity and discipline—maintained despite occasional ideological and practical differences—was initially commented upon in a scarcely noticed magazine article by Le Duc Tho, Politburo member and Party theoretician, published more than a year ago, in February, 1968. Tho, who is commuting these days between Paris and Hanoi via Moscow and Peking, as the chief adviser of the North Vietnamese peace delegation, took note of the developing clash between Le Duan, the tough, pragmatic architect of last year's Tet offensive, and Truong Chinh, who represents the pro-Chinese element in the Politburo and who favors a return to traditional ideology and protracted revolutionary warfare, with as much emphasis on political as on military measures. "There are at the present time a number of people among us who want the Party to follow the political line of this country or the political line of that country," Tho wrote, "or who, on seeing someone act in a certain way, want to follow that way. This is in no way compatible with Marxism-Leninism. . . . In the anti-United States national-salvation undertaking, we must constantly struggle against every manifestation of demoralization, accommodation, and the fear of difficulty and hardship." A new article by Truong Chinh, released in another North Vietnamese publication only this past January, concerns "The Failure of the Coöperative System;" it decries misuse of private farm plots and general bad management methods, and offers fresh evidence of the economic difficulties caused by the war, which have been made worse by unexpectedly poor 1968 crop returns. Typical of a recent spate of editorials was one in *Nhan Dan*, the principal Hanoi daily, early in February, en-

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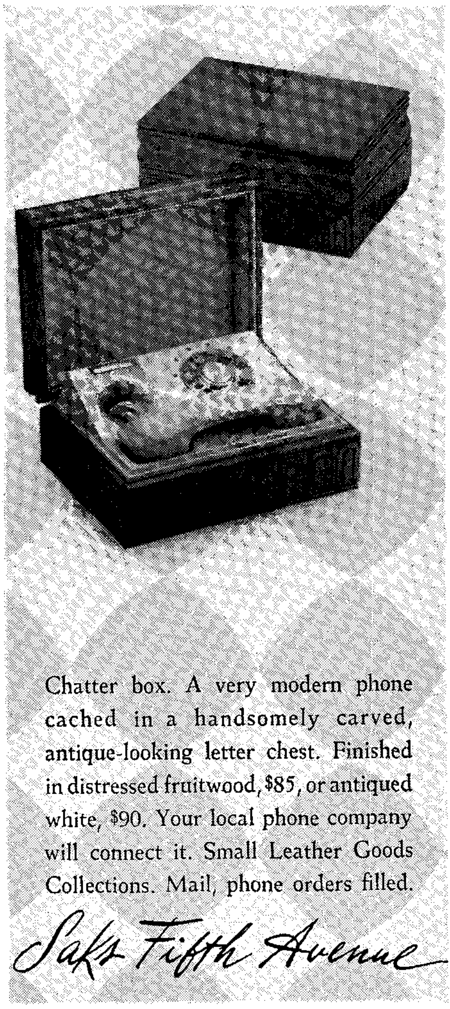

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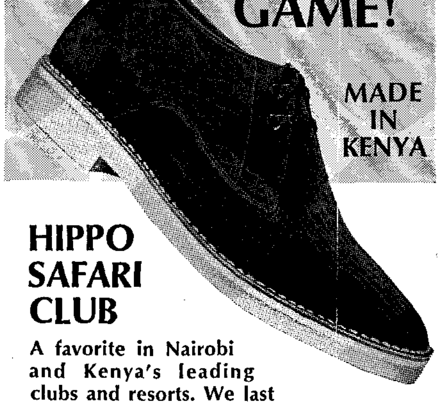

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titled "Improve the Ethics of Party Members in Order to Improve the Party's Fighting Strength." The editorial endorsed an earlier article written by a "Comrade T.L.," who, among other things, bemoaned the lack of self-criticism within the Party ranks and denounced the selfishness, irresponsibility, and laziness of Party workers. Certainly all signs point to cracks in the heretofore near-monolithic North Vietnamese Communist structure. As one American student of Hanoi politics here has put it, "Given all the wartime troubles—above all, the bombing and the dislocation it has caused—it was inevitable that the end of the bombing would highlight some 'housekeeping' problems. What is particularly interesting is the admission that the bombing halt has not improved the economic situation but, in certain respects, has aggravated it." P. J. Honey, a British expert on North Vietnam, said in mid-March, "It is against [the] background of North Vietnamese Communist division, disarray, and internal conflict that the conduct of fighting in the South, and of the negotiations in Paris, must be assessed."

There is every sign that Hanoi is making such assessments very carefully. Sooner or later, the Communists will decide that talking can help them more than fighting—at least temporarily. By then, they hope to have completed their political preparations in the South, or to have completed as much of them as they think they can under Allied pressure. In the meantime, however, they are convinced, with considerable logic, that as long as the present fighting lasts they can continue to disrupt the Saigon government's administrative machinery and the longer the fighting continues the more South Vietnamese, Americans, and other people in the world will accept the idea that the Communists deserve and must be given some sort of political voice in South Vietnamese affairs. How strong that voice will be is the question at issue in the continuing struggle involving many areas of activity, on the government side as well as on the side of the Communists. On the basis of a tour of the country I made during February and March, and of discussions I had with South Vietnamese political leaders of varied persuasions and with American officials, my own estimate is that the contest will reach a critical point toward the end of this year, both politically and militarily. While some fighting will then still continue, a showdown will begin in Paris. The contest will thereupon enter a new

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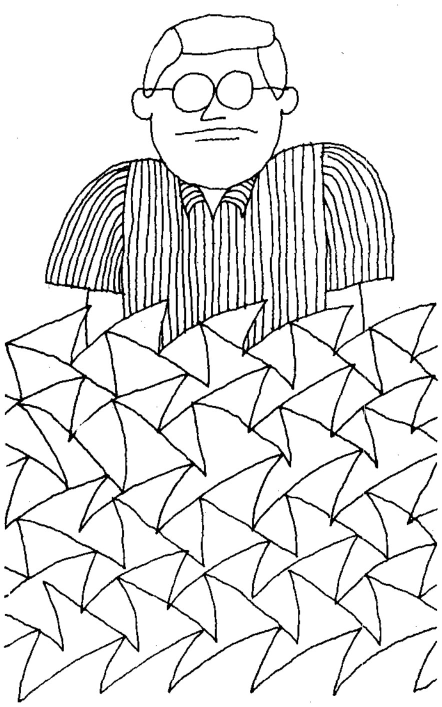

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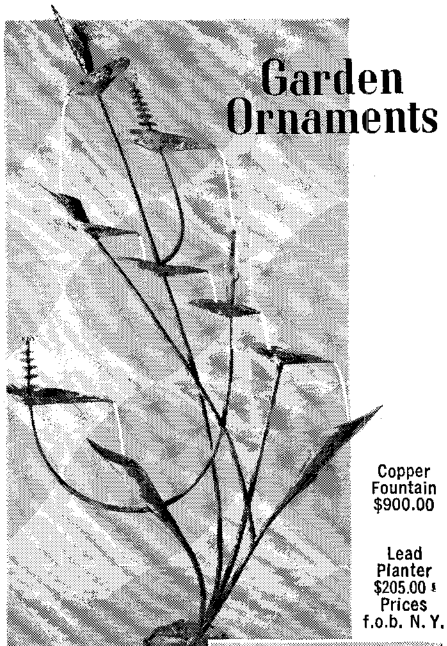

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phase, the length of which will depend on a number of factors that are impossible to predict, including the current state of the American-Soviet relationship and the degree of persuasion Moscow might exert on Hanoi. The ultimate political struggle in Vietnam that will follow whatever settlement is worked out may go on for years. It could produce a fresh outbreak of hostilities, including a new Communist-led guerrilla war, a resurgence of military rule, or a true nationalist rebellion opposing both the Communists and whatever Saigon government is in power. It could, finally, even produce peace.

In all events, the shape of the future will be crucially affected by the amount of progress made or not made this year in South Vietnam in the field of Revolutionary (or rural) Development—still misnamed "pacification"—including the granting of more autonomy to the villages and hamlets; in a growth of South Vietnamese military self-dependence and local self-defense capability; and in some sorting out of the highly confused and fragmented political situation. The fact that the Communists are for the first time having real troubles of their own, in the South as well as in the North, adds an ironic note to the contest. As one cynical American here says, "They might crawl across the finish line and still make it, or we might throw them across first." The mood among official Americans remains, as usual, cautiously optimistic—what else could it be, after Washington's long, frustrating commitment?—while the South Vietnamese remain, as usual, more sharply divided in their opinions. In general, there are among them at least four main groups. President Nguyen Van Thieu and his immediate entourage have gained in self-confidence and self-righteousness to the point where most other Vietnamese consider them far removed from reality, even though it is widely agreed that their current programs are sounder in conception and in organization than their earlier ones. The trouble, as many outside the government see it, is that Thieu, despite his grasp of the problems besetting his country, is acting more and more like a latter-day incarnation of Ngo Dinh Diem, the autocratic head of the First Republic, who was murdered in 1963. Thieu's critics point out that he has recently even adopted a private imperial flag—two dragons gazing at a sparkling sun—and since he comes from central Vietnam, the seat of the old emperors, he is being accused of harboring ambitions to cling to power in

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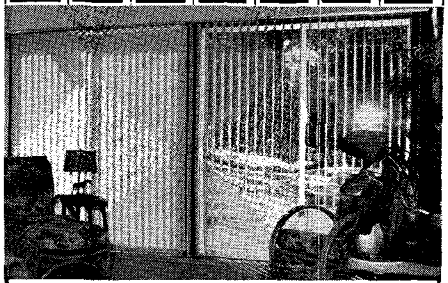

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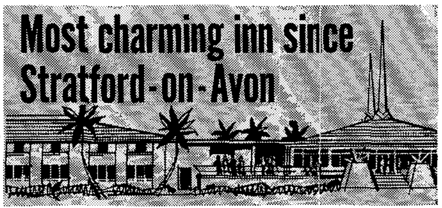
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traditional dynastic fashion. A second group of Vietnamese—including a number of leading political figures who favor a strong central government, with its power tempered by a reasonable amount of decentralization through the provinces, districts, villages, and hamlets—is willing to go along with Thieu, either in support or as a loyal opposition, but many of its members, too, are increasingly worried about some of his attitudes and tendencies. Members of a third group, including key military leaders, are maintaining their wary support of the President but still have their own ambitions and their own ideas of how the country should be run in a time of crisis. A fourth group, by far the largest—though also the least cohesive—remains openly critical of Thieu and of those around him. Seeing themselves as true nationalist spokesmen—protagonists of various religious, political, social, and professional elements—these Vietnamese run the gamut from coffeehouse malcontents to genuinely concerned political opponents of a regime they feel is hopelessly out of touch with public opinion and incapable of providing any inspiration or leadership to oppose the Communists. Some of them confess privately that in an either-or situation in a free election they might even vote for the Communists.

As for the Communists themselves, at the moment they are more carefully adjusting their military strategy and tactics within South Vietnam to their political objectives. To comprehend these objectives, it is useful to go back to last September, when the Communists' Central Office for South Vietnam (COSVN), which, under the direction of the Laodong, is charged with the over-all running of the war in the South, issued a policy statement known as Resolution No. 8. This praised the Communist successes, but also noted the failures of last year's Tet drive and of the May and August attacks, and the inability to foster and exploit more mass support both in the cities and in the countryside. Essentially, the resolution justified the policy of renewing the attacks and maintaining "unremitting pressure." After four divisions operating north and northwest of Saigon were withdrawn last fall to Cambodia for replenishment, the high command in Hanoi and at COSVN ordered these troops back into South Vietnam and shifted additional regiments into the III Corps area surrounding Saigon. This gave the Communists a strike

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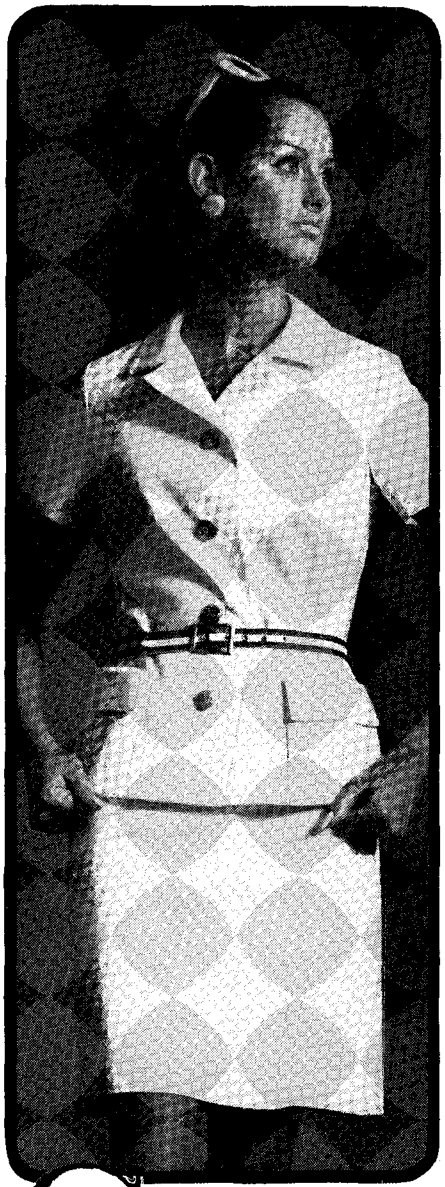

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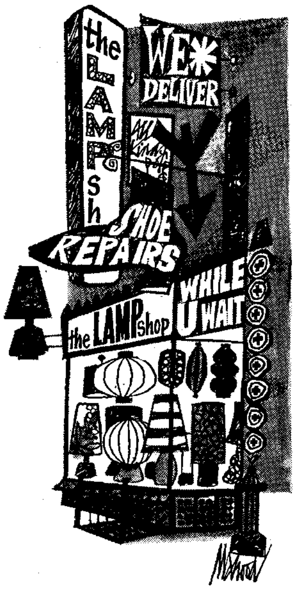
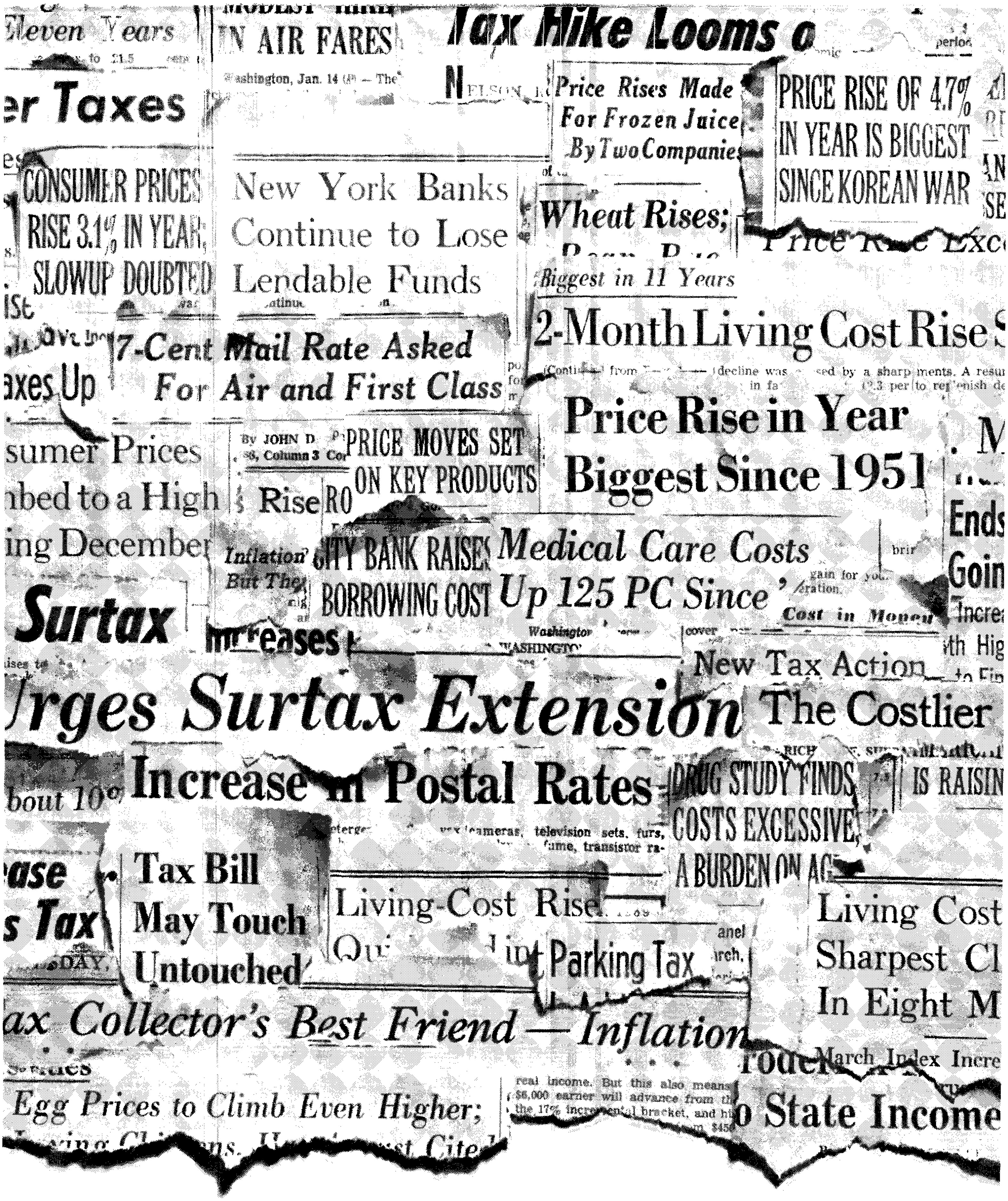
force of thirty to forty thousand men around the capital. New caches of food and ammunition were hidden underground in the jungle, and large numbers of mortars and new 122-mm. rockets were cleverly emplaced within striking distance of the city. A significant innovation—a major result of the lack of coördination among attacking elements during the 1968 Tet assault on the capital—was the creation of five independent battalion-size forces, each known in Vietnamese as a *cum,* which were broken down into sixty- and ninety-man groups. These units, specially trained in street fighting, sabotage, and other harassment techniques, were to act as spearheads within Saigon and at the Bien Hoa airbase and the Long Binh supply base nearby, and if they were successful in their attempts to cause disruption, and even "to blow up Saigon from within," a major attack on the capital would follow.

Beginning in September, the *cum* units crossed over from Bathu, in Cambodia, and started moving eastward toward Saigon, carrying AK-47 automatic rifles, *plastique* explosives, telecommunication sets, and other equipment. After approaching the capital by two infiltration routes, they were ordered to leave their supplies at secret caches and to proceed unarmed into the city; support units would bring their gear in to them. Early in January, by which time the Communists had twenty-two battalions of regulars—more than six thousand men—poised within twenty kilometres of Saigon, twenty-one members of one *cum* formation were captured in Hau Nghia Province, just west of the city, and they gave important information about the new attack plan. Although other *cum* elements probably did succeed in reaching Saigon, about a hundred and fifty were rounded up by the police and intelligence organizations. It was because of this, and because of the American success in keeping the battalions north of Saigon off balance, that the major Communist offensive planned for December and January did not materialize. As a result, the Communists shifted their tactics and concentrated instead on rocket and ambush attacks. Late in February, they did strike in battalion strength at Bien Hoa and Long Binh, where they inflicted considerable damage but suffered their heaviest losses; they had some success in the Delta; and they also maintained their option for new attacks on Saigon, where some of the *cum* members are undoubtedly still hiding and waiting.



From the political standpoint, the new strategy, based partly on the *cum* spearheads, is doubly significant, for it seems to indicate that—for the time being, anyway—the Communists no longer believe so strongly in the possibility of spontaneous urban uprisings in support of general attacks on Saigon and other cities, as they did in last year's nationwide Tet assault. During November, December, and January, they did, to be sure, seek to instigate some demonstrations in Saigon, but they were disappointed with the response they got, especially when the government cracked down hard on would-be demonstrators, in line with Thieu's new, tough policy of not countenancing any activity judged to be a threat to the government's position—a policy that is getting tougher all the time. In mid-March, a ten-year sentence at hard labor was handed out to Thich Thien Minh, the Secretary General of the militant An Quang Pagoda group of Buddhists, for harboring draft dodgers and deserters at his Buddhist Youth Center, not far from the pagoda, and for permitting pro-Communist activities to be conducted there. Most observers felt that although Thien Minh must have been aware of what was going on in the building, the sentence was unduly harsh and would simply serve to antagonize further both the militant Buddhists, who in the past have coöperated with or allowed themselves to be used by the Communists, and the less militant groups, both clerical and lay, who, as the majority element, are eager to play a more important political role.

The sentencing of Thien Minh, with whom I had a private talk in the Saigon suburbs the day before his arrest, late in February, is particularly significant in view of the recent attitude of the Communists toward the An Quang group of Buddhists, of which Thich Tri Quang, one of the heroes of the revolt six years ago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against Ngo Dinh Diem, is the other principal leader. Although the Vietcong used the An Quang Pagoda area in Cholon, the Chinese section of Saigon, as a local headquarters during the 1968 attack on the city, and some of the militant young Buddhists gave shelter to the attacking troops, the relationship between the Communists and this particular group of Buddhists has been somewhat strained ever since 1966, when, with the approval of the Americans, Buddhist dissidents were suppressed and defeated by Nguyen Cao Ky, then Prime Minister. After their defeat, the Vietcong and the Buddhists accused each other of having betrayed the Struggle Movement, as the Buddhist activities were called. In any event, several hundred of its members went to jail, though almost all have since been released. The subsequent ambivalence of the Communists toward the An Quang group was demonstrated last November, when, following the American bombing halt, they sought to take advantage of the friction between the Americans and the Thieu government over the seating of the National Liberation Front in Paris. In the words of one Communist document issued as a "guideline" at the time, "Johnson's clique remains very confused and brings pressure upon Thieu's clique owing to the imminent election of a U.S. President. Therefore, they can exert great pressure on Thieu by either using the political influence of the anti-Thieu Buddhist sect of An Quang or staging a coup d'état to overthrow Thieu if successful results cannot be *immediately achieved." If the* Americans should use the An Quang group against Thieu, the Communists suggested, "this would be a very favorable occasion for us to step up all aspects of our *activities* and rapidly stage the political struggle in towns and district seats." Regardless of such possibilities, the Catholic-oriented Thieu government has done nothing to improve its relations with the An Quang group, and it has, in fact, issued a charter to a group of opposition bonzes, or monks, headed by Thich Tam Chau, who has been ill or out of the country for most of the last three years and has had little influence. It has not given any real encouragement to non-clerical factions of Buddhists, although some of the lay leaders are members of the government, and many neutral observers, both Vietnamese and American, who firmly believe that the Buddhists cannot indefinitely be excluded from political life in Vietnam, favor the building

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of a non-clerical Buddhist party. However, though the An Quang bonzes are divided among themselves—Tri Quang, primarily a theoretician, and Thien Minh, primarily an activist, have often disagreed about strategy and tactics, as have other leaders of the Pagoda—the bonzes as a group have greater mass appeal than the lay leaders.

The arrest and sentencing of Thien Minh could effectively make martyrs of him and his fellow-militants, as was done when the pagodas were raided in 1963. Thieu, who warned Thien Minh to cease his anti-government activities several weeks ago, when the monk made a particularly critical speech, is obviously aware of this possibility but chose to throw the book at him anyway, perhaps as an object lesson to others, and because he figured the An Quang group was too weak right now to react. Whatever happens, the Communists, who have been hoping for just such an issue to drive a wedge between the Americans and the Vietnamese, seem bound to benefit. The Americans at our embassy, still extolling Thieu as the most "stable" of all the post-Diem Vietnamese leaders—as they earlier extolled Ky and several others before him—have had their own differences of opinion about the Buddhists. A minority has wanted to make a fresh approach to the An Quang group, while the majority has argued that the militant bonzes—as at best an untrustworthy, and at worst a pro-Communist, element—should be allowed to wither on the vine. It seems hard to believe that Thien Minh was naïve enough not to know that his Youth Center was being used as a Communist propaganda mill and a hideout for deserters, but at the same time both he and Tri Quang, whom I also saw privately, a week after Minh's arrest, have been seeking American support in their campaign to get Thieu to broaden his government and build a national union of religious and political forces.

This request for our help assuredly does not mean that the An Quang Buddhists have suddenly become pro-American; it simply shows that the monks know that at this point nothing can be accomplished in Vietnam without the Americans' wish or approval. When I saw Thien Minh (he is a man of virtually no expression, except for an occasional, flickering smile), he seemed sincere in his request for American understanding and help in obtaining a greater voice not only for the Buddhists but also for the Hoa Hao

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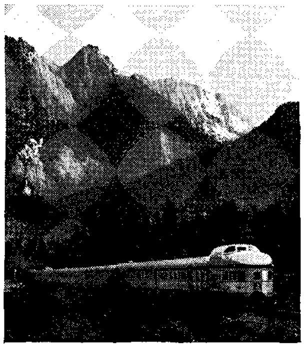

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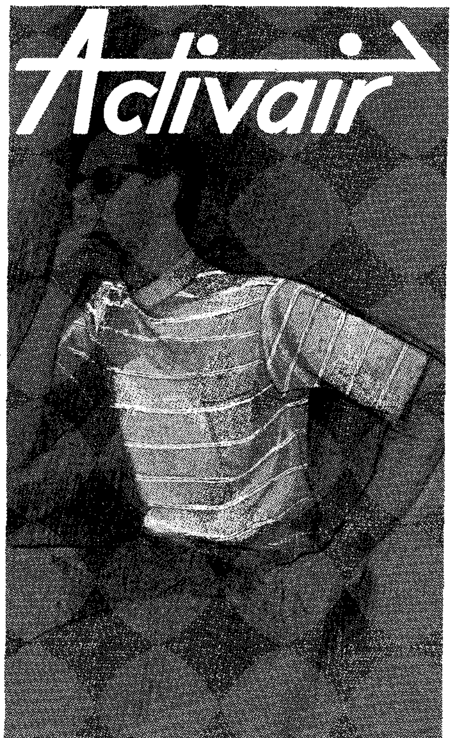

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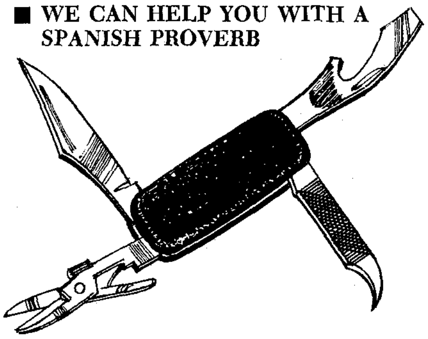

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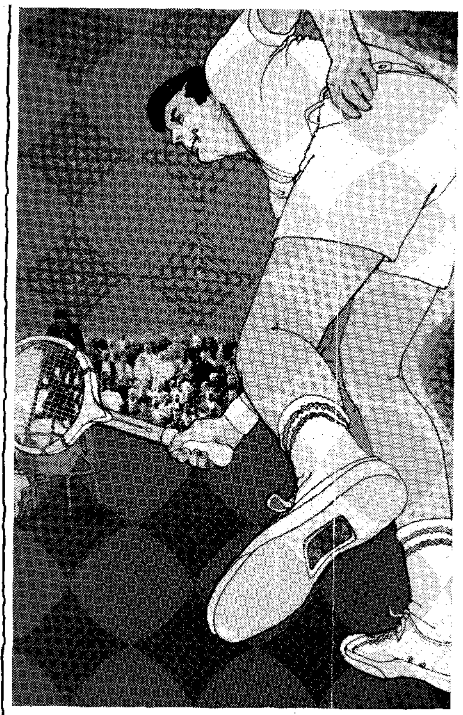
and Cao Dai religious sects—groups whose vast influence was curbed by Diem. Tri Quang, a far more cryptic and interesting personality (at one moment he can be hard and remote, and the next warm and confiding, flashing a brilliant smile), was more convincing. The Americans, he maintained, had committed themselves to Vietnam, for good or for bad, and now they could not shirk their responsibility. He said that President Nixon could face up to Vietnam with a clear conscience and deal openly and frankly with Thieu in forcing certain necessary changes in the government. "Political parties as such mean nothing," Tri Quang said. "Only religions count in Vietnam, and you Americans must readjust to that realization. What is important now is not just a 'peace Cabinet' but a decent new government that welcomes religious coöperation. A new approach and attitude are necessary whatever it is you want—peace, war, the defeat of the Communists by military or political means. But you cannot go on doing what you're doing and expect any results." The government of Thieu and Ky and Prime Minister Tran Van Huong was "a losing one," he added. "On the one hand, you cannot manipulate them, and, on the other hand, they are incapable of controlling the masses." Thieu's handling of the Thien Minh case was "infantile," he asserted—a defensive and repressive maneuver as fruitless as "beating the wind." There should be no question of martyrdom. "What is important is having a just cause," he said. "It is not a matter of one group or one religion against another. There is simply no justification for oppressing the Buddhists and preventing their full participation in the national life of the country. It is not too late, but there must be new ideas. One can be pessimistic, but not dispirited. There must be a change of your policy in Vietnam before negotiations in Paris can get anywhere."

In conversations with some Vietnamese friends, Tri Quang has speculated that if the Buddhists continue to be excluded from political life they may have no recourse but to turn to the Communists again. (An elderly bonze, Thich Don Hau, was either kidnapped by or voluntarily went into hiding with the Vietcong last year in Hué, after the Tet offensive, and he has since broadcast sporadically over their clandestine radio.) It is difficult to tell how seriously Tri Quang means this threat, but the Communists are making fresh efforts to sow dissension



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among all the religious groups and to convert them to "participation in the struggle for the salvation of the country." This fits in with their general scheme, set forth since the bombing halt, to create as much friction as possible and to capitalize on what they have almost obsessively felt to be an inevitable conflict between the Americans and the Saigon regime. They were overstimulated in this belief by the clash that took place between Saigon and Washington over the seating of the Front in Paris. In addition to envisaging an American attempt to use the An Quang Buddhists against Thieu, they have anticipated a coup by Vice-President Ky, a takeover by the generals, a popular demand to create a peace Cabinet, or, finally, a Cabinet reshuffle that would leave the present government more vulnerable. Such a reshuffle has, in fact, just taken place, with the elevation of General Tran Thien Khiem to the post of Deputy Prime Minister, in charge of pacification. (He was already Minister of the Interior, and retains that portfolio.) Khiem may now be considered the second-most powerful man in the country, and, as one of the leaders of the 1963 coup against Diem, he is known to favor a stronger role for the generals who staged that coup, and may even see himself as Prime Minister.

IN South Vietnam today, there are some fifty registered political parties and nearly a hundred unregistered ones. Among them are many that are shopworn or outworn, despite their efforts to assume new guises. Some, their leaders motivated by opportunism, seek merely to capitalize on the present uncertainty and on the overwhelming desire for peace; a few represent bona-fide efforts to espouse new ideas and to confront the revolutionary challenges offered by the Communists with feasible alternatives, including ones that are equally authoritarian but perhaps may better fit the demands of contemporary Vietnamese society. Despite the dire need for a two- or three-party system, fragmentation, mistrust, ambition, and competition still run so deep in Vietnam that the efforts of the National Assembly to write a new political law that would limit the number of parties have so far proved fruitless. The committees working on the law are trying to make the legal requirements for political parties tougher, but they have been unable to come up with satisfactory definitions. Definitions alone won't work anyway, for what is needed, and is so obviously lacking, is the willingness of political

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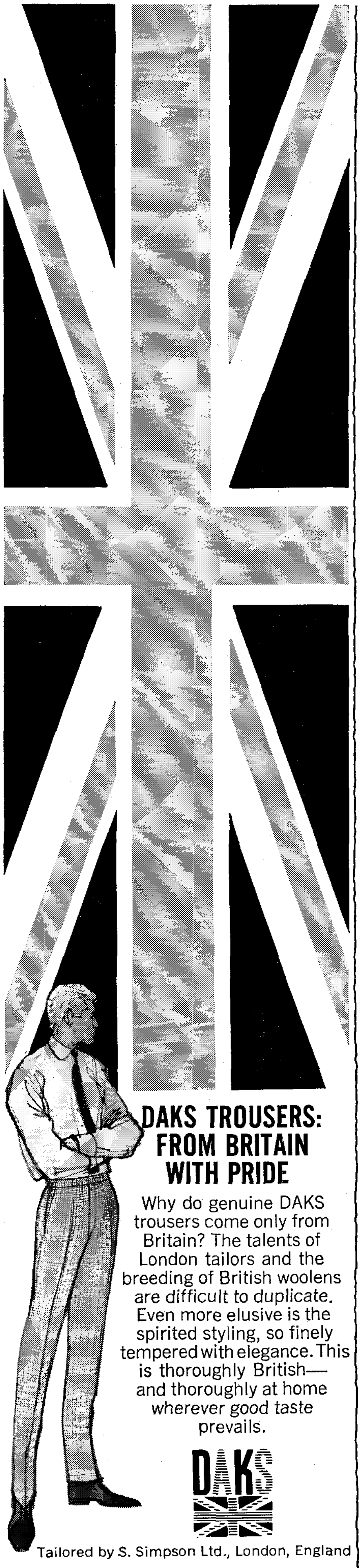

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leaders, movements, and groups to work together instead of against each other. A Vietnamese politician I have known for many years told me, "The great danger is that when we do come down to a system of one man, one vote, as we undoubtedly must, there will still be so much division that we will totally defeat ourselves. The non-Communists may represent a majority, but the Communists, as a well-organized minority, may win by default. It won't matter whether they call themselves the National Liberation Front or the Saigon Soccer Association."

So many parties, movements, forces, and blocs are competing with each other today that it is virtually impossible to sort them all out. Within the religious groups, the three-way split among the militant clerics, the more conservative clerics, and the lay Buddhists continues to immobilize the Buddhists as a political force. The two clerical factions together probably still control about a million votes, and while the lay Buddhist group shows some signs of becoming stronger and of drawing support from the two quarrelling religious bodies, it lacks dynamic leadership and faces a reluctance on the part of the average Buddhist, whether he practices the religion or simply goes along nominally, to offend the bonzes.

The Hoa Hao, an offshoot Buddhist sect with about a million and a half members, mostly in the Delta, is also badly divided. In the western part of the Delta, notably in An Giang and Chau Doc Provinces, the Hoa Hao villages have effectively organized and armed themselves and either fended off the Communists or made accommodations with them that could have some interesting results when peace finally comes. The other principal sect, the Cao Dai, an eclectic organization, whose ample pantheon houses Christ, Buddha, Victor Hugo, and Winston Churchill, and which is guided by a hierarchy composed of cardinals and "zodiacal lords," claims about two and a half million members. Primarily active in Tay Ninh Province on the Cambodian border and, to a lesser extent, in ten other provinces, the Cao Dai is split today into no less than a dozen factions, with the result that its political influence is less than the Hoa Hao's, though each is credited with controlling six or seven hundred thousand voters. About fifty thousand Cao Dai are close to the Communists, and in a showdown more might go along with them. The government officially regrets but privately encourages the differences among the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai factions, in the best French-inherited divide-and-conquer tradition. Without some outside guidance, it seems doubtful whether the religious groups will ever consolidate themselves and play the important role in South Vietnam that their collective following warrants. The Americans could do more than they have to resolve the situation, but they have been too determined to build up Thieu in the interests of "stability" and creating "unity" in Paris. If anything makes it easier for the Communists to dominate the future, it will be this failure to rally the scattered religious forces. Whatever Tri Quang's private motives may be, he is right about that.

It seems highly doubtful if Thieu will make the compromises and adjustments required to heal the wounds. However much truth there is in the charge that he is increasingly fashioning himself in a Diemist image, the fact remains that, as a converted Catholic with a Catholic wife, he represents a minority element, just as Diem and his family did. He has appointed a preponderant number of Catholics as province chiefs and to other important posts, both military and civilian. The Church hierarchy, organized into two archdioceses, eleven dioceses, and eight hundred parishes, wields a political influence transcending its numerical strength—a million and a half communicants among the seventeen million in South Vietnam—and the hierarchy, as it did under Diem, appears to have considerable influence in the Presidential palace. Almost half the Senate and about a third of the House are Catholic; Archbishop Nguyen Van Binh, of Saigon, the most important Catholic prelate in the country, has so far remained aloof from any Catholic political movement or legislative bloc, and has even discouraged such activity. However, there are signs that he is willing to lend his approval, if not his support, to a new Catholic-led—although not exclusively Catholic—organization, the Nhan Xa, or Social Humanist, Party. And Thieu himself, who has talked of starting a party of his own because of the failure of others to create a pro-government front, seems ready to give the Nhan Xa his moral backing.

The Party's formation is certainly the most significant recent political development in the country. Legally registered in October, 1967, it had been

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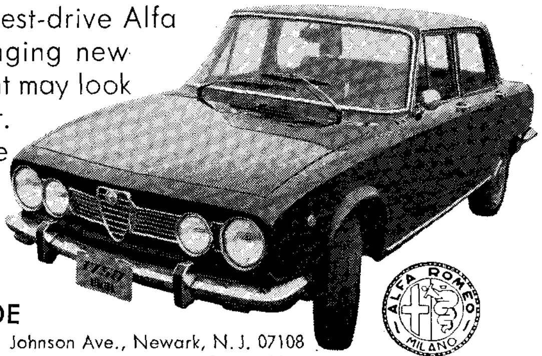

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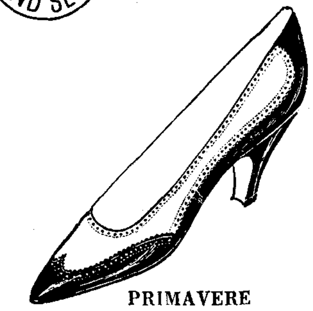

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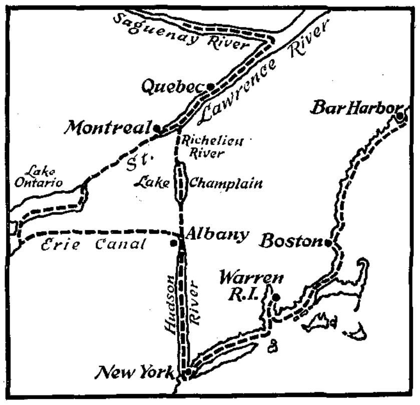

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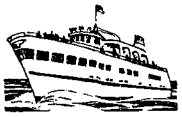

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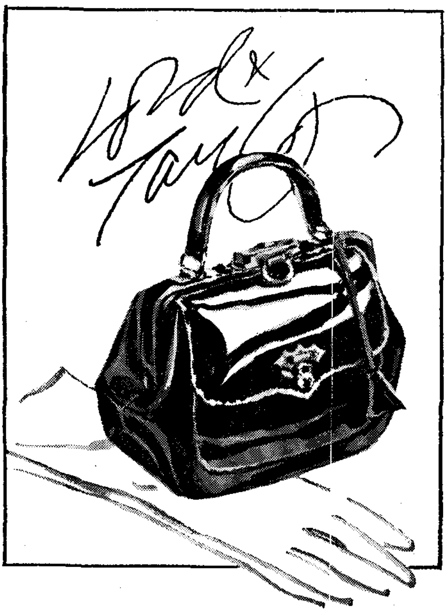
quietly started two years earlier by a mixed group of prominent clerical and professional leaders who were mostly Catholics, and many of whom, as former Diemist officials or supporters, had been members of the old Can Lao movement, organized by Diem and his brother Nhu. The Can Lao, which began as a benevolent workers' association, evolved into a combined political party and secret society that wielded considerable power over the entire Diem-Nhu administration. Like other organizations created by Nhu, it was guided by his philosophy of *personnalisme*, which borrowed from numerous philosophic and religious tenets to build a body of thought based on respect for the work of the individual and on collective social action to create a sense of community responsibility. I once spent several hours listening to Nhu expound his philosophy, and while it sounded good, I came away bewildered as to what it was really all about.

The Nhan Xa, while admittedly borrowing some of Nhu's thoughts, professes to be far more practical in its aims. Referring to the "unitarian characteristics" of Vietnam, it opposes both "excessive decentralization" and "excessive centralization." Between these two extremes, it favors an administrative policy of "deconcentration" that will enable "the people at various levels to participate in the management of their localities through direct election of their representatives to administer villages and hamlets . . . and to counsel the government authorities and civil servants at provincial and district levels." Strongly against any form of coalition government, the Nhan Xa seeks an independent South Vietnam that will reëstablish relations gradually with the North. It foresees a lengthy period of postwar development in the South, during which free enterprise and agrarian reform are accompanied by widespread educational and administrative reforms. In basing its immediate program on what it calls the "preparatory stage of the struggle for peace," the Nhan Xa favors the "Vietnamization of the war," with a gradual reduction in American military strength but with the Allies continuing joint search-and-destroy operations until these are no longer necessary. The Nhan Xa platform envisages a ninety-day period after a cease-fire, during which all Communist soldiers who want to go to North Vietnam will be permitted to do so and those who choose to stay in the South have to surrender their arms under the supervision of an enlarged International Control Commission that



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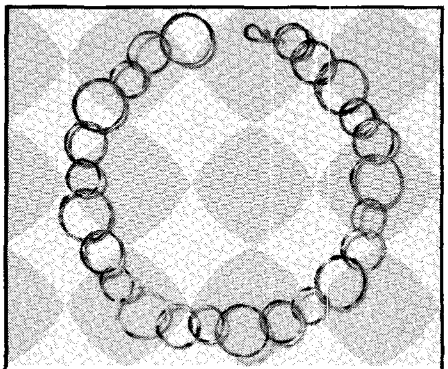

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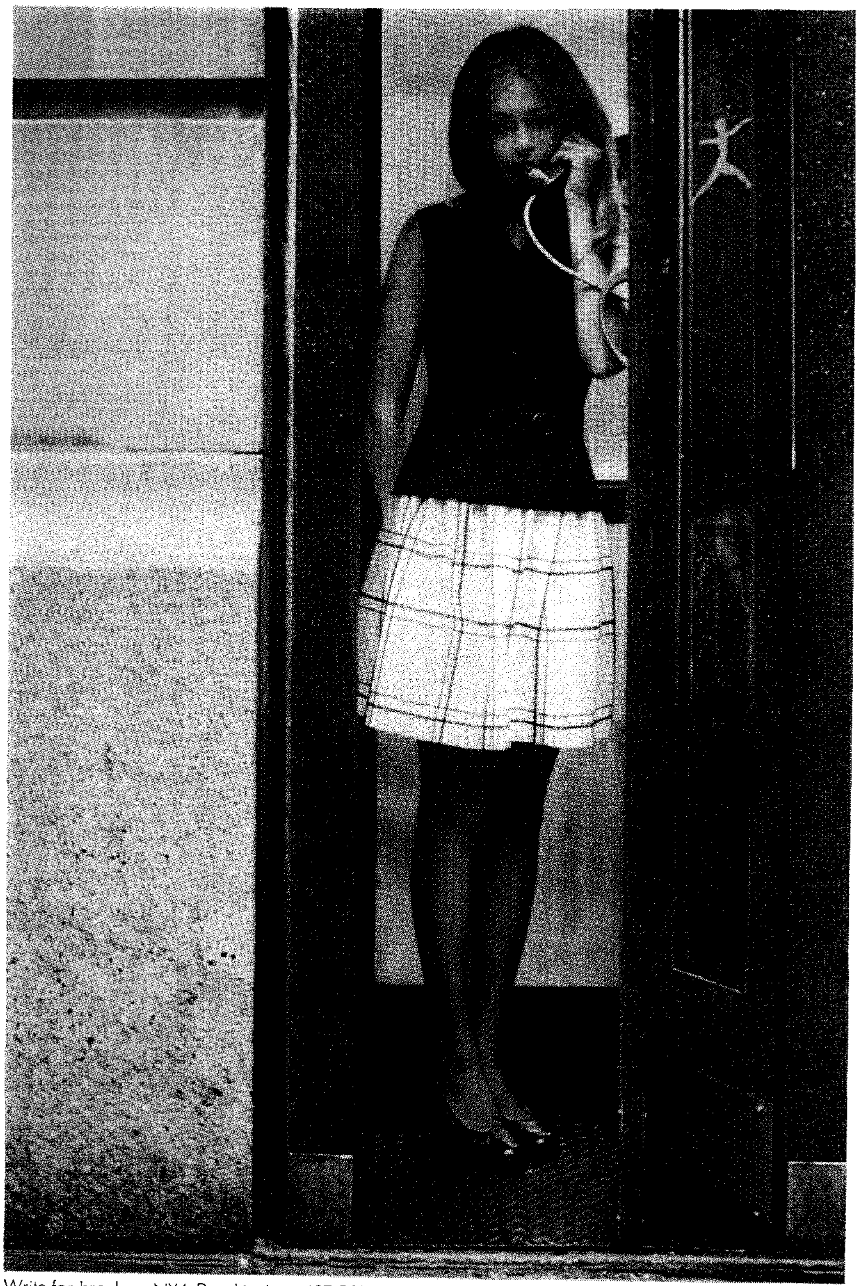

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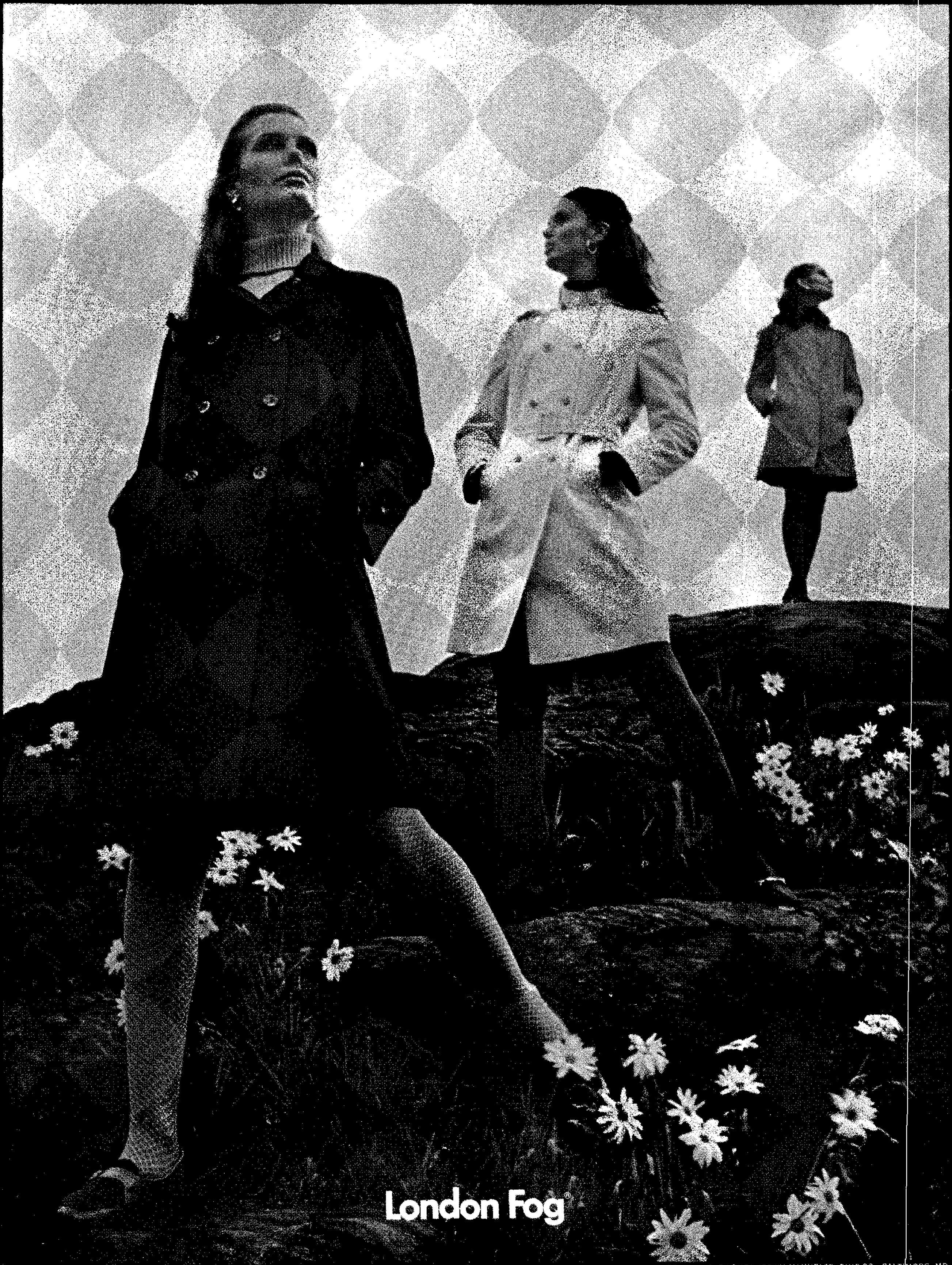

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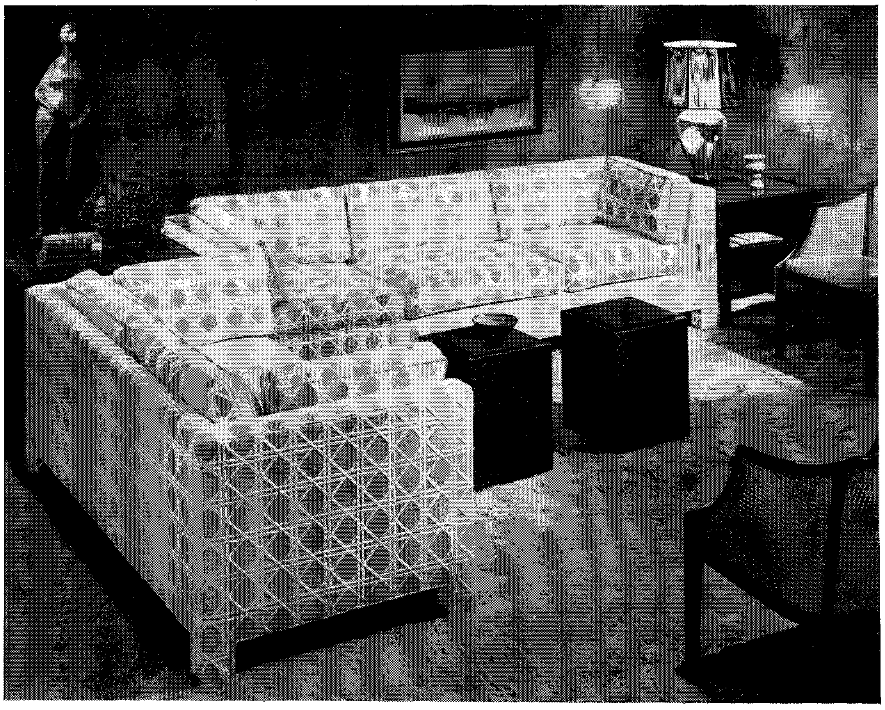
The Nhan Xa, which has a central executive committee of twenty-three members and a political committee of seventeen, claims to be organized in all forty-four provinces of South Vietnam. It also has three special chapters—for students, soldiers, and people of Chinese descent. The best-known leaders of the Party are Truong Vong Cuu, a former Diemist Cabinet minister, and Bishop Nguyen Van Thuan, whose mother is Diem's sister. A Buddhist lawyer from Saigon named Le Truong Quat, who served in Diem's National Assembly, is one of the Party's chief organizers and spokesmen. According to Quat, the Nhan Xa seeks to maintain "an independent stand" but is ready to support Thieu "if the President is sincere, clarifies the ambiguous relationship between himself and the Prime Minister, and gives a greater voice to Cabinet ministers who will represent a wider variety of political and religious views." Whereas, during the Diemist days, the Can Lao increasingly isolated itself, the Nhan Xa is openly seeking the collaboration of other parties, including the religious groups. Neither the Cao Dai nor the Hoa Hao have shown much interest so far, nor have the militant Buddhists. On the other hand, a number of other parties and movements seem willing to collaborate but are waiting to see what kind of mass strength the new group develops. These include the Tan Dai Viet and the Revolutionary Dai Viet, the two main branches of an old nationalist party. Since Thieu is close to the Dai Viet, coöperation between its members and the Catholic-dominated regime has tended to increase, and the Nhan Xa could serve as an ultimate bridge. Two other movements that are developing into parties—the National Salvation Front, headed by Senator Tran Van Don, and the Association of Workers and Peasants, led by labor leader Tran Quoc Buu—have also expressed interest in the Nhan Xa.

While the Nhan Xa's importance at this point should not be exaggerated, it stands out in the murky Vietnamese political scene chiefly because it is much better organized and has more of a sense of purpose and direction than most other parties or movements. Another old-line nationalist party, for in-



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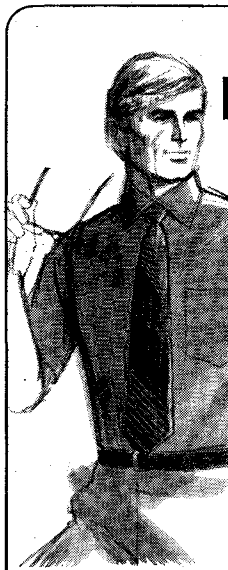

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stance, the Vietnam Quoc Dan Dang, is split into three main and several minor factions, and recent attempts to consolidate them have failed. Both this party and the Dai Viet seem primarily interested in their own survival, and though both have some representatives in the National Assembly and have taken part in local elections, neither has come up with anything resembling a dynamic program. The political scene is further confused today as a result of shifting alliances in the National Assembly, and especially in the Senate, where six different tickets of ten members each were elected in 1967. The election was essentially a lottery, and the slates were not much more than loose collections based on personal association and expediency. With the exception of two Catholic groupings, these ad-hoc coalitions have more or less foundered since. As a result, the Senate is now divided into a number of new "working blocs" that may evolve into political parties. One of these calls itself the Civil Rights bloc and has about fifteen members, and another, claiming twenty-two senators, is the Social Democratic bloc. (Just to confuse matters more, there is also a Democratic Socialist bloc.) Thieu, whose relations with the National Assembly, and especially with the Senate, reached a low point last month in a petty fight over a small budget cut, has tried to mend his political fences with the legislative branch through the medium of the Liberal Democratic Force, another bloc aspiring to be a party. A number of free-floating senators and representatives and some military men and government officials are still loyal to Vice-President Ky, whose political fortunes have ebbed but who remains very much a rival to Thieu, even though he has spent so much time in Paris. All in all, the political picture in South Vietnam remains confused to the point of chaos.

THE Communists now seem to have adopted primarily a military strategy of constant harassment, using rockets and so forth, and widespread small attacks whenever opportunities arise. If they can, they will probably try to capture a provincial capital or two, and some district capitals, and raise the Vietcong flag there for a few days. In the words of one of their recent manifestos, they intend to "wipe out the enemy administration at the lowest levels in cities and towns and, if possible, occupy them," seek to "disintegrate" the Vietnamese armed forces through "military proselytizing," con-

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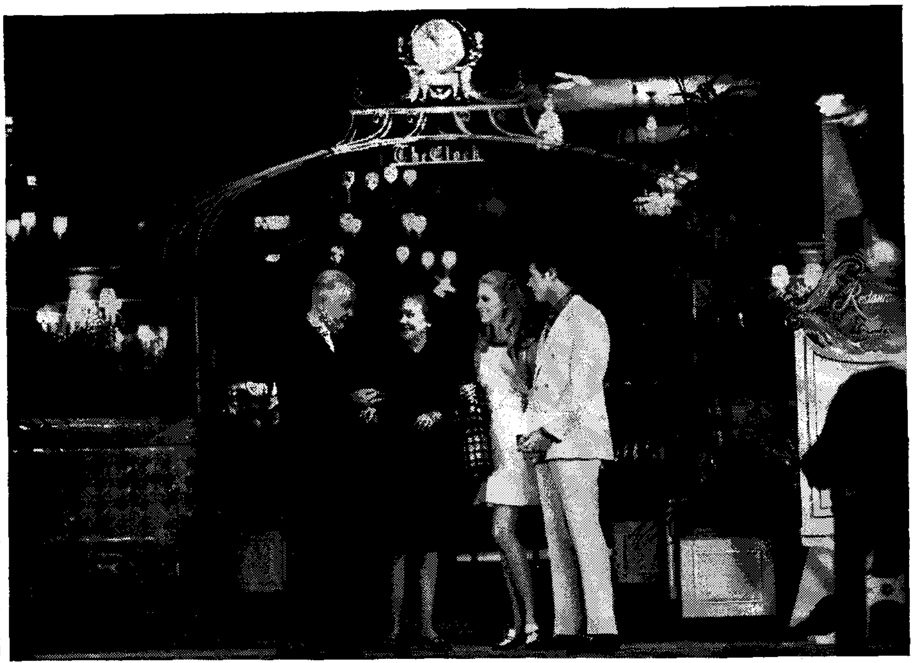
duct "small but harmful attacks on U.S. troops, especially their depots and airfields," "sabotage and occupy sensitive communications axes," and "intensify attacks by special action and secret self-defense forces in cities and towns." The recent increase throughout the country in terrorism, kidnapping, and assassination has confirmed this intent. In Saigon alone within the past several weeks, a Minister of Education and a university professor who might have succeeded him in his post were killed in the streets, while one of Thieu's top military advisers and Prime Minister Huong narrowly escaped after attempts on their lives. "Whatever the outcome of the negotiations, the enemy will not relinquish his sinister conspiracy for his military and political solutions," another Communist document said. "The enemy intends to make certain concessions to end the war rapidly when the balance of force is in his favor and the puppet government is consolidated. The enemy's goals are to defeat us in peaceful competition via political, economic, and social fronts, and finally [he] will probably have recourse to military actions to gain ultimate victory."

In addition to their harassment activities, the Communists are concentrating on their apparatus in the countryside. There are signs, in the face of the mounting Allied military pressure and the Saigon government's expanding pacification program (which has received a small setback as a result of the latest offensive but nothing like the setback it received last year), that the Communists have for the moment reached a peak in what they think they can accomplish. Out of twenty-five hundred villages in South Vietnam, they now claim to have established new Revolutionary Village Committees in fifteen hundred, though they have only identified about half of them by name. In many cases, these committees exist only on a shadow basis, with perhaps an undercover cadreman or two in charge, while in other cases the committees are governments-in-exile—that is, their members are somewhere off in the jungle or are hiding out in nearby towns. The five- to nine-man committees, supposedly appointed by larger, elected Revolutionary Councils—which often don't exist—are at least half composed of members of the People's Revolutionary Party, and these hard-core Communist cadremen hold the key jobs as heads of the military and security, financial and economic, and propaganda and cultural subcommittees. In certain cases, the P.R.P.



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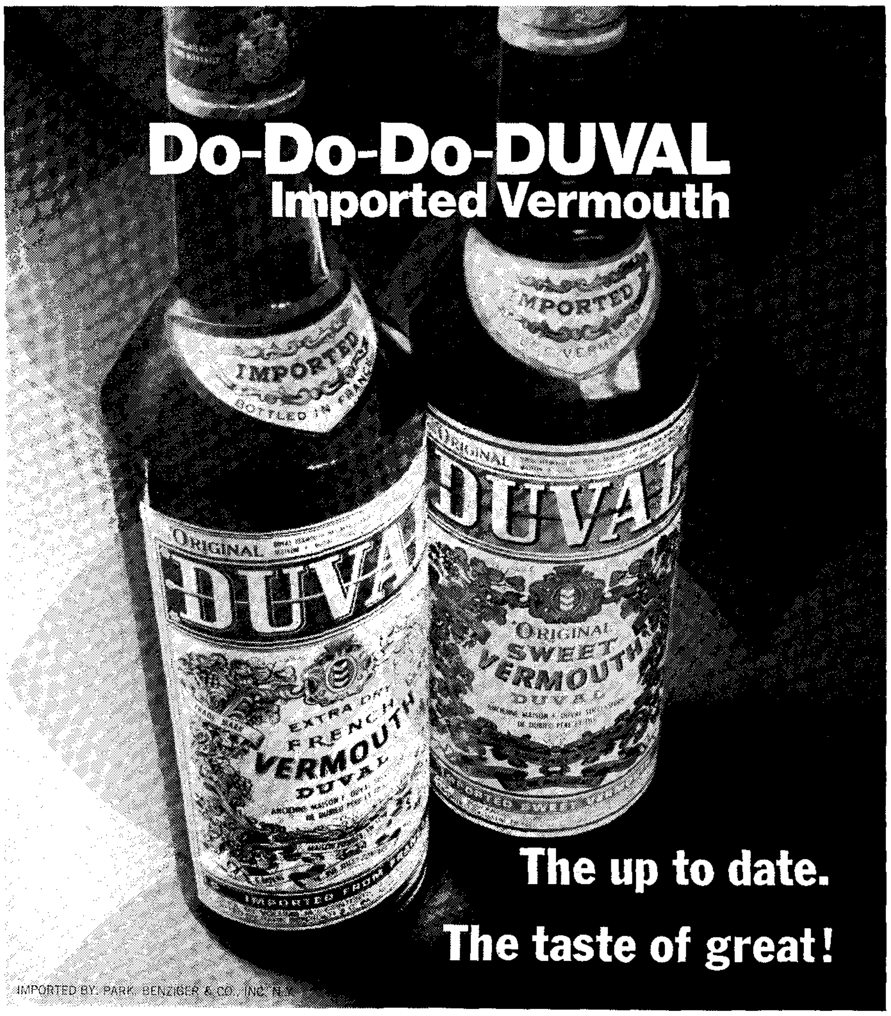

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members may go completely underground and delegate the work of the committees to semi-overt agents, an increasing number of whom are women. Women, in fact, are being used more and more by the hard-pressed Communists. There are now some four thousand cadrewomen, according to the Vietcong, though most of them are in rear-echelon jobs. While women are hard workers, the Communists acknowledge that "they are credulous and cannot resist love" and need "special indoctrination on revolutionary concepts toward sex relations." As so-called "commo-liaison" agents—couriers and spies—young girls and boys, some no more than ten years old, are also being drafted.

On top of this covert Communist apparatus, there is still the overt superstructure, including the National Liberation Front and the various student, religious, and professional associations, as well as the "peace" movements. Early in March, after several months of silence, a new declaration was issued by the Alliance of National, Democratic, and Peace Forces, which was formed as a new front group after the 1968 Tet offensive. The Alliance, the statement said, was "ready to coordinate its activities with those of the patriotic forces and individuals, regardless of their political tendencies and religions, including members of the puppet administration and armed forces, who oppose the U.S. aggressive war and approve [our] struggle slogans." The reappearance of the Alliance, with its new coalition line, suggests that the Communists still intend to introduce it in Paris as a middleman group to serve as a bridge between the Saigon government and the National Liberation Front. Such maneuvers are likely to increase as the negotiations move along. Afterward, when an open political contest starts in South Vietnam, the Alliance or something like it will be the popular instrument through which the Communists hope to defeat the government and gain power. Thus, if the covert People's Revolutionary Party apparatus remains the tough bedrock, the Alliance is the soft turf on top.

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Saigon's newly expressed willingness to deal "realistically" with the National Liberation Front still leaves the government without any discernible strategy for peace. In a number of discussions with officials of the Foreign Ministry, I found a willingness to consider such choices as resuming the bombing or cutting off the Paris talks if the attacks on the cities continue, but no ideas about how to devise workable formulas for compromise at the conference table, particularly on political issues. While the Communists are adjusting their apparatus to meet the possible contingencies of more fighting, less fighting, or no fighting, the government, in the words of one senator, remains "mentally unarmed." Both in the cities and in the countryside, I have lately found a growing curiosity on the part of many people about what is happening in Paris, about dealing with the Front, and about a number of other matters, including the long-delayed and now newly promised implementation of a land-reform program. In some places, there is a new spirit of community responsibility, evidenced by the spontaneous growth of local self-defense forces, and people seem more aware of the need to solve their own problems and settle their own fate than at any time since the fall of Diem. On the other hand, the issue of creating real village and hamlet autonomy, of giving communities control over locally collected taxes and over the distribution of outside aid without interference, is still unclarified and is a source of continuing dissatisfaction. "This remains a war of oppressed people, and pacification alone is not enough," one veteran nationalist who is also a senator told me. "There can be no democracy through militarization. Unless the dignity of the individual is realized, everything will fall apart even if the Communists leave." In the cities, where more than half the country's population is now congregated, hardly anything has been done by the government to come to grips with serious problems of social welfare, slum clearance, and public housing, and the mounting urban crisis is becoming a major threat here, as elsewhere in the world. "The streets are cleaner than they were last year in Saigon," a friend of mine said, "but there is still a lot of garbage in people's heads." While the pacification programs have been consolidated and improved, they may still be too bold in their aims, still based too much on statistical goals, and still too weak in the vital area of political motivation. This is, of course, the very area in which the Communists excel. The

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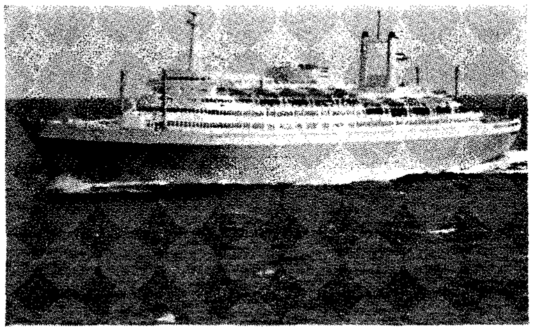

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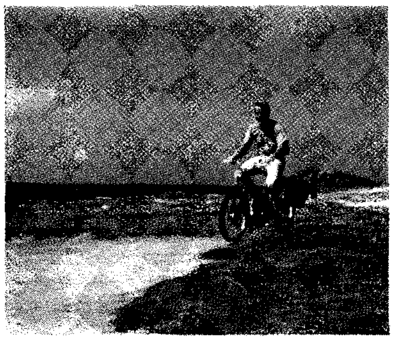

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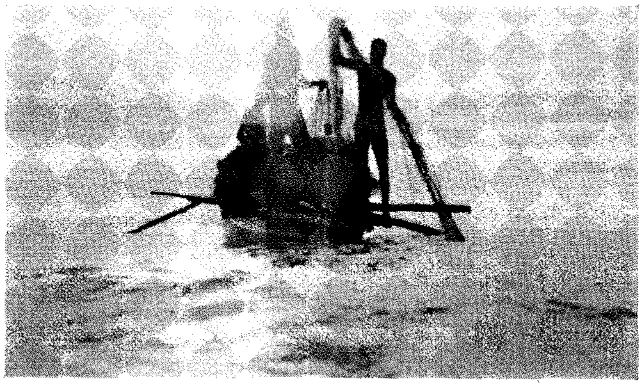

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But, if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

Alexandra de Markoff

Countess Isserlyn
Alexandra de Markoff

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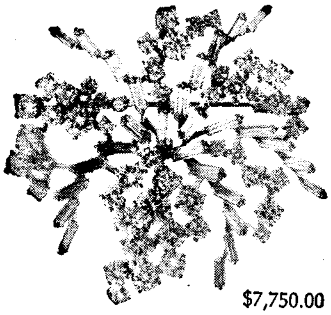
government, however, in what is gratingly called the "psywar program," continues to deal in shibboleths rather than substance, and promises still outrun performance. Provincial and district officials are being constantly changed and are often afraid to act on their own, or else they act too overbearingly and injudiciously. There is a strange over-all sense of irresolution, notwithstanding all the reiterated resolve. One is constantly reminded of the old saying "The operation was successful, but the patient died."

Everywhere I went on a recent trip, in Thua Thien and Quang Tri Provinces in the north, in Tay Ninh in the center, and in the Delta, I heard encouraging reports about such things as the increase in Chieu Hoi returnees (Communist defectors) and the progress being made by the Phoenix program, the combined American-Vietnamese intelligence effort that is now rounding up about two thousand members a month of the V.C.I.—the Vietcong infrastructure (either Communist cadremen or active supporters). Yet except for using some of the Chieu Hoi defectors as "Kit Carson" scouts—guides on military attacks or patrols—very little is being done to reincorporate these people into the social and economic order, and they are in effect second-class citizens, languishing in camps or kept under surveillance as "parolees." Most of the V.C.I. being captured are low-level operatives and appear to be replaceable, though there are continuing signs that a shortage of cadremen is forcing higher-level Communists to take over several jobs simultaneously. This could, in due time, seriously affect their political plans, but the Phoenix program remains essentially a defensive one, as does the Provincial Reconnaissance Unit program, which involves small armed forays against known or suspected Communists. Neither program is a substitute for positive political action. They are counter-terrorist but not counter-insurgency programs, if by "counter-insurgency" one means offering people alternatives that will convince them, beyond fear of reprisal, that they have more to gain than to lose by siding with the government.

In spite of the apparent success of the three-month Accelerated Pacification Campaign that ended on January 31st, and which, according to official figures, brought "relative security" to some twelve hundred hamlets heretofore regarded as "contested" or "insecure," and in spite of plans designed to bring ninety per cent of the population under the protection of the gov-



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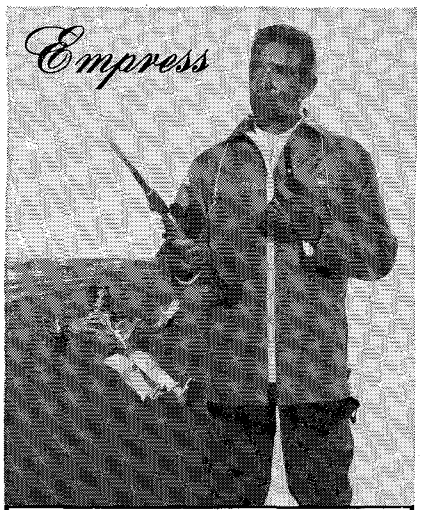

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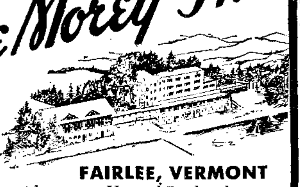

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ernment by the end of this year, far too many Vietnamese in too many places are still reserving decision about backing Saigon's programs. This hesitation is expressed in ways ranging from reluctance to run for office in local hamlets or villages, for fear of being killed by the Communists, to simple peasant belief in keeping options open to accommodate whatever side ultimately seems to be winning. Thus, such government gimmicks as offering a million piastres for development work to a village that holds an election, as against only four hundred thousand to one whose officials are still appointed, may be more a form of blackmail than a stimulus to self-help. In the words of Lieutenant Colonel Nguyen Be, who heads the training program for Revolutionary Development cadres, "Restoration of adequate governing powers for the village means that elected village officials are vested with *actual* and not just theoretical powers. They must in fact as well as theory lead their village. This means that both the Village People's Council and the Village Administrative Committee must employ and effectively deploy those armed units, those political cadres, and those permanent administrative units belonging to the village. In other words, technology and the specialists with technical ability must serve the elected leadership of the people . . . if the word 'democracy' is to have any real meaning."

Be, who, as an ex-Vietminh leader, remains one of the most imaginative government officials, points out that "the old concept of [village] support made people slaves to technology and made the leadership slaves to the specialist class." He explains why so many local officials abandoned their hamlets and villages during the 1968 Tet offensive and fled to district and provincial capitals even though their communities did not come under Communist attack: "It happened because the villages and hamlets were not self-sufficient units but were tied to a long logistical system running from top to bottom instead of having an acceptable degree of self-sufficiency on the *lower* levels. . . . Notwithstanding the fact that foreign technical advisers really desire to help us, the fact remains that we have delivered ourselves into slavery to foreign technical advisers through the de-facto political power wielded by our domestic technicians." What Be is saying is that unless the people themselves control the use of financial assistance and technical equipment and services, no amount of mon-

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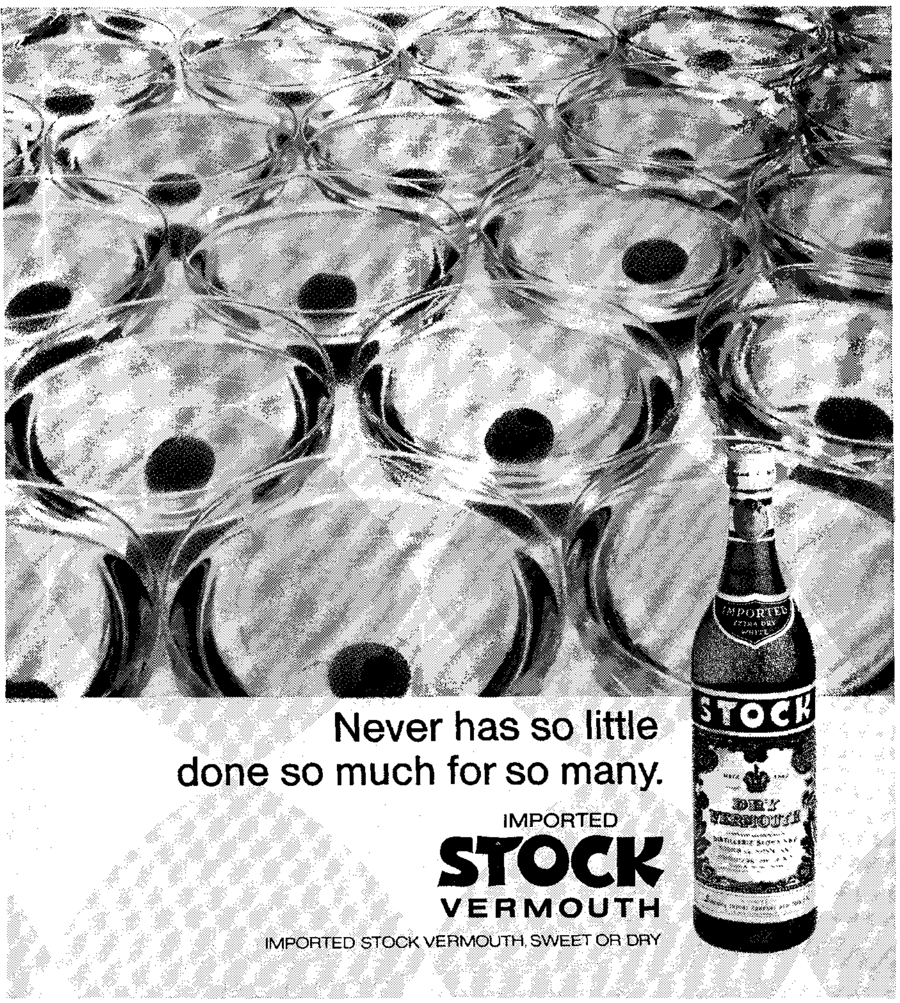
ey, whether it is a million piastres or four hundred thousand, or millions more earmarked for postwar development schemes, will be other than a handout, blandly accepted or secretly resented, and may have a deleterious rather than a beneficial political effect.

Be's arguments suggest the wisdom of basing the current pacification program not so much on the rate of progress as on its quality. These are factors the Americans and the South Vietnamese have tended to confuse in the past, and in the context of the race to control the countryside before agreement is reached in Paris the ultimate aims of the pacification program may be lost track of again. I reflected on this during a visit to a number of villages and hamlets in Quang Tri and Thua Thien, in the upper tier of the northern I Corps area. In these two provinces, the scene of much fierce fighting during the last few years, and of some recent short and bloody battles in their central and western sections, the populous eastern regions on and near the coast have been pretty well cleared of both main and local Communist forces. Large numbers of refugees, who fled into hastily assembled camps or into district towns and into Hué and Quang Tri City, are voluntarily returning, or being returned, to their native homes. Others are creating new communities, many of which are fishing villages. The government, with the Americans' help, is giving the returning refugees aluminum sheeting for the roofs of houses destroyed during last year's Tet and May offensives, small gasoline-engine rotary plows to replace their dead water buffaloes, and fertilizer, seeds of newly developed high-yield rice, and various other forms of aid, including guns for local self-defense forces. The extent of this rehabilitation and the emergence of thriving new communities is impressive, and for the first time in a number of years there seems to be a new spirit of hope, borne out by the zeal of the new self-defense elements—composed of local men (and some women) between the ages of eighteen and forty-five—and by the sustained improvement of the Regional and Popular Forces, which bolster provincial and local defenses and conduct some offensive operations. Nevertheless, as I walked through half a dozen communities and observed from a helicopter a score of others, including some that were still empty and barren and completely war-ravaged by bombs and artillery, though they were due to be repopulated soon, I wondered whether it was a question not only, in some



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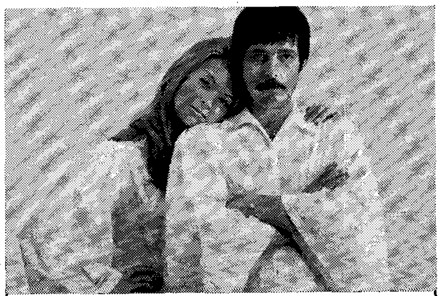

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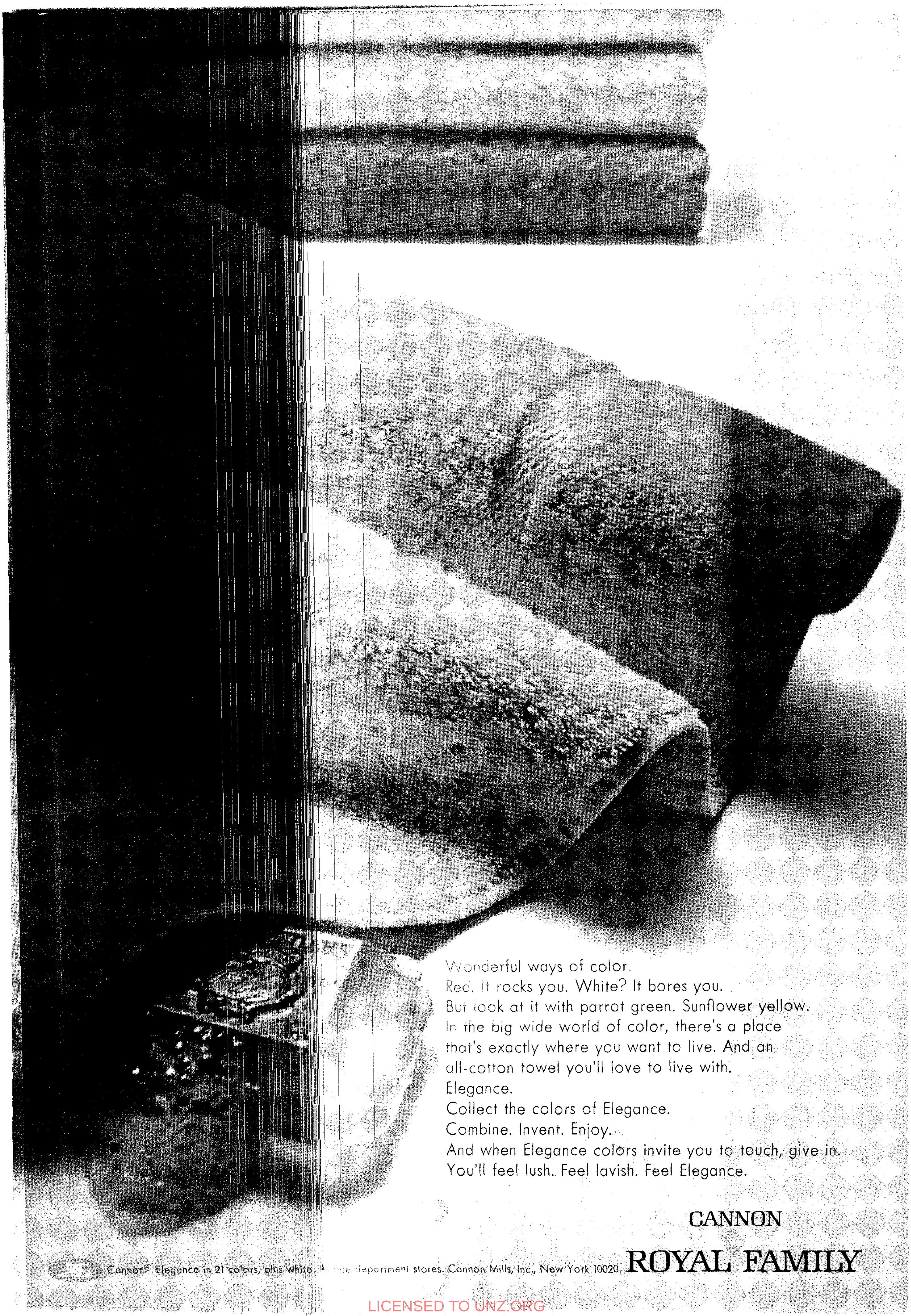
places, of too little too late but also, in others, of too much too soon. My conversations with district, village, and hamlet chiefs—some of whom, as always, were impressive; though most seemed uncertain and unaware of how to deal with their problems—heightened my apprehension. Too much of what I saw either had an American W.P.A. air about it or smacked of precipitate action, undertaken without sufficient preparation and organization. There was something missing in most of these rejuvenated hamlets and villages, something that marred the obvious satisfaction of those who had come home again to their native soil and their ancestors' graves. It may have been just an underlying sense of fatigue after so many years of war which accentuated the feeling of vacuum, and perhaps, given a period of peace and further restoration, the overwhelming emphasis on security and outside help will be replaced by a new sense of self-confidence when the first rice comes up and is carted off to town to be sold. But what was lacking was a feeling of permanence, of belief that things would *stay* good, of assurance that after the first harvest it would be worth plowing again and planting a new crop. Too many times, through the long years in Vietnam, I have been to places like these that have changed hands over and over again, to the point where firepower can no longer sustain faith. Would it be any different now—or five years hence?

The question arose even more sharply farther south, in Quang Nam and Quang Ngai Provinces, large parts of which are still held by the Communists. A number of what are called "soft-cordon" or "long-cordon" operations have been under way in this part of the I Corps area for several months. The basic principle of all these campaigns is military saturation plus long-term development. Battalions of American and South Vietnamese troops are dropped in or around a Communist-held region. The population, having been forewarned, is brought out to nearby temporary camps, and, over a period of weeks, the region is carefully combed. Eight- or ten-foot metal probes are used to seek out underground hideouts. Lists of known Communists are carefully checked, and every person brought out of the area, or encountered still in it, is fingerprinted. On the Batangan Peninsula, for example, an old Vietcong stronghold, twelve thousand five hundred people were taken to a "holding and interrogation center" near Quang Ngai City while the peninsula was gone over, and some two hundred Vietcong were killed and two hundred and fifty V.C.I. were apprehended. The operation, which began in mid-January and is still going on, was described to me by a colonel as "the most complicated and enlightened one I've ever seen in Vietnam." In the sense that all the pacification resources of the Americans and the Saigon government were carefully blended into the military "cleansing" effort, he was right. As the cordon was closed, the people were gradually shifted back into their hamlets and the pacification parts of the plan, including the organization of self-defense units, were stepped up. The final phase, which had not yet begun in mid-March, would come, I was told, "when the Americans can leave and the whole effort can be taken over by the Vietnamese." Compared to operations of a similar nature that were conducted earlier in the war with far less expertise and far less regard for people, the Batangan performance was a commendable one, but, again, I could not help but recall that three years ago, on the upper part of the same peninsula, a large area had been similarly "cleansed" by the American Marines and a few months later the Vietcong were back as strong as ever. It may be that this time there will be sufficient inspiration for the returned villagers to decide that the area will be protected and supported by the government long enough for them to organize and defend their own communities, but I wouldn't want to bet on it. The Communists will not easily give up such a valuable piece of ground, and sooner or later, cease-fire or no cease-fire, they will filter back into Batangan. Then the "hearts and minds" of the people will be put to the test all over again. The villagers will be in a better position than before, perhaps, to protect themselves and their new plows and all the other new forms of assistance they have received, but whether they do so or not will depend on those intangible factors that Colonel Be and others keep talking about—self-help, self-determination, self-rule, and, in the final analysis, self-respect.

Everywhere in Vietnam, the pattern remains so uneven that it is both dangerous and difficult to make snap judgments about what will or will not hap-



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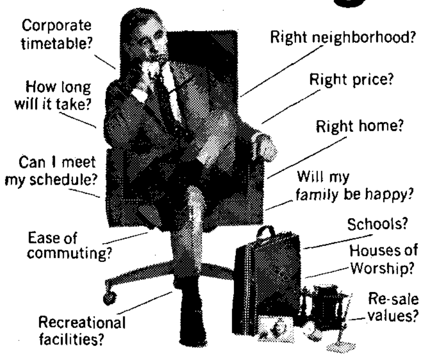
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pen during this phase. In Hué, for example, which I saw in ruins and despair at the end of the Tet offensive last year, the physical recovery and the rejuvenated spirit of the people are remarkable. Here is one place where the government has made good on its promises, once more with American help. During the Communist attacks in 1968, when North Vietnamese and Vietcong troops held the city for three weeks, three-quarters of the beautiful old imperial capital was damaged, and afterward nearly a hundred and fifteen thousand of the city's hundred and sixty thousand population required relief, nearly fifty thousand being homeless. More than a million and a half dollars of reconstruction aid was poured into Hué, including two hundred and sixty thousand aluminum sheets for roofing and a hundred thousand bags of cement. Except for the old Citadel, which will never be completely restored, most of the city has now been rebuilt. All the rubble has been cleared away, and the street-side and garden graves of the thirty-five hundred citizens who were killed in the big attack have been refurbished; during Tet this year, I saw silent mourners strewing fresh flowers on them. Thirty-seven refugee camps had been established in and around the city, where Hué's homeless and some fifty thousand refugees from other parts of Thua Thien Province were sheltered. Now the residents of six of these camps have returned to their homes, and nineteen more camps will be emptied this year, while twelve will become permanent new settlements. The Communists, who lost five thousand men in the Hué attack, caused so much terror and destruction before they gave up that—despite the damage the Americans and the South Vietnamese did—it is now apparent that the North Vietnamese lost more than they gained by their display of power. The citizens of Hué have traditionally been highly independent and, if anything, anti-government, but they now seem determined to protect themselves against any new attack. None has taken place so far this year, although some rockets have been fired into the city. The local self-defense force of fourteen thousand men, about a third of whom have guns and conduct patrols in nightly shifts, is perhaps the best in the country. I spent one night travelling around the city with Ngo Dong, a zealous science professor at the University of Hué, who directs the force.

Much of the credit for Hué's recovery belongs to Colonel Le Van

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Than, who was appointed its mayor as well as province chief in March, 1968. Than, a Catholic in a predominantly Buddhist community, has done such an exemplary job of organizing both city and provincial forces and of getting all political and religious groups to work together that he has won the affection and respect of almost everyone. I spent a day with him in Hué and travelling by jeep and helicopter to other hamlets and villages in the province. One of the places we visited was Lai Chu, a village just outside Hué, to which six thousand of its eight thousand former inhabitants have now returned. Lai Chu is blessed with fine soil, and the residents were busily cultivating their rice fields and picking vegetables, which they had recently begun to plant for sale to American troops. The day before, I had driven through Lai Chu with Colonel Tom Bowen, the American senior provincial adviser, who told me that in the previous two months there had been only two small contacts with the Communists from the nearby western hills. That same night, however, a Vietcong platoon came down out of the mountains, apparently to collect food in Lai Chu and to visit relatives. Four members of the platoon, who had cousins in the village, were shot and killed. When I went out there early the next morning with Colonel Than, the four bodies were lying in a sunlit field, with four AK-47 rifles, ammunition belts, and some documents stacked up next to them. The villagers were gathered on the side of the field, and the Colonel spoke to them. He told them there was no need for their "cousins" to have been killed, that the men's lives would have been saved if the villagers had been able to persuade them to come over to the government side. Than's whole tone was neither bitter nor recriminatory, and he spoke with a sense of the long war's tragedy. The villagers seemed deeply impressed by what was obviously more than the usual pep talk, and I left Lai Chu with the feeling that this was one place where the people now had a sense that their destiny was in their own hands.

VIETNAM . . . There are no sure answers. Many valid criticisms can continue to be made of the Thieu government. By and large, there is no doubt that the regime is neither popular nor progressive. It moves at its own pace, for its own purposes, and despite its frequent promises of reform it has actually accomplished very little during almost a year and a half in power, beyond recovery from last year's Tet

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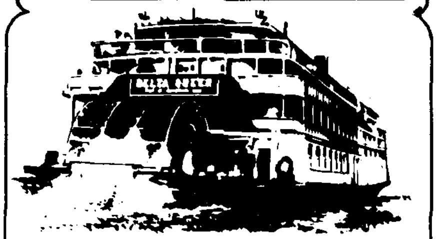

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disaster. To my mind, it lacks direction and conviction and has never been in touch with the Vietnamese people. It is at best a stopgap, and at worst it will veer more toward authoritarianism. Consequently, during the current military-political phase of the war, and probably during at least part of the next phase, when the real Paris showdown starts, South Vietnam's ability to create a dynamic alternative to the solutions offered by the Communists—whose declining popularity is revealed by their increasing use of indiscriminate terror—will depend on men in the field like Colonel Than and Colonel Be and the support they can obtain. There is always the danger, as there always has been before, that if such men become too successful and too popular, if they push their ideas of reform too far, they will be quietly removed from office. The Americans can still do something to protect these men and to help create new political forms, but now more than ever it is as clear as it can be that the Vietnamese must do the job themselves if they are to survive. A latent nationalism, based on local and regional pride, is still a force in the country, and it must be given a voice, while at the same time some effort must be made—if not through Thieu, through some other political leadership—to inspire an effective national consensus.

The Vietnamese are not yet ready to take over most of the military and civilian programs fostered and guided by the United States. That they are not is the fault of the Americans, who permitted and even encouraged the Vietnamese to become overdependent. This is now beginning to change, but things are not changing fast enough. Nothing, therefore, it seems to me, would make the Vietnamese more aware of the imperative need to stand on their own feet than the withdrawal from South Vietnam this year of at least a hundred thousand American soldiers, including some combatants, and as much as half of the cumbersome and ineffectual American bureaucracy.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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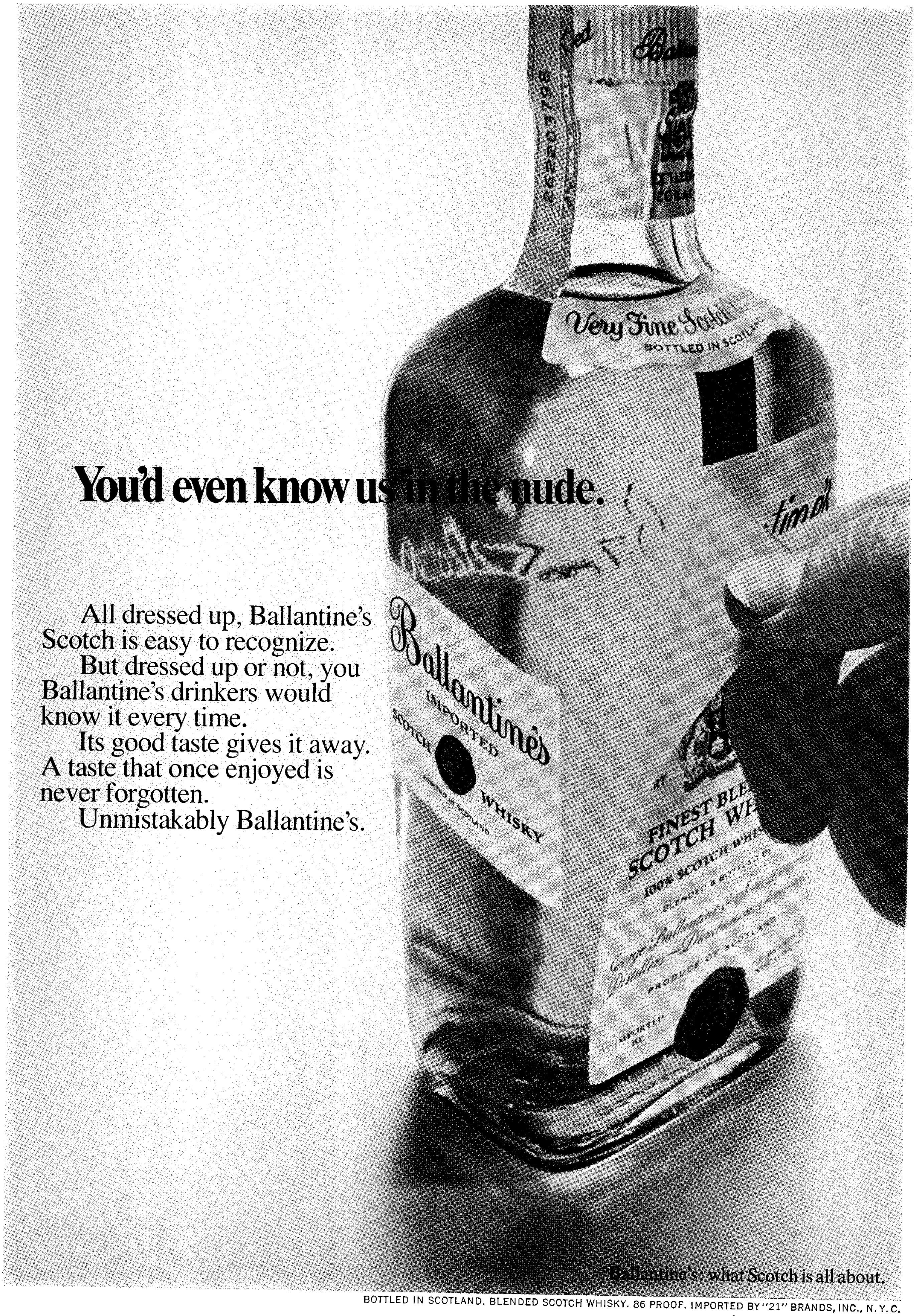
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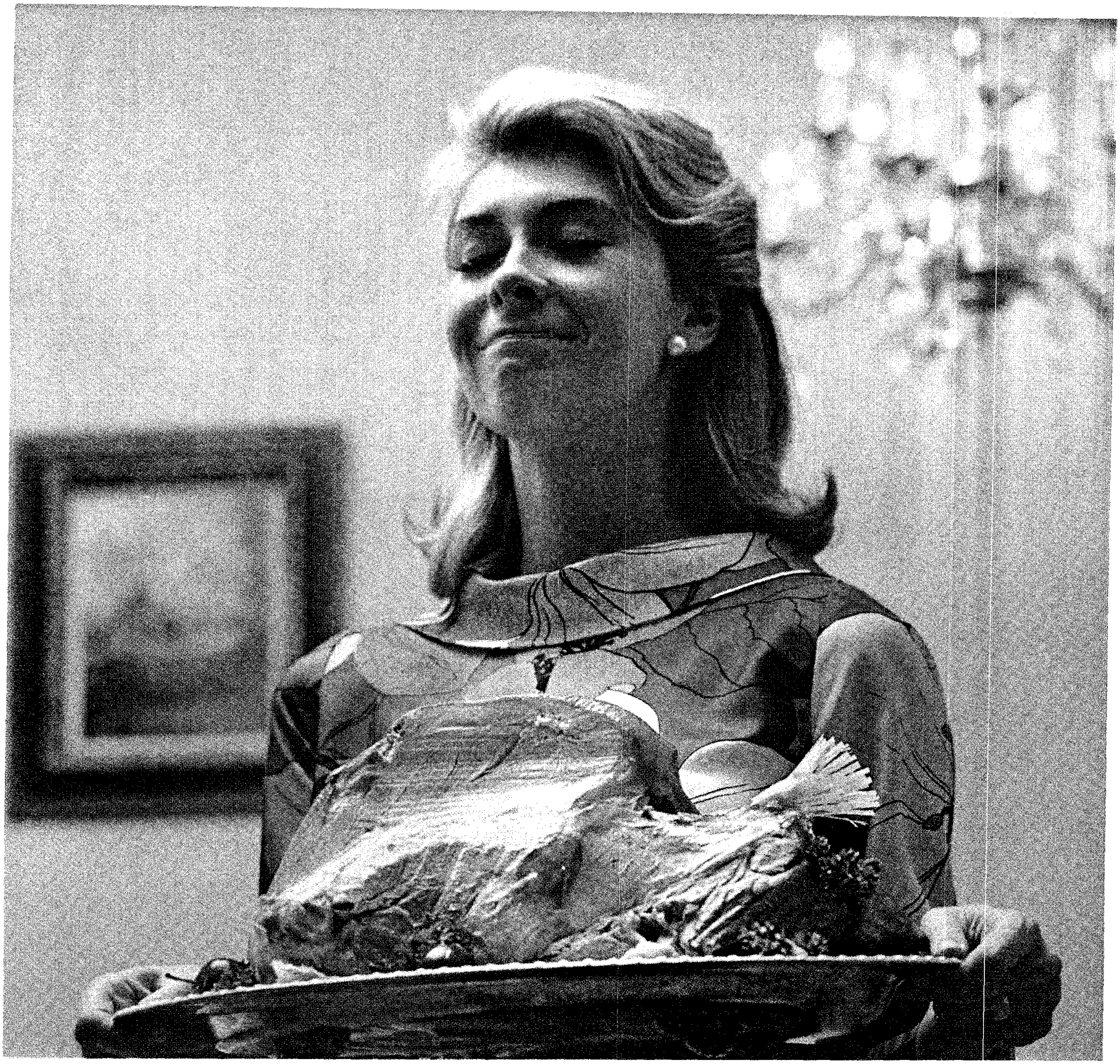

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Feeling in the Wrong Is Wrong

SOMEWHERE, sometime, feeling guilty suggested that one might be to blame. Now it shows only that some beastly person, probably Mother, is in the act of trying to make one feel rotten. The psychoanalytically healthy will resist. Philip Roth, whose "Goodbye, Columbus" has just been filmed, knows the process backward. He has cottoned on to one of the great insights of the post-Freudian West: that one's own guilt is the fault of other people. As we now see it, Oedipus took a self-destructive decision about his eyes. It made him a victim. "Look here, Ma," he should have said. "Quit trying to make me feel bad, will you?" Dictionaries are out of date. The ancient sense of sin and the modern sense of guilt have nothing to do with each other. The sense of sin is harbored; the sense of guilt is thrown back at the guilt-instigator as fast as possible, like a ball under the three-second rule in netball. It is to be interpreted as a signal for revenge, not for apology. If a woman cooks bacon and eggs and a man doesn't eat them, then the cooking of the bacon and eggs should be read as a sly device on her part to make him feel guilt, and the guilt should be hurled in her face. The comic new view of shame that has been codified by Roth, among many other funny writers, is that the immemorial uneasy feelings are not incurred but inflicted. It is beautifully mechanistic, like the outrage of an old woman I know who complains bitterly about the ugliness of the clothes she buys, as though they happened to her out of the blue while she was having a nice quiet read. If a man trained in the new ethic fails to telephone someone back, he will not blame himself for putting things off but concentrate instead on hating the one unphoned. Or if he kicks his girl where it hurts, then he will stare resentfully at his toecap and lam into her for leaving her blood on his jackboot. The energy needed to lay one's guilt at someone else's door is majestic, although the result in peace of mind seems peanuts. There is something immortally funny about the sight of people putting a disproportionate amount of effort into the pursuit of a prize that they're too spent to want when they've got it. They are like the characters in Feydeau who are much too worn out by the logistics of adultery to feel up to committing it.

In Roth's "Goodbye, Columbus," as in "Portnoy's Complaint," the heroes are so busy suspecting others of practicing victimization-by-guilt on them that they become the victims of suspiciousness itself, exhausted by wariness and by jumping on poisonous motives that turn out to be earthworms. It is a classically farcical sight, and faintly harrowing. At the end of the film, a nice Jewish middle-class college girl (Ali MacGraw) has got herself into trouble with her parents by leaving a contraceptive in her drawer at home. In a hotel room with her boyfriend (Richard Benjamin), she gets distraught about the letters from her viciously jealous mother and father, but the boy turns on her at once, with only one interpretation in his head. Another man in love might have a dozen understandings of the situation, and tend to shut up while he thought about them, but this kindly, edgy boy, armored by habit against the ploys of his own family, doesn't believe that she might have left the thing behind by accident, or wanted a child, or needed his support against malevolent parents. He detects only an impulse to make him feel guilty of letting her fly in the face of a heritage of savage priggishness that she secretly upholds. And so he wades into her. Benjamin plays the scene with such power of sad distaste that he makes the judgment seem less arbitrary than it probably is—speaking as he lies back on the bed, and nerving himself to a course of leaving her that is going to be hard for him to carry out.

Benjamin is obviously very intelligent, like all the funniest actors (like W. C. Fields applying his mind to running rings around spiteful toddlers, or like Keaton alertly solving the problem of boiling two eggs in the kitchen of a luxury liner equipped to deal only with hundreds). You can see the hero's mind whirring in "Goodbye, Columbus." He seems a hundred times as bright as his reproachful Aunt Gladys, who slaves to make the members of her household feel guilty by cooking food that they are forced to eat in phased solitude, alone in turn at the table, and naturally falling into her trap by having no hunger for grub so blatantly prepared in the sombre half-hope of rebuff that has become comedy's standard style for older Jewish women. In his girl friend's family house, the blood-related obstacles in-

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clude Jack Klugman as the stylized American Jewish father, horribly henpecked but sometimes mustering the authority to say a frenzied word for peace, and Nan Martin as the mother, a woman with clenched standards for sex and patterned silverware. The girl friend also has an exquisite dolt of a brother, played by Michael Meyers. He is a football major with a dreamy taste for Andre Kostelanetz, and he goes into an engaging trance when he hears a radio commentary on his own game. And there is a ten-year-old sister who is the classic guilt-giver in the bud. Naturally, it is she who catches Benjamin at the fridge. Ravenous, as people are in other people's houses, he has secretly pocketed a few cherries. Only this severe child could make him then feel so stricken that he squashes them to jam, just as only this child could so accurately prefigure her maturity by yelling housewifely things at adults about not keeping the front door open when the air-conditioning is on. There is something a bit banal in the story, but perhaps that is because there is something banal in a society that has distorted guilt into a technique for comic reprisal. Benjamin's scenes with Ali MacGraw are finely detailed and nice to watch; the reactions of the two mesh as if the characters were really in love—at least for a summer. Larry Peerce directs all the performances shrewdly and lightly, with Philip Roth's tone.

My impression of Roth is that he is freer of obsessive comic Jewishness—more critical of it, less up to his neck in it—than his public sometimes seems to think. "Look," he says. "This is what it's like to be on the boat, but I'm on the shore. And look. This is the real, wound-picking Jewish joke—to be a man like the men in my books, who know the joke but still can't help being part of it." His heroes are exhibitionist masochists like their mothers: Hey, thinks the reader sometimes, why are you trying to put me in the same position that your mother put you in? O.K., let that pass, but there also exist good-and-evil, love-and-cruelty, rich-and-poor—there are polarities apart from Jewishness and non-Jewishness, aren't there? "Goodbye, Columbus" is about a crew of people who don't see it that way, and about a boy who finally begins to. Only very witty Jews could have written, directed, and played the appallingly funny wedding party in this film, which is pushed as far as some farce of collapsing group-hilarity in Gogol. It is grotesque, lewd, limping, and endless—like most ritual parties, in fact, only more so, because it is ex-

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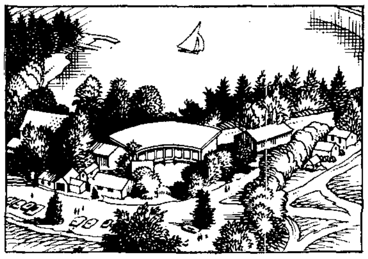

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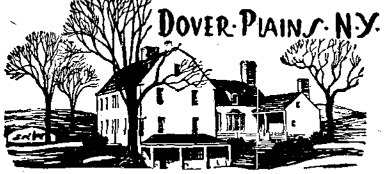

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aggeratedly possessed by this Jewish/non-Jewish bewitchment. When the hero recoils from the spectacle, he is made to seem a saved man—off the couch and out the door.

"LA PRISONNIÈRE," written and directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, the master who made "The Wages of Fear," is a technically brilliant execution of a story of sado-masochism. Set down and read, the narrative might let the film sound like a piece of melodramatic garbage, but the force of the director's style of mind makes it distinguished and strapped to distress. The characters seem to be living on the edge of what they can manage. Their public Paris lives, cold and debonair, differ from their private ones, and their secret wishes are at odds with any longings they can cope with in the people they care for. In the open, the three main characters—played by Laurent Terzieff, Bernard Fresson, and Elisabeth Wiener—run a far-out Op Art gallery and make mass-produced sculpture for smart gawpers and edit *cinéma-vérité* interviews. Apparently, it can all be dealt with. The second and third people seem perfectly cool about their way of living together, which angrily idealizes a style that is undemanding but closed to the risk of loss. On the surface, all three are indifferent to ditching or being ditched and immune to hunger. Behind doors, though, at least two cherish talismans and hanker inadmissibly. Peculiar moments of joy break out but fail to fly because so much else is missing. When guilt weights the characters with pig-iron, the shame is the real thing. The ancient sense of sin tinctures the film unmistakably—in scenes of swinging evasions and of swinging truthtelling, and in mimes of love between the girl and the art dealer. The dealer has conned himself into acting the tyrant, but he has his own terrors. The charades of infatuation between himself and the girl, endlessly stopped quarter way, are erotic and human. Only a real filmmaker in some combat with himself could have shot them like this. Clouzot chances derision, I suppose. Sophisticated though its people are, the movie exists in seclusion and gives an account of hermits; it doesn't hedge itself around with knowingness. I was not thrown when Clouzot hazarded sentimentality in the closing scene. The Mod sculptor who has always resisted commitment does something good for his wayward girl. "I wish you well," his gesture says. "Things being as they are, we might try loyalty."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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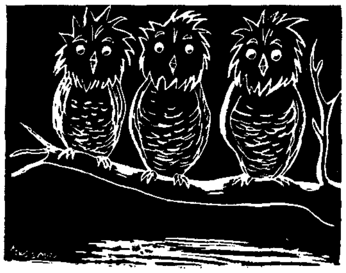

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Some Nominations

I HAVE it on good authority that the season of 1971-72 will be Rudolf Bing's last as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera. No further renewals of his contract are contemplated. This must mean that the board of directors of our chief opera house is already busy seeking a successor, for it will be necessary to have that successor in the house during next season, as well as the one thereafter, in order to assure smoothness of transition. While the august board will undoubtedly make up its own mind on this matter, I cannot refrain from offering a few suggestions. It seems to me high time that an American, or somebody deeply concerned with America and American singers, should be the general manager. I would also like to see the Met develop its own style of production, as the New York City Opera has done, hiring native producers and scenic designers and generally breaking the umbilical cord that at present attaches it to Bayreuth, La Scala, and Vienna. This does not mean that important foreign singers and conductors should not be engaged; it does mean that American singers who are superior to foreign singers should be given preference, and that the enormous resources of fine American singing talent should be tapped in a wholesale way. The new man, whoever he is, should not have a Prussian temperament (something that industrial psychologists have long deplored among executives of the business world), and he should not hate singers. He should hold the relationship between designer, director, and conductor in proper balance, giving the last-named a powerful share in matters of casting. The main criticism of the Bing regime has been that it has placed directors in an all-powerful position and treated conductors almost as errand boys, with the result that the musical side of Met productions has suffered. True, there has been a von Karajan or a Böhm from time to time, but they have been exceptions. The Met needs a resident conductor of the standing of Georg Solti or von Karajan or Böhm, and conductors of this standing will not accept a position in the Met's orchestra pit unless they can exert some power.

Now, who can fill the place of general manager? I have made my own list of five possible candidates, picking those who seemed to me the best qualified, and keeping in mind that the candidate should be fairly young as well as very experienced. They are (1) Julius Rudel, perhaps our finest and most experienced opera conductor and impresario, an expert on voices, and a man for whom singers work with dedication just because they like him. (The only objection here is: Who, then, would manage the New York City Opera? My response would be "One of my other candidates." The competitive position of the Met and the New York City Opera is a very valuable thing, and the latter should be encouraged in every way possible.) (2) Tito Capobianco, a man of extraordinary artistic taste, who was practically born in an opera house, who knows voices, who was once the production director of the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires, and who, though young, has a remarkably authoritative personality. (3) Herman Krawitz, whose artistic taste has not been established but who knows more about the workings of the present Metropolitan Opera House than any other living person. (4) Edgar Vincent, musical public-relations man and son of an opera singer, who has handled and advised singers and conductors for many years, and who has acted as the man behind the scenes for countless artists—advising, counselling, and, in many cases, almost remaking personalities. (5) I daresay that nobody has thought of a woman for this position, but there is one: Regina Resnik, a highly intelligent person who is approaching the end of her vocal career. Miss Resnik is tough-minded and knowledgeable (she has sung in every important opera house in the world), and, of course, a most expert judge of singers. I will not pursue these suggestions further. I would like to make only one observation. Each of these candidates has had more experience than Mr. Bing had when he was engaged for the post.

MEANWHILE, let me comment on one of Mr. Bing's finest productions—Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" as it was presented last Wednesday evening. Much of the high quality of this performance was unquestionably

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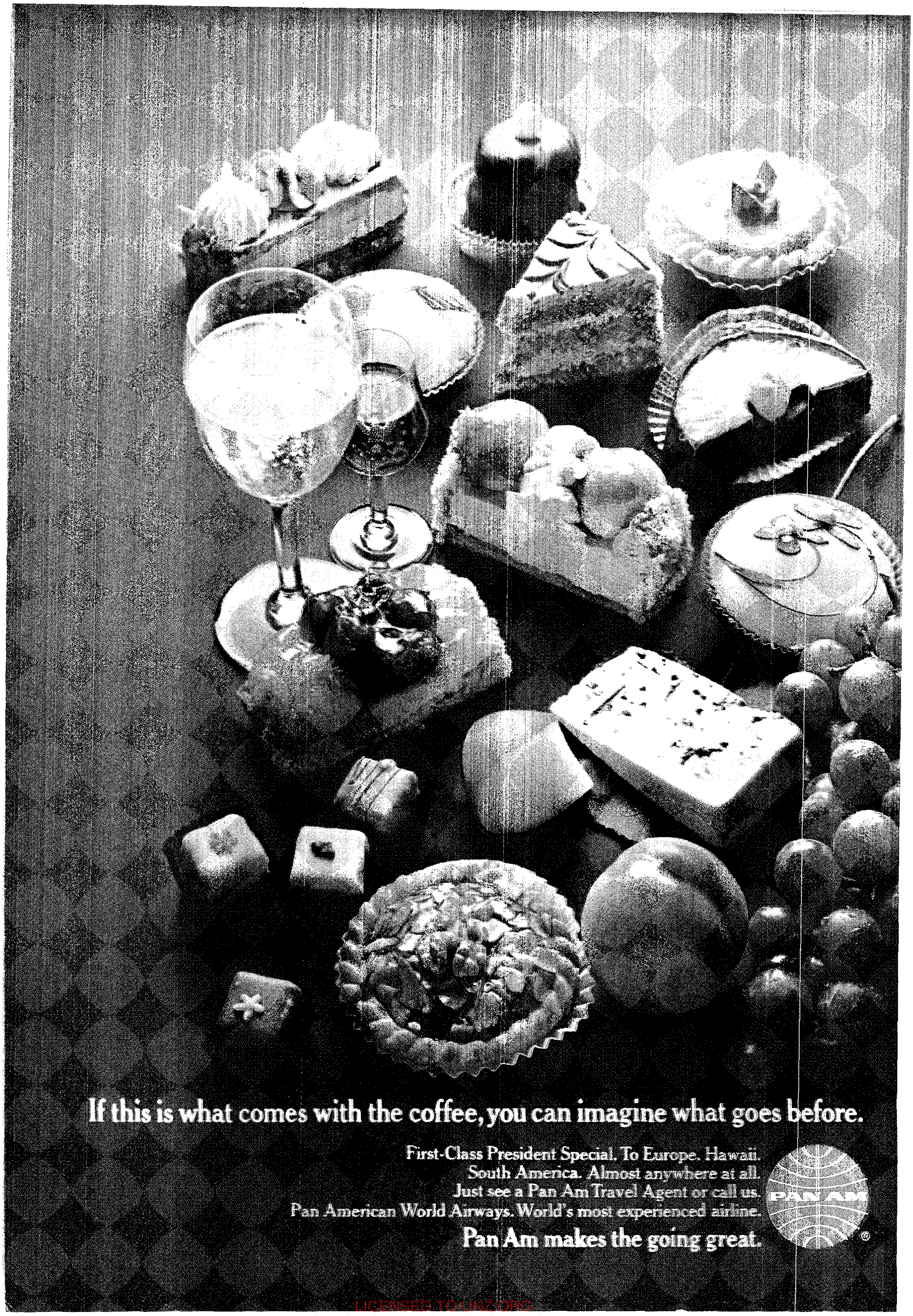

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due to the conductor, Colin Davis. He managed the intricacies of the orchestral score with extraordinary subtlety, bringing out things that I had never heard before. Moreover, the diction (the opera was given in English) was absolutely clear, so that one understood every line of the libretto. The Wozzeck was Geraint Evans, a superb singer, as we all know, and an artist who brought this woebegone character to life as few others can. The Marie was Evelyn Lear, a woman with a big voice and stunning dramatic presence. The *Times* man thought her too attractive in a college-girl sort of way. I do not agree. Marie, like everyone else in the opera, is seen through the eyes of Wozzeck himself, and he obviously considers her a vision of loveliness, tramp though she may be. Robert Nagy was splendid as the Drum Major, Paul Franke made a fine Captain, and Donald Gramm was especially good as the Doctor. Among the lesser roles, Louise Pearl sang well as Margret, and Richard Best, making his début, achieved a striking impression in the First Apprentice's bit in the beer-garden scene. Altogether, this was the finest "Wozzeck" I have ever encountered. There are long stretches of the opera that I have never particularly enjoyed, but under the hand of Mr. Davis, and with this superb cast, it evoked echoes of romanticism that I found quite moving. The ending of Act I is one of these; the entr'actes before and after the beer-garden scene in Act II are others; the passage in Act II, Scene 2, where Marie thinks about the Drum Major, and the point where Marie talks, or sings, to her son in Act III, Scene 1, are still others. It is no accident that all these passages are completely tonal—some Mahleresque, others rather Wagnerian. I heard more tenderness and humanity in "Wozzeck" the other night than I had ever heard before. It was transformed by Mr. Davis from a loud, brutal, dissonant caricature into something quite touching. It is a strange opera—perhaps the last opera of importance to emerge from the Viennese decadence. ("Lulu" is something very different; it always strikes me as unintentionally hilarious.) The despair and misery of Middle Europe after the First World War were well portrayed in Caspar Neher's scenery and costumes, and the whole work made a powerful effect. In this opera, the singing voice is already beginning to take a secondary place, supplemented by *Sprechgesang* and *Sprechstimme*, and even in many of the sung portions the voice is completely deprived of its singing character by an atonal accompaniment. These are signs of decadence. You cannot go much farther (as Berg did in "Lulu") without eliminating the human element altogether. Nevertheless, "Wozzeck" struck me the other night as, if not a great opera, at least a worthy stage spectacle with music.

I FOUND Pierre Boulez' concert with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall on Thursday night a pretty boring affair. It started off with five of Purcell's Fantazias, which to my mind are nowhere near as effective as some of his other works. I was reminded of Erich Leinsdorf's phrase "the peaceful prattle of the baroque" (quite a phrasemaker, that Leinsdorf; he should write a book), though, to be truthful, the phrase applies far more aptly to composers like Vivaldi than it does to Purcell. This was followed by Stravinsky's Symphonies for Wind Instruments, which might be described as "the peaceful prattle of Mr. Stravinsky." Then came Webern's Six Pieces for Orchestra, which, with the exception of a little excitement in the movement marked "Sehr mässig," might be described as "the peaceful prattle of Anton Webern." After the intermission, we had a more ponderable work—Mr. Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps." I must say that the performance given this composition by Mr. Boulez and the orchestra was exceptionally lucid, and that the work itself is interesting despite the more than fifty years that have elapsed since it was written. It is, of course, ballet music, and it has a certain discontinuity of form, which demands that its program be kept in mind in the shape of an imaginary ballet. Still, it is a forceful composition, and one that has had enormous influence. Since it was first performed, hardly anybody has dared to write in four-quarter time.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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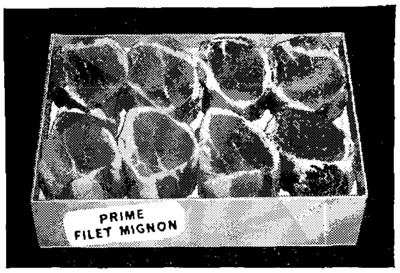

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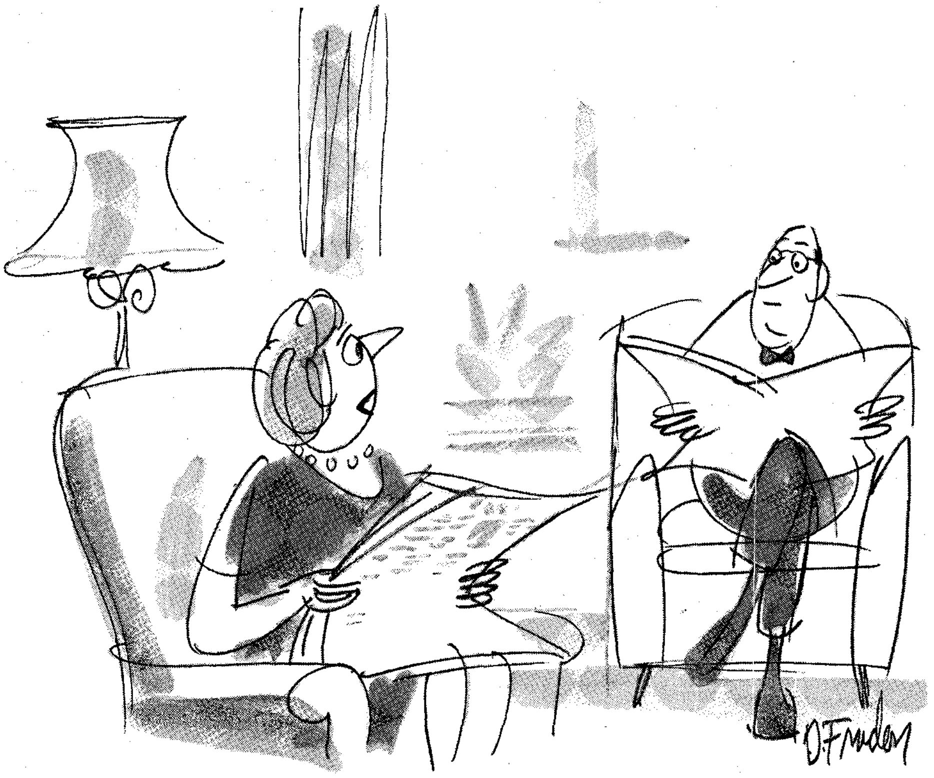
A STRANGER WITH A CAMERA

ON a bright afternoon in September, in 1967, a five-man film crew working in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky stopped to take pictures of some people near a place called Jeremiah. In a narrow valley, a half-dozen dilapidated shacks—each one a tiny square box with one corner cut away to provide a cluttered front porch—stood alongside the county blacktop. Across the road from the shacks, a mountain rose abruptly. In the field that separated them from the mountain behind them, there were a couple of ramshackle privies and some clotheslines tied to trees and a railroad track and a rusted automobile body and a dirty river called Rockhouse Creek. The leader of the film crew was a Canadian named Hugh O'Connor. Widely acclaimed as the co-producer of the Labyrinth show at Expo 67 in Montreal, O'Connor had been hired by Francis Thompson, an American filmmaker, to work on a film Thompson was producing for the American pavilion at HemisFair in San Antonio. O'Connor went up to three of the shacks and asked the head of each household for permission to take pictures. When each one agreed, O'Connor had him sign the customary release forms and gave him a token payment of ten dollars—a token that, in this case, happened to represent a month's rent. The light was perfect in the valley, and the shooting went well. Theodore Holcomb, the associate producer of the film, was particularly struck by the looks of a miner, still in his work clothes and still covered with coal dust, sitting in a rocking chair on one of the porches. "He was just sitting there scratching his arm in a listless way," Holcomb said later. "He had an expression of total despair. It was an extraordinary shot—so evocative of the despair of that region." The shot of the coal miner was good enough to be included in the final version of the film, and so was a shot of a half-dozen children who, somehow, lived with their parents in one of the tiny shacks. After about an hour and a half, the crew was ready to leave, but someone had noticed a woman come out of one of the shacks and go to the common well to draw some water, and she was asked to repeat the action for filming. As that last shot was being completed, a woman drove up and told the filmmakers that the man who owned the property was coming to throw them off of it. Then she drove away. A couple of minutes later, another car arrived, and a man—a thin, bald man—leaped out. He was holding a pistol. "Get off my property!" he shouted again and again. Then he shot twice. No one was hit. The filmmakers kept moving their equipment toward their cars across the road while trying to tell the man that they were leaving. One of them said that the man must be shooting blanks. "Get off my property!" he kept screaming. Hugh O'Connor, who was lugging a heavy battery across the highway, turned to say that they were going. The man held the pistol in both hands and pulled the trigger again. "Mr. O'Connor briefly looked down in amazement, and I saw a hole in his chest," Holcomb later testified in court. "He saw it and he looked up in despair and said, 'Why did you have to do that?' and, with blood coming from his mouth, he fell to the ground."

WHITESBURG, a town about twelve miles from Jeremiah, is the county seat of Letcher County—headquarters for the county court, the sheriff, and assorted coal companies and anti-poverty agencies. Word that someone had been killed reached Whitesburg quickly, but for a couple of hours there was some confusion about just who the victim was. According to various stories, the dead man had been a representative of the Army Corps of Engineers, a Vista volunteer, or a C.B.S. cameraman—any of whom might qualify as a candidate for shooting in Letcher County. The Corps of Engineers had proposed building the Kingdom Come Dam across Rockhouse Creek, thereby flooding an area that included Jeremiah, and some opponents of the dam had been saying that the first government man who came near their property had better come armed. Throughout Eastern Kentucky, local political organizations and coal-mining interests had warned that community organizers who called themselves Vistas or Appalachian Volunteers or anything else were nothing but another variety of Communists—three of them had been arrested on charges of attempting to overthrow the government of Pike County—and even some of the impoverished people whom the volunteers were supposedly in Kentucky to help viewed them with fear and suspicion. A number of television crews had been to Letcher County to record the despair that Holcomb saw in the face of the miner sitting on the front porch. Whitesburg happens to be the home of Harry M. Caudill, a lawyer who drew attention to the plight of the mountain people in 1963 with an eloquent book called



"I keep wondering what Wayne Morse is thinking about everything."

"Night Comes to the Cumberlands." Television crews and reporters on a tour of Appalachia are tempted to start with Letcher County in order to get the benefit of Caudill's counsel, which is ordinarily expressed in a tone of sustained rage—rage at the profit ratio of out-of-state companies that take the region's natural resources while paying virtually no taxes, rage at the strip mines that are gouged across the mountains and at the mud slides and floods and pollution and ugliness they cause, rage at the local merchants and politicians who make a good living from the trade of welfare recipients or the retainers of coal companies and insist that there is nothing wrong with the economy, and, most of all, rage at the country that could permit it all to happen. "Look what man hath wrought on *that* purple mountain's majesty," he will say as he points out the coal waste on the side of a mountain that had once been beautiful. "A country that treats its land and people this way deserves to perish from the earth."

In the view of Caudill and of Tom Gish, the liberal editor of the *Mountain Eagle*, a Letcher County weekly, the reactions of people in Jeremiah to the presence of O'Connor's film crew—coöperation by the poor people being photographed in their squalid shacks, rage by the man who owned the shacks—were characteristic of Letcher County: a lot of people who are still in Eastern Kentucky after years of welfare or subsistence employment have lost the will to treat their situation as an embarrassment, but outside journalists are particularly resented by the people who have managed to make a living—running a country store or a filling station or a small truck mine, working for the county administration, managing some rental property. They resent the impression that everyone in Eastern Kentucky is like the people who are desperately poor—people whose condition they tend to blame on "just sorriness, mostly." In Letcher County, fear of outsiders by people who are guarding reputations or economic interests blends easily into a deep-rooted suspicion of outsiders by all Eastern Kentucky mountain people, who have always had a fierce instinct to protect their property and a distrust of strangers that has often proved to have been justified. All of the people in Letcher County—people who live in the shacks up remote hollows or people who run stores on Main Street in Whitesburg—consider themselves mountain people, and, despite an ac-

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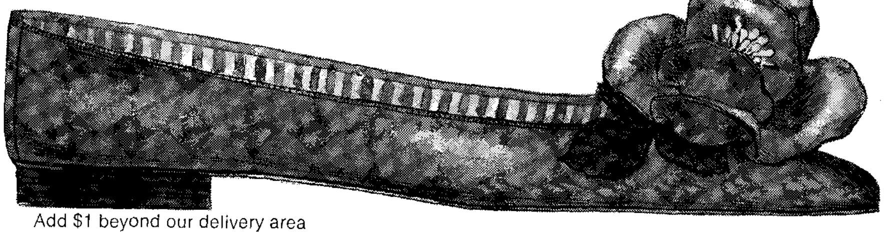

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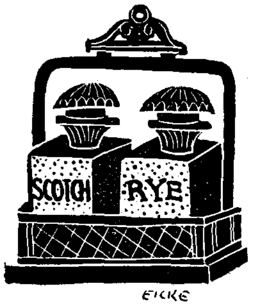
curate story in the county paper, many of them instinctively believed that the mountaineer who killed Hugh O'Connor was protecting his property from smart-aleck outsiders who wouldn't leave when they were told.

The mountaineer's name was Hobart Ison. There have always been Isons in Letcher County, and many of them have managed somewhat better than their neighbors. Hobart Ison had inherited a rather large piece of land in Jeremiah—he raised chickens and rented out shacks he himself had built and at one time ran a small sawmill—but he was known mainly as an eccentric, mean-tempered old man. Everyone in Letcher County knew that Hobart Ison had once built and furnished a house for his future bride and—having been rejected or having been afraid to ask or having had no particular future bride in mind—had let the house remain as it was for thirty years, the grass growing up around it and the furniture still in the packing crates. He had occasionally painted large signs attacking the people he thought had wronged him. He was easily enraged by people hunting on his property, and he despised all of the local Democrats, whom he blamed for injustices that included dismissing him from a post-office job. A psychiatrist who examined him after the shooting said, "Any reference to 'game warden' or 'Democrat' will provoke him tremendously." Once, when some local youths were taunting him, he took a shot at them, hitting one in the shoulder. "A lot of people around here would have welcomed them," Caudill said of the filmmakers. "They just happened to pick the wrong place."

Streams of people came to visit Ison in the Letcher County jail before he was released on bail. Women from around Jeremiah baked him cakes. When his trial came up, it proved impossible to find a jury. The Letcher County commonwealth's attorney and Caudill, who had been retained by Francis Thompson, Inc., secured a change of venue. They argued that Ison's family relationship in Letcher County was "so extensive as to comprise a large segment of the population," and, through an affidavit signed by three citizens in position to know public opinion, they stated that "the overwhelming expression of sentiment has been to the effect that the defendant did right in the slaying of Hugh O'Connor and that he ought to be acquitted of the offense of murder."

HARLAN COUNTY is a mountain or two away from Letcher County. In the town of Harlan, benches advertising Bunny Enriched Bread stand outside the front door of the county courthouse, flanking the First World War monument and the Revolutionary War monument and the plaque recalling how many Kentucky courthouses were burned down by each side during the Civil War. On the ground floor of the courthouse, the men who habitually gather on the plain wooden benches to pass the time use old No. 5 cans for ashtrays or spittoons and a large container that once held Oscar Mayer's Pure Lard as a wastebasket. In the courtroom, a plain room with all of its furnishings painted black, the only decoration other than pictures of the men who have served as circuit judge is a framed poster in praise of the country lawyer—and also in praise, it turns out upon close reading, of the Dun & Bradstreet Corporation. The front door of the courthouse is almost always plastered with election stickers. In the vestibule just inside, an old man sits on the floor behind a display of old pocketknives and watchbands and billfolds and eyeglass cases offered for sale or trade.

The commonwealth's attorney of Harlan County is Daniel Boone Smith. Eight or nine years ago, Smith got curious about how many people he had prosecuted or defended for murder, and counted up seven hundred and fifty. He was able to amass that total partly because of longevity (except for a few years in the service during the Second World War, he has been commonwealth's attorney continuously since 1933), partly because he has worked in an area that gives anyone interested in trying murder cases plenty of opportunity (the wars between the unions and the coal operators in Harlan County during the thirties were almost as bloody as the mountain feuds earlier in the century), and partly because he happens to be a quick worker ("Some people will take three days to try a murder case," he has said. "I usually get my case on in a day"). During his first week as commonwealth's attorney of Harlan and an adjoining county, Smith tried five murder cases. These days, Harlan County may have about that many a year, but it remains a violent place. The murders that do



occur in mountain counties like Harlan and Letcher often seem to occur while someone is in a drunken rage, and often among members of the same family—a father shooting a son over something trivial, one member of a family mowing down another who is breaking down the door trying to get at a third. "We got people in this county today who would kill you as quick as look at you," Smith has said. "But most of 'em are the type that don't bother you if you leave them alone." Smith is known throughout Eastern Kentucky for his ability to select jurors—to remember which prospective juror's uncle may have had a boundary dispute with which witness's grandfather twenty years ago—and for his ability to sum up the case for them in their own language once the evidence has been heard. He is an informal, colloquial, storytelling man who happens to be a graduate of the Harvard Law School.

A lack of fervor about convicting Hobart Ison was assumed in Harlan County when he came up for trial there in May, 1968. "Before the case, people were coming up and saying, 'He *should've* killed the son of a bitch,' " Smith said later. "People would say, 'They oughtn't to make fun of mountain people. They've made enough fun of mountain people. Let me on the jury, Boone, and I'll turn him loose.' " Smith saw his task as persuading the citizens and the jurors that the case was not what it appeared to be—that the filmmakers were not "a bunch of privateers and pirates" but respectable people who had been commissioned by the United States government, that the film was not another study of how poor and ignorant people were in Eastern Kentucky but a film about the whole United States in which the shots of Eastern Kentucky would take up only a few seconds, that the filmmakers had behaved properly and politely to those they were photographing. "Why, if they had been smart-alecks come to hold us up to ridicule, I'd be the last man to try him," Smith assured everyone. It took Smith only a day or so to present his case against Hobart Ison, although it took three days to pick the jury. On the witness stand, the surviving filmmakers managed to avoid admitting to Ison's lawyers that it was the appalling poverty of his tenants that had interested them; they talked about being attracted by expressive family groups and by the convenience of not having to move their equipment far from the road. The defense asked if

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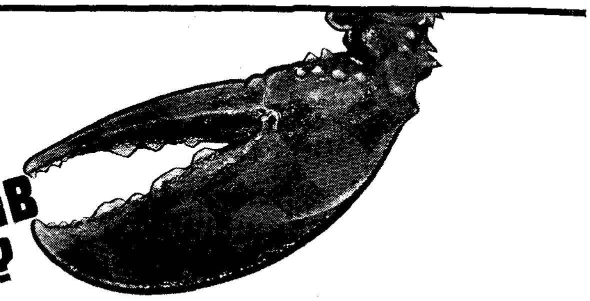

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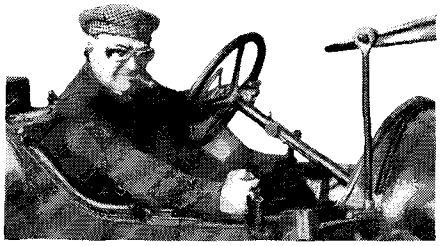

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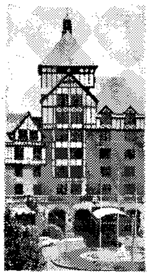

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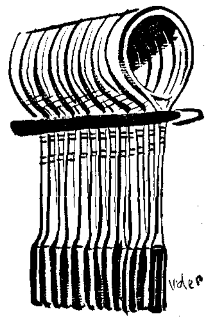
they were planning to take pictures of the Bluegrass as well as Appalachia. Were they going to make a lot of money from the film? How many millions of viewers would see the pictures of poor Eastern Kentucky people? Had they refused to move? Had they taunted Ison by saying he was shooting blanks? Did the people who signed the release forms really know what they were signing? (At least one of the signers was, like one out of four of his neighbors, unable to read.)

Except for the underlying issue of Eastern Kentucky v. Outsiders, the only issue seriously in contention was Ison's sanity. The director of a nearby mental-health clinic, testifying for the defense, said that Ison was a paranoid schizophrenic. He told of Ison showing up for one interview with long socks worn on the outside of his trouser legs and of his altercations with his neighbors and of his lack of remorse. The prosecution's psychiatrist—an impressive woman from the University of Kentucky who had been retained by Francis Thompson, Inc.—said that Ison had grown up at a time when it was common practice to run people off of property with a gun, and, because he had lived with aging parents or alone ever since childhood, he still followed that practice. Some of Ison's ideas did have "paranoid coloring," she said, but that could be traced to his being a mountaineer, since people in isolated mountain pockets normally had a suspicion of strangers and even of each other. "Socio-cultural circumstances," she concluded, "lead to the diagnosis of an individual who is normal for his culture, the shooting and the paranoid color both being present in other individuals in this culture who are considered normal." In the trial and in the insanity hearing that had earlier found Ison competent to stand trial, Smith insisted that Ison was merely peculiar, not crazy. "I said, 'Now, I happen to like mayonnaise on my beans. Does that make *me* crazy?' " Smith later recalled. "I turned to one of the jurors, a man named Mahan Fields, and I said, 'Mahan, you remember Uncle Bob Woolford, who used to work up at Evarts? Did you ever see Uncle Bob in the winter when he didn't have his socks pulled up over his pants legs to keep out the cold? Now, was Uncle Bob crazy? Why, Mahan, I bet on many a winter morning *you* wore *your* socks over your pants legs.' "



In his summation, Smith saved his harshest words not for the defendant but for the person who was responsible for bringing Hobart Ison, a mountaineer who was not quite typical of mountaineers, and Hugh O'Connor, a stranger with a camera who was not quite typical of strangers with cameras, into violent conflict. Judy Breeding—the operator of a small furniture store near Ison's shacks, and the wife of Ison's cousin—had testified that she was not only the woman who told the film crew that Ison was coming but also the woman who had told Ison that the film crew was on his property. "Hobart," she recalled saying, "there is some men over there taking pictures of your houses, with out-of-state license." Smith looked out toward the courtroom spectators and suddenly pointed his finger at Judy Breeding. He told her that he would like to be prosecuting her, that if it hadn't been for her mouth Hugh O'Connor would not be in his grave and Hobart Ison would be back home where he belonged. Later, Smith caught a glimpse of Mrs. Breeding in the hall, and he thought he saw her shake her fist at him, smiling. "You know," he said, "I believe the idea that she had anything to do with bringing that about had never occurred to her till I mentioned it."

The jury was eleven to one for conviction, but the one held out. Some people were surprised that Ison had come that close to being convicted, although it was generally agreed that the prosecution's psychiatrist had outtalked the psychiatrist who testified for the defense. Smith believed that his case had been greatly strengthened by the fact that the filmmakers had been respectful, soft-spoken witnesses—not at all smart-alecky. "If there was anything bigheaded about them," he said, "it didn't show."

THE retrial was postponed once, and then was stopped suddenly during jury selection when Smith became ill. On March 24th, Hobart Ison came to trial again. The filmmakers, who had been dreading another trip to Kentucky, were at the county courthouse in Harlan at nine in the morning, ready to repeat their testimony. Although Smith had anticipated even more trouble finding a jury, he was prepared to go to trial. But Ison's lawyers indicated to Smith and Caudill that their client, now seventy, would be willing to plead guilty to voluntary manslaughter, and they finally met Smith's insistence on a ten-year sentence. Ison—wearing a baggy brown suit, his face pinched and red—appeared only briefly before the judge to plead guilty. A couple of hours after everyone arrived, Caudill was on his way back to Whitesburg, where he was working on the case of a Vietnam veteran accused of killing two men during an argument in the street, and the filmmakers were driving to Knoxville to catch the first plane to New York.

The following day, the clerk of the court, a strong-looking woman with a strong Kentucky accent, happened to get into a discussion about the filmmakers with another citizen who had come to know them in the year and a half since Hugh O'Connor's death—a woman with a softer accent and a less certain tone to her voice.

"You know, I asked those men yesterday morning if they were happy with the outcome," the clerk said. "And they said, 'Yes.' And I said, 'Well, you know, us hillbillies is a queer breed. We are. I'm not offering any apologies when I say that. Us hillbillies *are* a queer breed, and I'm just as proud as punch to be one.' "

"Not all of us are like that," the other woman said. "Mean like that."

"Well, I wouldn't say that man is mean," the clerk said. "I don't guess he ever harmed anybody in his life. They were very nice people. I think it was strictly a case of misunderstanding. I think that the old man thought they were laughing and making fun of him, and it was more than he could take. I know this: a person isolated in these hills, they often grow old and eccentric, which I think they have a right to do."

"But he didn't have a right to kill," the other woman said.

"Well, no," the clerk said. "But us hillbillies, we don't bother nobody. We go out of our way to help people. But we don't want nobody pushin' us around. Now, that's the code of the hills. And he felt like—that old man felt like—he was being pushed around. You know, it's like I told those men: 'I wouldn't have gone on that old man's land to pick me a mess of wild greens without I'd asked him.' They said, 'We didn't know all this.' I said, 'I bet you know it now. I bet you know it now.' "

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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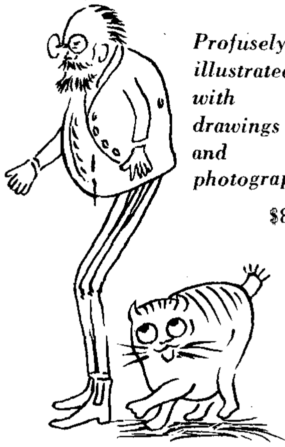

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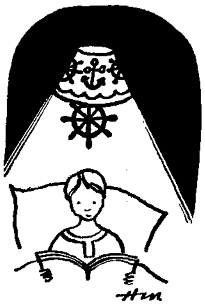
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Miscreant, by Lawrence O'Sullivan (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Logorrhea is the distinguishing feature of this account of the ill-fated relationship between a "damned good painter" named David, and Saul, "one hell of a good musician," who are introduced to the reader by means of some government intelligence reports and then proceed to make themselves unwelcome by appearing in person. Mr. O'Sullivan is an incessant philosopher, and, using David and Saul as his mouthpieces, he packs the book with what must be every thought and counter-thought he has ever had on the subjects of art, American women, American small-town life, American usage of personal pronouns, railroad stations, Italian religious symbols, and—all those things considered—the possibility of true friendship between men in the twentieth century. Through Saul, he expresses his distaste for "pseudopoetic" language, which is what he writes in.



Three Faces of Love, by Émile Zola, translated from the French by Roland Gant (Vanguard). Three stories written by Zola before he became a controversial colossus, and first published in a Russian journal (at the instance of Turgenev) between 1874 and 1880, are here reissued in an apt translation, and with an introduction by Mr. Gant. The perverted sexual desire of the first story's heroine brings damnation to those around her, while she, being an aristocrat, goes scot-free. The second sketch is about two newlyweds who have trouble finding a quiet place in which to make love. "Winkles for Monsieur Chabre," the third, is set among the pools and coves of the Atlantic coast, and is about a retired grain merchant who is cuckolded by his sporty young wife as he sits on a cliff path under a parasol heavily digesting the shellfish recommended as a remedy for his impotence. Surprisingly, Zola allows this adultery to pass without moralizing.

Note: Knopf has published "A Set of Variations," a collection of short stories by the late Frank O'Connor. Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

Between Two Seas: The Creation of the Suez Canal, by Lord Kinross (Morrow). This excellent book juggles what is heroic, what is pathetic, and what is ironic in the history of a grand achievement. Lord Kinross tells us that there was a canal at Suez in antiquity—it ran from the Gulf of Suez north to the Bitter Lakes—and that the notion of rebuilding it or creating a new canal all the way to the Mediterranean never died out. Napoleon's Egyptian expedition brought the most modern engineers of that period to Suez, but half a century passed before de Lesseps—the book's star—was able to get the canal built. While de Lesseps—and thousands of conscripted Egyptians—labored, the British government made unremitting attempts (some shabby, some absurd, and several nearly successful) to prevent construction of the canal. Kinross, however, leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that its completion was a genuinely thrilling accomplishment and a gain for the whole world. The fact that, in its centenary year, a new political mess has made it unusable seems sad, but—alas—in keeping with its foundling beginnings.

Doctor Johnson and His World, by F. E. Halliday (Viking-Studio). A short, illustrated biography of the great lexicographer and dogmatist that is in every respect satisfactory. The form is conventionally chronological, but the pace is fast and the substance is largely anecdotal—definitive vignettes, conversational exchanges, pertinent (and magnificently phrased) letters. The illustrations—a hundred and fifty-four contemporary portraits and drawings of people, places, buildings—are excellent and fully justify the title.

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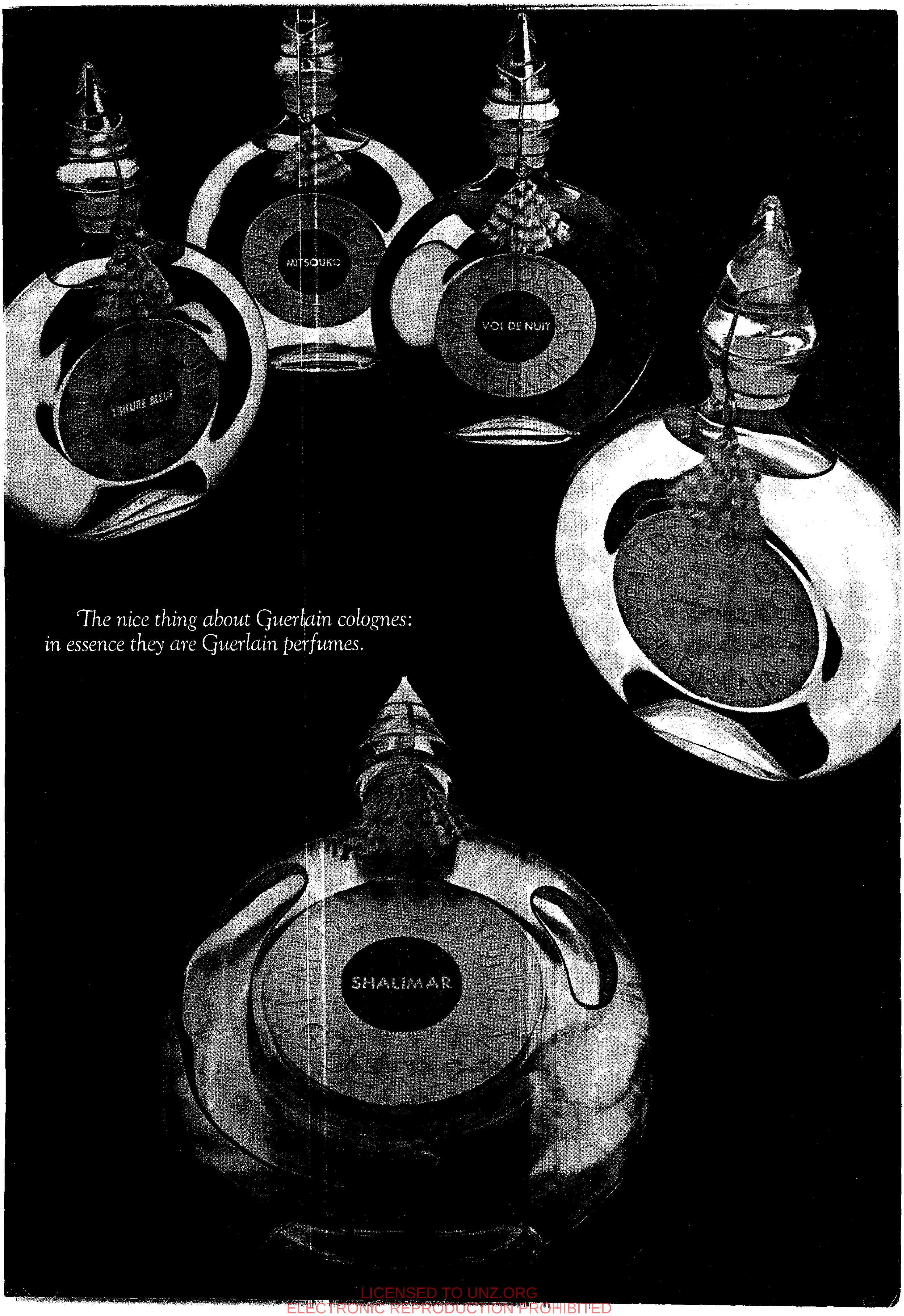
"I'm not getting to be more one way than the other, but I'm not going to tell you what that way is."—Frank Carey, quoting Dr. Edward U. Condon, in the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.

You've revealed quite a lot already.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